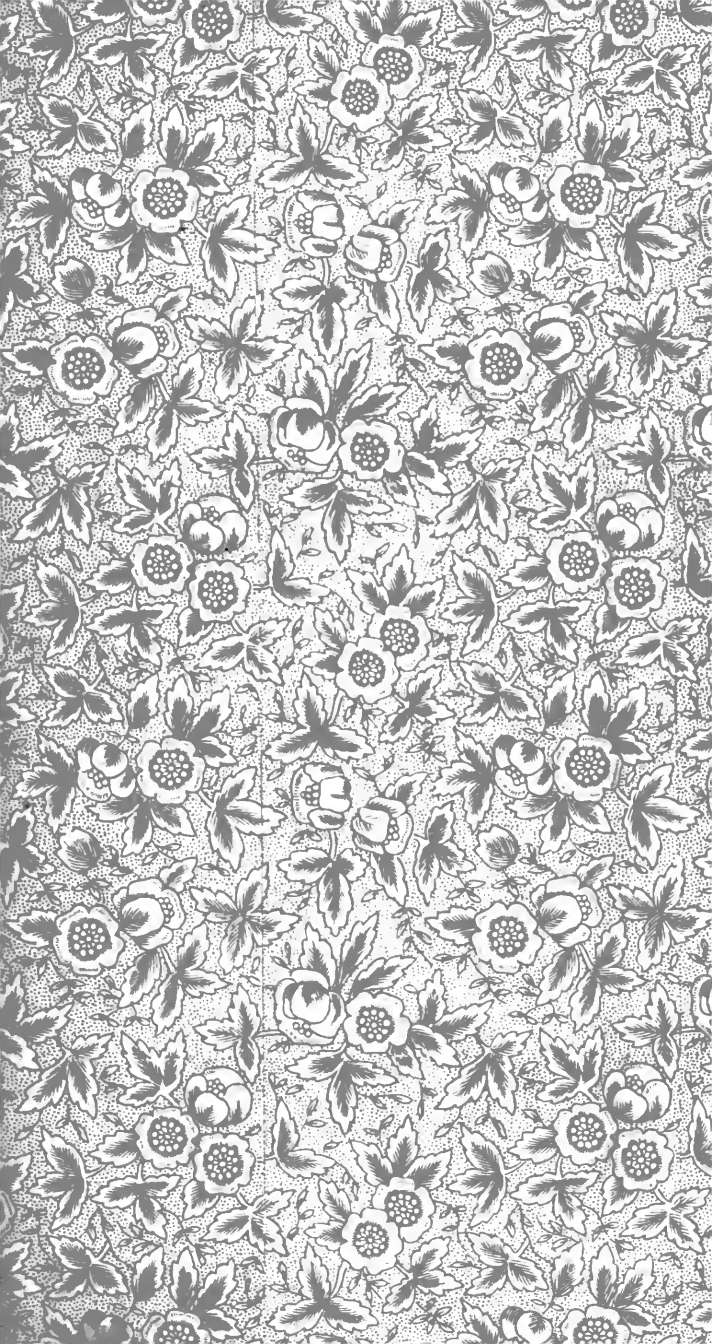




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ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA

OF

UNIVERSAL LITERATURE

PRESENTING

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES, AND SPECIMENS
FROM THE WRITINGS OF EMINENT AUTHORS
OF ALL AGES AND ALL NATIONS

VOL. VI

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CYCLOPEDIA

OF

UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

DA COSTA, IZAAK, a Dutch poet and theologian, born at Amsterdam in 1798, died there in 1860. He was of Hebrew descent, but became a Christian at the age of twenty-four. Previously to this he had taken the degree of Doctor of Law at Leyden, and had also given evidence of high poetic genius. He was an intimate friend of Bilderdijk, whose poetical works he edited. He took a deep interest in the missions for the Jews, and towards the close of his life was the director of a seminary at Amsterdam, set on foot by the Free Church of Scotland. He wrote largely upon theological topics; but his reputation rests mainly upon his poems. After the death of Bilderdijk (1831), Da Costa was recognized as the foremost poet of the Netherlands. In his poetical as well as in his religious and political views he was greatly influenced by Bilderdijk. He was a member of nearly all the learned Societies of the Netherlands. His principal works are: a translation of the *Prometheus* of Æschylus (1820); *Alphonsus I.*, a tragedy (1821); *Poëzij* (1821-22): the hymn, *God met ons* (1826); *Feestliedern* (1828); *Vijf-en-twintig Jahren* (1840); *Hagar* (1852); *De Slag van Nieupoort* (1857), and *De Mensch en de Dichter*. A collection of his Poems, in three volumes, appeared in 1861-62.

THE SABBATH.

On the seventh day reposing, lo ! The great
 Creator stood—
 Saw the glorious work accomplished—saw that it
 was good :—
 Heaven, Earth, Man, and Beast have being ;
 Day and Night their courses run.—
 First Creation—infant Manhood—earliest Sabbath:
 —It is done !

On the seventh day reposing, Jesus filled his
 sainted tomb,
 From his spirit's toil retreating while he broke
 man's fatal doom.
 'Twas a new Creation bursting, brighter than the
 primal one.
 'Tis Fulfilment—Reconcilement : 'tis Redemp-
 tion :—It is done !

AN INVOCATION.

When Homer fills his fierce war-trump of glory,
 And wakes his mighty lyre's harmonious word,
 Whose soul but thrills enraptured at the story
 As thrilled old Ilium's ruins, when they heard.

Mæonian swan ! that shakes the soul, when
 loudly
 Rushing—or melts the heart in strains sublime :
 Strong as the heart of Hector, lifted proudly,
 Sweet as his widow's tears, in watching-time !

Though still thy strains song's glorious crown
 inherit,
 Though age to age kneel lowly at thy shrine.
 Yet, (O, forgive me, venerable spirit !)
 Thou leav'st a void within this heart of mine.

My country is the land of sunbeams ; Heaven
 Gave me no cradle in the lukewarm West :
 The glow of Libyan sands, by hot winds driven,
 Is like the thirst of song within my breast.

What is this fray to me—these battle-noises
 Of Mortals led by weak Divinities ?

I must hear higher notes and holier voices,
Not the mere clods of beauteous things like
these.

What are these perished vanities ideal
Of thee—old Grecian bard, and following
throng?

Heaven, heaven, must wake the rapturous and
the real—

The sanctified, the sacred soul of song.

Can they do this, the famed Hellenic teachers :

Or Northern bards?—O, no ! 'tis not for them :

'Tis for the inspired, the God-anointed preachers—

The holy prophets of Jerusalem.

O privileged race ! sprung forth from chosen
fathers—

The son of Jesse, and his fragrant name !

Within my veins thy holy life-blood gathers,

And tracks the sacred source from whence it
came.

Angelic Monarch's Son ; the great Proclaimer.

The great Interpreter of God's decree !

Herald, at once of wrath, and the Redeemer !

Announcing hopes—announcing agony !

The seraphs sing their " Holy, holy, holy !"

Greeting the Godhead on his awful throne ;

And Earth repeats Heaven's song—though far
and lowly—

Poured, 'midst the brightness of the dazzling
One,

By safety-girded angels. Hallowed singers !

Yours is the Spirit's spiritual melody :—

Touch now the sacred lyre with mortal fingers :

Aspirers ! Earth is gazing tremblingly.

My heart springs up : its earthly bonds would
sever,

Upon the pulses of that hymn to mount ;

My lips are damp with the pale blights of fever,

And my hot blood grows stagnant at its fount.

My Father ! give me breath, and thought, and
power !

My heart shall heave with your pure, hallowed
words ;

Hear ! if ye hear, the loud-voiced psalm shall
shower,

From East to West, its vibrating accords.

Inspire ! if ye inspire, the glad Earth, reeling

With rapture, shall God's glory echo round ;

And God-deniers, low in ashes kneeling,

Blend their subjected voices in the sound.

O, if my tongue can sing the Lord of ages,

The Ruler, the Almighty, King of kings ;

He who the flaming seraphim engages,

His watchers—while he makes the clouds his
wings !

Spread, spread your pinions—spread your loftiest
pinions—

Spirit of song, for me—for me !—in vain

To the low wretchedness of Earth's dominions

I seek your heavenly, upward course to rein !

Wake, lyre ! break forth, ye strings ! let rapture's
current

Soar, swell, surprise, gush, glow !—thou heart
be riven !

Pour, pour, the impassioned, overflowing torrent !

The hymns are hymns of heaven.

—*Introduction to Hymn on Providence.*

DAMPIER, WILLIAM, an English navigator and adventurer, born about 1652, died about 1712. He went to sea at an early age, served in the war against the Dutch, and afterwards became overseer of a plantation in Jamaica. After a while he spent three years with a party of logwood-cutters on the Bay of Campeachy, and wrote an account of his observations in that region. In 1679 he crossed the Isthmus of Darien, with a party of bucaniers, who captured numerous Spanish vessels, and

pillaged several towns on the Peruvian coast. In 1684 he sailed from Virginia with an expedition which cruised along the coast of Chili, Peru, and the western coast of Mexico, making numerous depredations upon the Spaniards. Afterwards he embarked for the East Indies, touching at the great island now known as Australia. He arrived at England in 1691, and not long afterwards published his *Voyage round the World*. In 1699, having been put in command of a sloop-of-war, he was sent on a voyage of discovery to the South Sea. He explored the west and northwest shores of Australia, and the coasts of several neighboring islands, and gave his name to a small archipelago, and to the strait between Papua and what was then called New Britain. After innumerable adventures he finally made his way back to England in 1701. Two years afterwards, being about to set out on a new expedition, he put forth a brief narrative of that voyage, intimating that at a future time he should publish a more extended account. To this narrative he prefixed a characteristic preface, a portion of which is here given, as originally written by him:

DAMPIER ON HIS OWN VOYAGES.

It has almost always been the Fate of those who have made new Discoveries to be disesteemed and slightly spoken of, by such as either have had no true Relish and Value for the *Things themselves* that are discovered, or have had some Prejudice against the *Persons* by whom the Discoveries were made. It would be vain therefore and unreasonable in me to expect to escape the Censure of all, or to hope for better Treatment than far Worthier Persons have met with before me. But this Satisfaction I am sure of having, that the *Things themselves* in the Discovery of which I have been employed, are most worthy of our Diligentest

Search and Inquiry : being the various and wonderful Works of God in different Parts of the World : And however *unfit a Person* I may be in other respects to have undertaken this Task, yet at least I have given a faithful Account, and I have found *some* Things undiscovered by any before, and which may at least be *some* Assistance and Direction to better qualified Persons who shall come after me.

It has been Objected against me by some, that my Accounts and Description of Things are dry and jejune, not filled with variety of pleasant Matter, to divert and gratify the Curious Reader. How far this is true, I must leave to the World to judge. But if I have been exactly and strictly careful to give only *True* Relations and Descriptions of Things (as I am sure I have) ; and if my Descriptions be such as may be of use not only to my self (which I have already in good measure experienced) but also to others in future Voyages ; and likewise to such Readers at home as are more desirous of a Plain and Just Account of the true Nature and State of the Things described, than of a Polite and Rhetorical Narrative : I hope all the Defects of my Stile, will meet with an easy and ready Pardon. . . .

I know there are some who are apt to slight my Accounts and Descriptions of Things, as if it was an easie Matter and of little or no Difficulty to do all that I have done, to visit little more than the Coasts of unknown Countries, and make short and imperfect Observations of things only near the Shore. But whoever is experienced in these Matters, or considers Things impartially, will be of a very different Opinion. And only one who is sensible, how backward and refractory the Seamen are apt to be in long Voyages when they know not whither they are going, how ignorant they are of the Nature of the Winds and the shifting Seasons of the Monsoons ; and how little even the Officers themselves generally are skilled in the variation of the Needle and the Use of the Azimuth Compass ; besides the Hazard of all outward Accidents in strange and unknown Seas : Any

one, I say, who is sensible of these Difficulties, will be much more pleased at the Discoveries and Observations I have been able to make, than displeased that I did not make more. . . .

For the better apprehending the Course of this Voyage, and the Situation of the places mentioned in it, I have here, as in the former Volumes, caused a Map to be Ingraven, with a prick'd Line, representing to the Eye the whole Thread of the Voyage at one View; besides Draughts and Figures of particular Places, to make the Descriptions I have given of them more intelligible and useful. . . .

The time and place of Dampier's death are not recorded. The last mention of him is that in 1708-1711 he accompanied Woodes Rogers, as pilot in a voyage round the world. During this expedition the town of Guayaquil was captured, Dampier having the command of the artillery. His works have been several times republished, and abstracts of them are to be found in many collections of Voyages and Travels. He confined himself mainly to describing the various countries the coasts of which he visited, their inhabitants, natural history, and productions. His nautical observations evince much professional knowledge, and his knowledge of natural history, though not strictly scientific, is accurate, and his descriptions are of unusual value. Though he passed through numerous stirring adventures, he describes these only briefly, and in a modest and unaffected manner. Thus of the conclusion of his last recorded voyage he merely says--and these are the last known of his writings--though he lived several years longer:

CLOSE OF THE VOYAGE TO NEW HOLLAND.

On *May* 18, 1700, in our return, we arrived again at *Tymor*. *June* 21, we past by part of the *Iland Java*. *July* 4, we anchored in *Batavia*.

Road ; and I went ashore, visited the *Dutch* General, and desired the Privilege of buying Provisions that I wanted ; which was granted me. In this road we lay till the 17th of *October* following ; when having fitted the Ship, recruited my Self with Provisions, filled all my water, and the Season of the Year for returning towards *Europe* being come ; I set sail from *Batavia*, and on the 19th of *December* made the Cape of *Good Hope* ; whence departing *Jan.* 11, we made the Island of *Santa Helena* on the 21st ; and February the 21st, the Island of *Ascension* ; near to which my Ship having sprung a Leak which could not be stopped, foundered at Sea ; With much difficulty we got ashore, where we liv'd on Goats and Turtle ; and on the 26th of February found, to our great Comfort, on the S. E. side of a high Mountain about half a mile from its top, a Spring of fresh Water. I returned to England in the *Canterbury East India* Ship. For which wonderful Deliverance from so many and great Dangers, I think myself bound to return continual Thanks to Almighty God ; whose Divine Providence if it shall please to bring me safe again to my Native Country from my present intended voyage ; I hope to publish a particular Account of all the material Things I observed in the several Places which I have now but barely mentioned.

DANA, CHARLES ANDERSON, an American journalist, born at Hinsdale, N. H., in 1819. At the age of twenty he was entered at Harvard College, but remained there only two years ; after which he became a member of the Brook Farm Community. This enterprise having proved unsuccessful, Mr. Dana, in conjunction with George Ripley, John S. Dwight, and others established *The Harbinger*, a weekly journal devoted to social reform and general literature. In 1847 he went upon the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune*, being for several years, down to 1861, the managing editor. From 1862 to 1865 he

was Assistant Secretary of War. In 1866 he took charge of the *Chicago Republican*. In 1868 he, with others purchased the *New York Sun*, a small daily newspaper, which under the charge of Mr. Dana acquired a large circulation and a wide influence. In politics *The Sun* professed to be independent of party; but for the first few years its tendencies were decidedly with the Republican party, afterwards, quite as decidedly with the Democratic party.

Mr. Dana, in conjunction with his *Tribune* associate, George Ripley, edited Appleton's *American Cyclopædia* (1855-1863) and also a thoroughly revised edition (1873-1877.) He prepared *The Household Book of Poetry*, the first edition of which appeared in 1858; and numerous other editions, with considerable additions subsequently. All the verse which we have from Mr. Dana was written during early manhood.

VIA SACRA.

Slowly along the crowded street I go

Marking with reverent look each passer's face
Seeking, and not in vain, in each to trace
That primal soul whereof he is the show.

For here still move, by many eyes unseen,
The blessed gods that erst Olympus kept;

Through every guise these lofty forms serene
Declare the all-holding Life hath never slept;

But known each thrill that in man's heart hath
been,

And every tear that his sad eyes have wept;

Alas for us! the heavenly visitants—

We greet them still as most unwelcome guests,

Answering their smile with hateful looks
askance,

Their sacred speech with foolish, bitter jests;

But oh! what is it to imperial Jove

That this poor world refuses all his love?

TO R. B.

Beloved friend ! they say that thou art dead,
Nor shall our asking eyes behold thee more,
Save in the company of the fair and dread,
Along that radiant and immortal shore.
Whither thy face was turned for evermore.
Thou wert a pilgrim toward the True and Real,
Never forgetful of that infinite goal ;
Salient, electrical, thy weariless soul,
To every faintest vision always leal.
Ever midst those phantoms made its world ideal.
And so thou hast a most perennial fame,
Though from the earth thy name should perish
quite :
When the dear sun sinks golden whence he came,
The gloom, else cheerless, hath not lost his light ;
So in our lives impulses born of thine.
Like fireside stars across the night shall shine.

MANFULNESS.

Dear, noble soul, wisely thy lot thou bearest ;
For, like a god toiling in earthly slavery,
Fronting thy sad fate with a joyous bravery,
Each darker day a sunnier mien thou wearest.
No grief can touch thy sweet and spiritual
smile :
No pain is keen enough that it has power
Over thy childlike love, that all the while
Upon this cold earth builds its heavenly bower :
And thus with thee bright angels make their
dwelling,
Bringing thee stores of strength where no man
knoweth :
The ocean-stream from God's heart ever swelling.
That forth through each least thing in Nature
goeth.
In thee, oh, truest Hero, deeper floweth :—
With joy I bathe, and many souls beside
Feel a new life in the celestial tide.

DANA, JAMES DWIGHT, An American geologist and author, born at Utica, N. Y., in 1813. After his graduation at Yale College

in 1833, he was appointed teacher of mathematics to the midshipmen of the United States Navy, and sailed to the Mediterranean. On his return in 1835, he became assistant to Professor Silliman at Yale. Three years later he accompanied the Wilkes exploring expedition as geologist and mineralogist, and afterwards prepared for publication the reports of that expedition. In 1846 he became one of the editors of the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, and in 1855, succeeded Professor Silliman in the chair of Chemistry and Zoölogy at Yale. He has published a work on *Mineralogy* (1837); *Zoöphytes* (1846); *Geology of the Pacific* (1849); *Crustacea* (1852-4); *Coral Reefs and Islands* (1853); *Science and the Bible* (1856-7); *Manual of Geology* (1862); a *Text Book of Geology* (1864); *Coral and Coral Islands* (1872), and *The Geological Story briefly told* (1875).

AN ATOLL.

The atoll, a quiet scene of grove and lake, is admirably set off by the contrasting ocean. Its placid beauty rises to grandeur when the storm rages, and the waves foam and roar about the outer reefs; for the child of the sea still rests quietly, in unheeding and dreamy content. This coral-made land is firm, because, as has been already explained, it is literally *sea-born*, it having been built out of sea-products, by the aid of the working ocean. And so with the groves: they were planted by the waves; and hence the species are those that can defy the encroaching waters, and meet the various conditions in which they are placed. The plants therefore take firm hold of the soil, and grow in all their natural strength and beauty.

Only an occasional coral island has a completely encircling grove, and is hence a model atoll. But the many in which a series of green islets surround the lagoon are often but little less attractive, especially when the several islets present varied

groupings of palms and other foliage. To give perfection to the coral island landscape there ought to be, here and there, beneath the trees, a pretty cottage or villa, and other marks of taste and intelligence; and now and then a barge should be seen gliding over the waters. As it is, the inhabitants are swarthy and nearly naked savages, having little about them that is pleasant to contemplate; and their canoes with a clumsy outrigger to keep them right side up, as well as their thatched huts, are as little in harmony as themselves with nature's grace and loveliness.

Where the islets of a coral reef are heaped up blocks of coral rock, blackened with lichens, and covered with barely enough of trailing plants and shrubs to make the surface green in the distant view, the traveller, on landing, would be greatly disappointed. But still there is enough that is strange and beautiful, both in the life of the land and sea, and in the history and features of the island, to give enjoyment for many a day.

The great obstacle to communication with a majority of atolls, especially the smaller, is the absence of an entrance to the lagoon, and hence of a good landing-place. In that case landing can be effected only on the leeward side, and in good weather; and best, when the tide is low. Even then, the sea often rolls in, so heavily, over the jagged margin of the reef, that it is necessary for the boat to take a chance to mount an in-going wave, and ride upon it over the line of breakers, to a stopping-place somewhere on the reef or shore-platform. Less easy is the return through the breakers, especially if the sea has risen during the ramble ashore. The boat, in order to get off again, would naturally take one of the narrow channels or inlets indenting the margin of the reef. But, with the waves tumbling in one after another, roughly lifting and dropping it, as they pass, and with barely room between the rocks for the oars to be used, there is a fair chance of its being dashed against the reefs to its destruction, or thrown broadside to the sea and swamped under a cataract of waters.—*Coral and Coral Islands.*

DANA, RICHARD HENRY, an American poet and prose-writer, born at Cambridge, Mass., November 15, 1787, died there February 2, 1879. He entered Harvard College in 1808, but did not complete the course. He then studied law, and was admitted to the Boston bar in 1811. Literature pleased him better than law. He joined the "Anthology Club," the members of which established the *North American Review*, and when, in 1818, Edward Tyrrell Channing became the editor of that publication, Dana was associated with him. His literary criticisms, dissenting in various instances from received opinion, excited attention. When Channing was made Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard, Dana withdrew from the *Review*, and in 1821, began the publication of *The Idle Man*, to which he contributed the tales entitled *Tom Thornton*, *Edward and Mary*, and *Paul Fenton*. Those who read and admired this publication formed too small a class to make it a financial success, and in 1822 it was discontinued. Dana's poems *The Dying Raven*, and *The Husband and Wife's Grave* appeared in 1825, in *The New York Review*, then edited by Mr. Bryant. *The Buccaneer and other Poems*, was published in 1827. In 1833 Mr. Dana published a larger volume containing additional poems, and the papers from *The Idle Man*, and in 1850, *Poems and Prose Writings* in two volumes, which contain, besides the poems and articles already published, contributions to several periodicals. In 1839-40 Mr. Dana delivered a course of *Lectures on Shakespeare*.

THE LITTLE BEACH BIRD.

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,

Why takest thou its melancholy voice?

And with that boding cry

Along the waves dost fly?

O! rather, Bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us: Thy wail—
What does it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the
surge,
Restless and sad: as if, in strange accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge—
The Mystery—The Word.

Of thousands, thou, both sepulchre and pall,
Old Ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead,
From out thy gloomy cells
A tale of mourning tells—
Tells of man's woe and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit never more.
Come, quit with me the shore,
For gladness and the light
Where birds of summer sing.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE'S GRAVE.

Husband and wife! No converse now ye hold,
As once ye did in your young day of love,
On its alarms, its anxious hours, delays,
Its silent meditations, its glad hopes,
Its fears, impatience, quiet sympathies:
Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and bliss
Full, certain, and possessed. Domestic cares
Call you not now together. Earnest talk
On what your children may be moves you not.
Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence. . . .
Dread fellowship!—together, yet alone.
Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?

And doth death cancel the great bond that holds
Commingleing spirits? Are thoughts that know no
bounds,

But self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
The eternal Mind—the Father of all thought—
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb? . . .
And do our loves all perish with our frames?
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,
And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give
speech,

And make it send forth winning harmonies:—
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance—
Are these the body's accidents?—no more?—
To live in it, and when that dies, go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

O, listen, man !

A voice within us speaks the startling word,
“Man, thou shalt never die!” Celestial voices
Hymn it around our souls : according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality :
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.

O, listen, ye, our spirits : drink it in
From all the air ! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight :
'Tis floating in day's setting glories ; Night,
Wrapt in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears .
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful
eve,

All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee :
The dying hear it : and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony. . . .

Why is it that I linger round this tomb?
 What holds it? Dust that cumbered those I
 mourn.

They shook it off, and laid aside earth's robes,
 And put on those of light. They're gone to dwell
 In love—their God's and angels'. Mutual love
 That bound them here, no longer needs a speech
 For full communion; nor sensations strong,
 Within the breast, their prison, strive in vain
 To be set free, and meet their kind in joy.
 Changed to celestials, thoughts that rise in each,
 By natures new, impart themselves though silent.
 Each quickening sense, each throb of holy love,
 Affections sanctified, and the full glow
 Of being, which expand and gladden one,
 By union all mysterious, thrill and live
 In both immortal frames:—Sensation all,
 And thought, pervading, mingling sense and
 thought!

Ye paired, yet one! wrapt in a consciousness
 Twofold, yet single—this is love, this life!

THE ISLAND.

The Island lies nine leagues away,
 Along its solitary shore,
 Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
 No sound but ocean's roar,
 Save, where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her
 home,
 Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
 And on the glassy, heaving sea,
 The black duck, with her glossy breast,
 Sits swinging silently;
 How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
 And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
 The brook comes tinkling down its side;
 From out the trees the sabbath bell
 Rings cheerful, far and wide,
 Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,
 That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat
In former days within the vale ;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet ;
Curses were on the gale ;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men ;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear ;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear .
Each motion gentle : all is kindly done—
Come, listen, how from crime this isle was won.
—*The Buccaneer.*

HAUNTED.

Who's sitting on that long, black ledge,
Which makes so far out in the sea
Feeling the kelp-weed on its edge ?
Poor, idle Matthew Lee !
So weak and pale ? A year and little more,
And bravely did he lord it round this shore !

And on the shingles now he sits,
And rolls the pebbles 'neath his hands ;
Now walks the beach ; then stops by fits,
And scores the smooth, wet sands ;
Then tries each cliff, and cove, and jut, that
bounds
The isle ; then home from many weary rounds.

They ask him why he wanders so,
From day to day, the uneven strand ?
“ I wish, I wish that I might go !
But I would go by land ;
And there 's no way that I can find—I've tried
All day and night ! ”—He seaward looked and
sighed.

It brought the tear to many an eye,
That, once, his eye had made to quail.
“ Lee, go with us ; our sloop is nigh ;
Come ! help us hoist the sail.”
He shook.—“ You know the spirit-horse I ride !
He'll let me on the sea with none beside ! ”

He views the ships that come and go,
Looking so like to living things.
O! 'tis a proud and gallant show
Of bright and broad-spread wings,
Making it light around them, as they keep
Their course right onward through the unsounded
deep.

And where the far-off sand-bars lift
Their backs in long and narrow line,
The breakers shout, and leap, and shift,
And send the sparkling brine
Into the air; then rush to mimic strife:—
Glad creatures of the sea, and full of life!—

But not to Lee. He sits alone:
No fellowship nor joy for him.
Borne down by woe, he makes no moan,
Though tears will sometimes dim
That asking eye. — O, how his worn thoughts
crave—
Not joy again, but rest within the grave.

The rocks are dripping in the mist
That lies so heavy off the shore;
Scarce seen the running breakers;—list
Their dull and smothered roar!
Lee hearkens to their voice.—“I hear, I hear
You call.—Not yet!—I know my time is near!”

And now the mist seems taking shape
Forming a dim, gigantic ghost,—
Enormous thing!—There's no escape:
'Tis close upon the coast.
Lee kneels, but cannot pray.—Why mock him so?
The ship has cleared the fog. Lee, see her go!

A sweet low voice, in starry nights,
Chants to his ear a plaining song;
Its tones come winding up the heights,
Telling of woe and wrong:
And he must listen till the stars grow dim,
The song that gentle voice doth sing to him.

O, it is sad that aught so mild
Should bind the soul with bands of fear;

That strains to soothe a little child,
 The man should dread to hear !
 But sin hath broke the world's sweet peace—
 unstrung
 The harmonious chords to which the angels sung.
 —*The Buccaneer.*

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

I look through tears on Beauty now :
 And Beauty's self less radiant looks on me :
 Serene, yet touched with sadness, is the brow—
 Once bright with joy—I see.

Joy-waking Beauty, why so sad ?
 Tell where the radiance of the smile is gone,
 At which my heart and earth and skies were glad.
 That linked us all in one.

It is not on the mountain's breast :
 It comes not to me with the dawning day :
 Nor looks it from the glories of the west
 As slow they pass away.

Nor on those gliding roundlets bright,
 That steal their play among the woody shades,
 Nor on thine own dear children doth it light—
 The flowers along the glades.

And altered to the living mind
 (The great high-priestess, with her thought-born
 race
 Who round thine altar ~~aye~~ have stood and shined)
 The comforts of thy face !

Why shadowed thus thy forehead fair ?
 Why on the mind low hangs a mystic gloom ?
 And spreads away upon the genial air,
 Like vapors from the tomb ?

Why should ~~ye~~ shine, you lights above ?
 Why, little flowers, open to the heat ?
 No more within the heart ~~ye~~ filled with love
 The living pulses beat !

Well, Beauty, may you mourning stand !
 The fine beholding eye, whose constant look

Was turned on thee, is dark ; and cold the hand
That gave all vision took.

Nay, heart, be still !—Of heavenly birth
Is Beauty sprung :—Look up ! behold the place !
There he who reverent traced her steps on earth
Now sees her face to face.

THE PAST.

Not only has the past this life-giving power, by which, through the according action of heart and mind, the being grows up and expands with a just congruity throughout : it also imparts stability to the character ; for the passed is fixed : to that is neither change, nor the shadow of turning. We may look back along the shores of that sea, and behold every cliff standing in its original, dark strength : we may hear the solemn moving of its waves, but no plunge of a heavy promontory, tumbling from its base, startles us : what hath been in the soul cannot cease to be. Every secret thought of all the races of men who have been, all forms of the creative mind, put forth in act, still live. Every emotion of the heart that beat away back in time may sleep, but is not dead : it shall wake again. The hands that moulded the images first embodied in the mind may be dust now ; the material forms of art may have fallen back into shapeless earth again ; castle and fane, pyramid and column, may have come down : but the forms in the *mind*, of which these were but the outward show, still stand there perfect. True, a veil may hang before them for awhile : but when the angel, that standeth upon the sea and upon the earth, shall utter the voice, "Time shall be no longer," that veil shall be rent from the top to the bottom. O, it seems to me that I can look even now into this temple and its chambers of glorified imagery, and behold these spirits of the past in all their aspects—of mysterious thought, subduing love, passionate endeavor, and lofty aim, and forms beautiful as the angels and noble as the gods ! How populous is the past ! Yes, not a passion, not a thought, not an image of the minds

that have been, has perished : the spiritual cannot die. What mean we by that we call death? It is but the seal of eternity. . . .

It is not in connection with the eternal alone, that the past awakens reverence in us. So long as we suffer our minds to have their natural play, that which existed long before we came into being will call out something of filial respect ; the Past will be revered as our great ancestor. Nor is this an unmeaning emotion. For whatever has been touches on whatever is ; the Present would not be as it is, had the Past been different from what it was. As the peculiar gestures of the father are acted over again in the child, and as on the lip of the little one is still playing the mother's own smile, though she herself be gone, so the Past, by wonderful communication, infuses something of its own character into whatever follows it. He who has no reverence for the Past is an unnatural son, mocking at age, and forswearing his own father. And should this reverential feeling die out, and the children of this or the coming time make light of it, we may depend upon it, in its stead, passions will break into their social state, which shall rend them like the "two she-bears out of the wood."

We shall stand in a true relation to the Present and the Future, by standing in a right relation to the Past. For he who has been back into the Past comes down again into the Present, and prepared to travel on into the Future, laden with the experiences of ages gone, and made wise by the observation of principles in their beginnings, their workings, and their remote results. He is able to bring into contact early causes and their distant effects, and, tracing the former through their intricate windings down to the latter, to learn how it was that purposes so often produced their contraries : hope despair, and despair hope. He has learned this truth for the consolation and strengthening of his soul, that, sooner or later, evil recoils upon itself, and that, if indirectness and wrong be not visited upon the father, it will be upon the

children ; and through his wide view, he is enabled to see how

“ from good still good proceeds,
Direct or by occasion ; ”--

a truth, stale indeed, to the apprehension, but realized and let into the life of only a few hearts. He has found out just how short-lived and little worth are expedients and contrivings, and that, in the main, even temporary and particular aims are best reached through permanent and general principles ; he has, in fine, been let into the true meaning of that “ great word,” as it has been well termed,—“ Simplicity.”—*The Past and the Present*.

THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

The change went on so gradually and secretly, that it was a long time before he was conscious that any was taking place. After breakfast he loitered in the parlor, and his evening passed away in quiet conversation with Esther. The beautiful blending of the thoughtful and gay in her manner and remarks played on him like sun and shade on the earth, beneath a tree ; and tranquillizing and gentle emotions were stealing into him unawares.

Nor was it he alone whose heart was touched. Paul was not a man whom a woman could be long with and remain indifferent to. The strength of passion and intellect so distinctly marked in his features, in the movements of the face and in his gestures—the deep, rich, mellow tone of his voice, with a certain mysterious seriousness over the whole—excited a restless curiosity to get more into his character ; and a woman who is at the trouble of prying into the constitution of a man’s heart and mind is in great danger of falling in love with him for her pains. Esther did not make this reflection when she began ; and so taken up was she in the pursuit, that she never once thought what it might end in, nor of turning back.

Paul was differently educated from the run of men ; his father disliked the modern system, and so Paul’s mind was no encyclopædia, nor book of general reference. He read not over-variously, but with much care ; and his reading lay back

among original thinkers, and those who were almost supernaturally versed in the mysteries of the heart of man. Their clear and direct manner of uttering their thoughts had given a distinctness to his opinions, and a plain way of expressing them ; and what he had to say savored of individuality and reflection. He was a man precisely calculated to interest a woman of feeling and good sense, who had grown tired of the elegant and indefinite. He never thought of the material world as formed on purpose to be put into a crucible : nor did he analyze and talk upon it, as if he knew quite as much about it as He who made it. To him it was a grand and beautiful mystery—in his better moments, a holy one. It was power, and intellect, and love, made visible, calling out the sympathies of his being, and causing him to feel the living Presence throughout the whole. Material became intellectual beauty with him ; he was as a part of the great universe, and all he looked upon or thought on, was in some way connected with his own mind and heart. The conversation of such a man (begin where it might), always tending homeward to the bosom, was not likely to pass from a woman like Esther, without leaving some thoughts which would be dear to her to mingle with her own, or without raising emotions which she would love to cherish.

Two minds of a musing cast will have some valued feelings and sentiments, which will soon make an inter-growth and become bound together. Where this happens in reserved minds, it goes on secretly and spreads so widely before it is found out, that, when at last one thought or passion is touched by some little circumstance or word, or look, a sympathizing feeling runs through the whole ; and they who had not before intimated or so much as known that they loved, find themselves in full and familiar union, with one heart and one being.—*Paul Felton*.

DANA, RICHARD HENRY, JR., an American lawyer and author, born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1815, died in 1882. Compelled by an affec-

tion of the eyes to suspend his collegiate course at Harvard, he shipped in 1834 as a sailor, on a voyage to California. Of this voyage he gave an account in *Two Years before the Mast*, published in 1837. In that year he completed his course at Harvard; began the study of law, was admitted to the bar in 1840, and soon entered upon successful practice. In 1861 he was appointed United States Attorney for Massachusetts, and in conjunction with Mr. Evarts he argued the prize cases before the Supreme Court in regard to the belligerent powers of Government in time of rebellion. He was one of the United States Counsel for the Trial of Jefferson Davis for treason, and in 1867-8 was a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts. Besides the popular *Two Years before the Mast*, he published in 1841 *The Seaman's Friend*, and in 1859, *To Cuba and Back*. He also contributed articles to the *North American Review*, and to legal periodicals.

AN ICEBERG.

At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen. "Where away, Doctor?" asked the first man who was up. "On the larboard bow." And there lay, floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense, irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its centre of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said, who had been in the Northern Ocean. As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light, and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at

it, and admiring in various ways its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor, and, really, the sublimity, of the sight. Its great size—for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height—its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces; together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear—all combined to give to it the character of true sublimity. The main body of the mass, was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow.

It seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon; and when we got to leeward of it the wind died away, so that we lay-to quite near it for a greater part of the night. Unfortunately there was no moon, but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long regular heaving of the stupendous mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars, now revealing them, and now shutting them in. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Toward morning a strong breeze sprang up, and we filled away, and left it astern, and at day-light it was out of sight.—*Two Years before the Mast.*

FURLING THE MAINSAIL OFF CAPE HORN.

After about eight days of constant easterly gales, the wind hauled occasionally a little to the southward, and blew hard, which, as we were well to the southward, allowed us to brace in a

little, and stand on under all sail we could carry. These turns lasted but a short while, and sooner or later it set in again from the old quarter; yet at each time we made something, and were gradually edging along to the eastward. One night, after one of these shifts of the wind, and when all hands had been up a great part of the time, our watch was left on deck, with the mainsail hanging in the buntlines, ready to be set if necessary. It came on to blow worse and worse, with hail and snow beating like so many furies upon the ship, it being dark and thick as night could make it. The mainsail was blowing and slatting with a noise like thunder, when the captain came on deck and ordered it to be furled. The mate was about to call all hands, when the captain stopped him, and said that the men would be beaten out if they were called up so often; that, as our watch must stay on deck, it might as well be doing that as anything else. Accordingly, we went out upon the yard; and never shall I forget that piece of work.

Our watch had been so reduced by sickness, and by some having been left in California, that, with one man at the wheel, we had only the third-mate and three beside myself to go aloft, so that at most we could only attempt to furl one yard-arm at a time. We manned the weather-yard-arm, and set to work to make a furl of it. Our lower masts being short, and our yards very square, the sail had a head of nearly fifty feet, and a short leech, made still shorter by the deep reef which was in it, which brought the clew away out on the quarters of the yard, and made a bunt nearly as square as the mizzen royal yard. Besides this difficulty, the yard over which we lay was cased with ice, the gaskets and rope of the foot and leech of the sail as stiff and hard as a piece of leather hose, and the sail itself about as pliable as though it had been made of sheathing copper.

It blew a perfect hurricane, with alternate blasts of snow, hail, and rain. We had to *fist* the sail with bare hands. No one could trust himself to mittens, for if he slipped he was a gone man. All

the boats were hoisted in on deck, and there was nothing to be lowered for him. We had need of every finger God had given us. Several times we got the sail upon the yard, but it blew away again before we could secure it. It required men to lie over the yard to pass each turn of the gaskets, and when they were passed it was almost impossible to knot them so that they would hold. Frequently we were obliged to leave off altogether and take to beating our hands upon the sail to keep them from freezing.

After some time—which seemed forever—we got the weather side stowed after a fashion, and went over to leeward for another trial. This was still worse, for the body of the sail had been blown over to leeward, and, as the yard was a-cock-bill by the lying over of the vessel, we had to light it all up to windward. When the yard-arms were furled, the bunt was all adrift again, which made more work for us. We got all secure at last, but we had been nearly an hour and a half upon the yard, and it seemed an age.

It had just struck five bells when we went up, and eight were struck soon after we came down. This may seem slow work; but considering the state of everything, and that we had only five men to a sail with just half as many square yards of canvas in it as the mainsail of the *Independence*, sixty-gun ship, which musters seven hundred men at her quarters, it is not wonderful that we were no quicker about it. We were glad enough to get on deck, and still more to go below. The oldest sailor in the watch said, as he went down, "I shall never forget that main-yard; it beats all my going a-fishing. Fun is fun, but furling one yard-arm of a course at a time off Cape Horn, is no better than man-killing."—*Two Years before the Mast*.

UNDER FULL SAIL.

Notwithstanding all that has been said about the beauty of a ship under full sail, there are very few who have ever seen a ship, literally, under all her sail. A ship coming in or going out of port, with

her ordinary sails. and perhaps two or three studding-sails, is commonly said to be under full sail ; but a ship never has all her sail upon her, except when she has a light, steady breeze, very nearly, but not quite, dead aft, and so regular that it can be trusted, and is likely to last for some time. Then, with all her sails, light and heavy, and studding-sails, on each side, aloof and aloft, she is the most glorious moving object in the world. Such a sight very few, even some who have been at sea a good deal, have ever beheld ; for from the deck of your own vessel you cannot see her, as you would a separate object.

One night, while we were in the tropics, I went out to the end of the flying-jib-boom upon some duty, and, having finished it, turned round, and lay over the boom for a long time, admiring the beauty of the sight before me. Being so far out from the deck, I could look at the ship as at a separate vessel ; and there rose up from the water, supported only by the small black hull, a pyramid of canvas, spreading out far beyond the hull, and towering up almost, as it seemed in the indistinct night air, to the clouds. The sea was as still as an inland lake : the light trade wind was gently and steadily breathing from astern ; the dark blue sky was studded with the tropical stars ; there was no sound but the rippling of the water under the stem ; and the sails were spread out, wide and high—the two lower studding-sails stretching on each side far beyond the deck ; the topmast studding-sails like wings to the topsails ; the topgallant studding-sails spreading fearlessly out above them ; still higher, the two royal studding-sails, looking like two kites flying from the same string ; and, highest of all, the little skysail, the apex of the pyramid, seeming actually to touch the stars, and to be out of reach of human hand. So quiet, too, was the sea, and so steady the breeze, that if these sails had been sculptured marble they could not have been more motionless. Not a ripple upon the surface of the canvas ; not even a quivering of the extreme edges of the sail, so perfectly were they distended by the breeze. I

was so lost in the sight that I forgot the presence of the man who came out with me, until he said (for he, too, rough old man-of-war's-man as he was, had been gazing at the show), half to himself, still looking at the marble sails,—“How quietly they do their work!”—*Two Years before the Mast.*

THE PALM-TREE.

These strange palm-trees everywhere! I cannot yet feel at home among them. Many of the other trees are like our own, and though tropical in fact, look to the eye as if they might grow as well in New England as here. But the royal palm looks so intensely and exclusively tropical! It cannot grow beyond this narrow belt of the earth's surface. Its long, thin body, so straight and so smooth, swathed from the foot in a tight bandage of gray canvas, leaving only its deep-green neck, and over that its crest and plumage of deep-green leaves! It gives no shade, and bears no fruit that is valued by men. And it has no beauty to atone for those wants. Yet it has more than beauty—a strange fascination over the eye and the fancy, that will never allow it to be overlooked or forgotten. The palm tree seems a kind of *lusus naturae* to the northern eye—an exotic wherever you meet it. It seems to be conscious of its want of usefulness for food or shade, yet has a dignity of its own, a pride of unmixed blood and royal descent—the hidalgo of the soil.—*To Cuba and Back.*

DANIEL, SAMUEL, an English poet and historian, born in 1562, died in 1619. He was the son of a music-master; studied for three years at Magdalen College, Oxford, but left without taking his degree, having been appointed tutor to the daughter of the Earl of Cumberland. After the death of Edmund Spenser, he became laureate to Queen Elizabeth. In the reign of James I. he was appointed Master of the Queen's Revels, and Groom-of-the-Chamber to her Majesty. His

principal works are *The Historie of the Civile Warres betweene the Houses of York and Lancaster*, a poem in eight books, and a *History of England* from the Norman conquest down to the close of the reign of Edward III. He also wrote numerous dramatic pieces, short poems, and several treatises in prose. Daniel was a very popular poet in his day, and in later times has been highly lauded by Lamb, Coleridge, and Southey.

RICHARD II. ON THE MORNING BEFORE HIS MURDER.

The morning of that day which was his last,
 After a weary rest, rising to pain,
 Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
 Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
 Where others' liberty make him complain
 The more his own, and grieves his soul the more,
 Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

"O happy man," saith he, "that lo I see,
 Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
 If he but knew his good. How blessed he
 That feels not what affliction greatness yields!
 Other than what he is he would not be,
 Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields
 Thine, thine is that true life: that is to live,
 To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

"Thou sittest at home safe by thy quiet fire,
 And hearest of others' harms, but fearest none:
 And there thou tellest of kings, and who aspire,
 Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.
 Perhaps thou talkest of me, and dost inquire
 Of my restraint, why here I live alone,
 And pitiest this my miserable fall;
 For pity must have part—envy not all.

"Thrice happy you that look as from the shore,
 And have no venture in the wreck you see;
 No interest, no occasion to deplore
 Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
 How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
 To see our misery, and what we be:

Whose blinded greatness, ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil."

SONNET TO SLEEP.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light ;
With dark forgetting of my care, return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth ;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow ;
Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

EPISTLE TO THE COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

I.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither hope nor fear can shake the frame
Of his resolvèd powers ; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same :
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey !

II.

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil !
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood : where honor, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil ;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth ; and only great doth seem
To little minds who do it so esteem.

IV.

Nor is he moved by all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Power, that proudly sits on others' crimes—
Charged with more crying sins than those he
checks.

The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal him not that hath no side at all.
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

VI.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed ; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceived ; whilst man doth ransack in .
And builds on blood, and rises by distress ;
And the inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes—he looks thereon
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

VII.

Thus, madam, fares that man that hath prepared
A rest for his desires ; and sees all things
Beneath him ; and hath learned this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty, and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings :
By whom, I see, you labor all you can
To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

X.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge
Than women use to do, yet well you know
That wrong is better checked by being contemned
Than being pursued : leaving to Him to avenge
To whom it appertains : Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemned
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still will bark :—

XI.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll ; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate : whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress ;
And that unless himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is **man**.

XIV.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned **mind**
Hath been so set by that all-working hand

Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his
worst

To put it out by discords most unkind—
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man ; nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord ; but still agree,
Equal in fortune's inequality.

XV.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In the inheritance of fame you must possess :
You that have built you by your great deserts—
Out of small means—a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honored name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

UNCERTAINTY OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF NATIONS.

Undertaking to collect the principal affairs of this kingdom, I had a desire to have deduced the same from the beginning of the first British kings, as they are registered in their catalogue: but finding no authentical warrant how they came there, I did put off that desire with these considerations: That a lesser part of time, and better known—which was from William I. surnamed the Bastard—was more than enough for my ability; and how it was but our curiosity to search further back into times past than we might discern, and whereof we could neither have proof nor profit: how the beginnings of all people and states were as uncertain as the heads of great rivers, and could not add to our virtue, and peradventure little to our reputation, to know them, considering how commonly they rise from the springs of poverty, piracy, robbery, and violence; howsoever fabulous writers, to glorify their nations, strive to abuse the credulity of after-ages with heroical or miraculous beginnings. For states, as men, are ever best seen when they are up, and as they are, not as they were. Besides, it seems, God, in His providence, to check our presumptuous inquisition, wraps up all things in uncertainty, bars us out from long antiquity, and

bounds our searches within the compass of a few ages, as if the same were sufficient, both for example and instruction, to the government of men. For had we the particular occurments of all ages and all nations, it might more stuff, but not better our understanding; we shall find still the same correspondences to hold in the actions of men; virtues and vices the same, though rising and falling, according to the worth or weakness of governors; the causes of the ruins and mutations of states to be alike, and the train of affairs carried by precedent, in a course of succession, under like colors.—*History of England.*

DANTE (DURANTE ALIGHIERI), an Italian poet, born at Florence in 1265, died at Ravenna in 1321. The name DANTE, by which he is universally designated, is a contraction of his baptismal name "Durante." The family Alighieri belonged to the nobles, but not to the highest rank in Florence. Dante was but a child when his father died. Of the manner of his education little positive is known. Biographers say that at one time or another he studied in the Universities of Bologna, Padua, Naples, and even at Paris and Oxford. But wherever he was educated, it is clear that while a youth he had mastered most of the learning of his time. Latin was of course almost vernacular to him; of Greek he knew something; and he had apparently learned a few words of Hebrew and Arabic. As early as the close of his ninth year an incident occurred which had much to do in shaping all his future life. In that year he for the first time saw Beatrice Portinari, a girl of noble family, some months younger than himself. In his *Vita Nuova* he thus describes his first sight of this fair child:

DANTE'S FIRST SIGHT OF BEATRICE.

In that part of the book of my memory, before which little can be read, is found a rubric, which

sayeth : *Incipit Vita Nova* ; under which rubric I find the words written, which it is my intention to copy into this little book; and if not all of them, at least their meaning.

Nine times now, since my birth, had the heaven of light turned almost to the same point in its own gyration, when first appeared before mine eyes the glorious Lady of my mind, who was called Beatrice [“the Blessed”] by many who knew not wherefore she was so called. She had already been in this life so long that in its course the starred heaven had moved toward the region of the East one of the twelve parts of a degree ; so that at about the beginning of her ninth year she appeared to me, and I near the end of my ninth year saw her. She appeared to me clothed in a most noble color—a modest and becoming crimson, garlanded and adorned in suchwise as befitted her very youthful age. At that instant, I may truly say that the spirit of life which dwelleth in the most secret chamber of the heart began to tremble with such violence that it appeared fearfully in the least pulses, and trembling said these words: *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi.*

At that instant the intellectual spirit, which dwelleth in the higher chamber to which all the spirits of the senses carry their perceptions, began to marvel greatly, and, speaking especially to the spirit of the sight, said these words: *Apparuit jam beatitudo vestra.* At that instant the natural spirit, which dwelleth in that part where our nourishment is supplied, began to weep, and weeping said these words: *Heu miser! quia frequenter impeditus ero deinceps.*

From that time forward I say that Love lorded it over my soul which had so suddenly inclined to him ; and he began to exercise over me such control and such lordship, through the power which my imagination gave to him, that it behooved me to do completely all his pleasure. He commanded me ofttimes that I should seek to see this youthful angel, so that I in my boyhood often went seeking her, and saw her of such noble and praiseworthy

deportment, that truly of her might be said that word of the poet Homer, "She seemeth not the daughter of mortal man, but of God." And albeit her image, which stayed constantly with me, gave boldness to Love to hold lordship over me, yet it was of such noble virtue that it never suffered that Love should rule me without the faithful counsel of the Reason in those matters in which it were useful to hear such counsel. And since to dwell upon the passions and actions of such early youth appeareth like telling an idle tale, I will leave them, and, passing over many things which might be drawn from the original where these lie hidden, I will come to those words which are written in my memory under larger paragraphs.—*Vita Nuova*, I., II.—*Transl. of CHARLES ELIOT NORTON*.

Dante, however, seems to have scarcely known Beatrice as she grew up into womanhood. When about twenty years of age she was married to Simone de' Bardi; and died in 1290 at the age of twenty-five. At about this time, or perhaps a little earlier, Dante wrote the first portion of the *Vita Nuova*, which was not completed until some years later. In this work he narrates, partly in prose and partly in verse, the story of his passion for Beatrice.

A VISION OF BEATRICE.

When so many days had passed that it was exactly nine years since the above-described apparition of this most gentle lady, on the last of these days it came to pass that this most admirable lady appeared before me clothed in purest white, between two gentle ladies who were of greater age, and passing along a street, turned her eyes toward that place where I stood very timidly; and by her ineffable courtesy, which is now rewarded in the eternal world, saluted me with such virtue that it seemed to me then that I beheld all the bounds of bliss. The hour when her most sweet salutation reached me was exactly the ninth of that day; and since it was the first time that her

words came to mine ears, I took in such sweetness, that, as were intoxicated, I turned away from the crowd ; and, betaking myself to the solitude of mine own chamber, I sat myself down to think of this most courteous lady. And thinking of her, a sweet slumber overcame me, in which a marvelous vision appeared to me. . . . Thinking on what had appeared to me, I resolved to make it known to many who were famous poets at that time ; and since I had already seen in myself the art of discoursing in rhyme, I resolved to make a sonnet, in which I would salute all the liegemen of Love, and praying them to give an interpretation of my vision, would write to them that which I had seen in my slumber. And I began then this sonnet :

To every captive soul and gentle heart

Before whose sight may come the present word,
That they thereof to me their thoughts impart,

Be greeting in Love's name, who is their Lord.
Now of these hours well-nigh one-third is gone

What time doth every star appear most bright,
When on a sudden Love before me shone,

Remembrance of whose nature gives me fright.
Joyful to me seemed Love, and he was keeping

My heart within his hands, while on his arm
He held my Lady, covered o'er and sleeping.

Then waking her, he with his flaming heart

Did humbly feed her, fearful of some harm.

Thereon I saw him thence in tears depart.

—*Vita Nuova* III.—*Transl. of* NORTON.

IN PRAISE OF BEATRICE.

This most gentle lady, of whom there hath been discourse in the preceding words, came into such favor among the people, that, when she passed along the way, persons ran to see her, which gave me wonderful delight. And when she was near anyone, such modesty came into his heart that he dared not raise his eyes, or return her salutation. She, crowned and clothed with humility, took her way, displaying no pride in that which she saw and heard. Many said, when she had passed,

"This is not a woman ; rather she is one of the most beautiful angels of heaven." And others said, "She is a marvel. Blessed be the Lord who can work thus admirably !" These and more admirable things proceeded from her admirably and with power. Wherefore I, thinking upon this, desiring to resume the style of her praise, resolved to say words in which I would set forth her admirable and excellent influences, to the end that not only those who might actually behold her, but also others, might know of her whatever words could tell. Then I devised this sonnet :

So gentle and so modest doth appear
 My lady when she giveth her salute,
 That every tongue becometh, trembling, mute ;
 Nor do the eyes to look upon her dare.
 Although she hears her praises, she doth go
 Benignly vested with humility ;
 And like a thing come down, she seems to be,
 From heaven to earth, a miracle to show.
 So pleaseth she whoever cometh nigh,
 She gives the heart a sweetness through the
 eyes,
 Which none can understand who does not prove ;
 And from her countenance there seems to move
 A spirit sweet and in Love's very guise,
 Who to the soul is ever saying, Sigh !
 —*Vita Nuova*, XXVI.—*Transl.* of NORTON.

THE DEATH OF BEATRICE.

I say that, according to the mode of reckoning in Italy, her most noble soul departed in the first hour of the ninth day of the month ; and according to the reckoning in Syria, she departed in the ninth month of the year ; since the first month there is *Tismin*, which with us is October. And according to our reckoning she departed in that year of our indiction—that is, of the years of the Lord—in which the perfect number was completed for the ninth time in the century in which she had been set in this world ; and she was of the Christians of the thirteenth century.

One reason why this number was so friendly to her may be this : Since, according to Ptolemy, and according to the Christian truth, there are nine heavens which move ; and, according to the common astrological opinion, the said heavens work effects here below according to their conjunctions, this number was her friend, to the end that it might be understood that at her generation all the nine movable heavens were in most perfect conjunction.

This is one reason thereof ; but considering more subtilely, and according to the infallible truth, this number was she herself : I mean by similitude, and I intend it thus : The number *three* is the root of *nine*, for, without any other number, multiplied by itself, it maketh nine, as we see plainly that three times three make nine. Therefore, since there is the factor by itself of nine, and the Author of the miracles by himself is three, namely Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—who are Three and One—this lady was accompanied by the number nine : that is a miracle whose only root is the marvelous Trinity. Perhaps a more subtile reason might be seen therein by a more subtile person : but this is that which I see for it, and which best pleaseth me.—*Vita Nuova*. XXX.
—*Transl. of* NORTON.

LOOKING FORWARD TO BEATRICE.

After this sonnet, beginning—

Beyond this sphere that widest orbit hath,
 Passeth the sigh that issues from my heart ;
 A new intelligence doth Love impart
 In tears to him which leads him on his path—

a wonderful vision appeared to me, in which I saw things which made me resolve to speak no more of this blessed one, until I could more worthily treat of her. And to attain to this I study to the utmost of my power, as she truly knoweth. So that, if it shall please Him through whom all things live, that my life shall be prolonged for some years, I hope to say of her what was never said of any woman. And then may it please Him who is the Lord of Grace, that my soul may go to behold

the glory of its Lady—namely of that blessed Beatrice, who in glory looketh upon the face of Him *qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus*.—*Vita Nuova* XLIII.—*Transl. of* NORTON.

In another work, the *Convito* ("Banquet"), Dante tells how he sought consolation after the death of Beatrice. "My mind," he says, "desirous of health, sought to return to the method by which other disconsolate ones had found consolation, and I set myself to read that little known book of Boëtius, in which he consoled himself, when a prisoner and in exile. And hearing that Tully had written another work, in which he had given words of consolation to Lælius, I set myself to read that also."—By such means, and others, Dante found consolation after the death of the almost unknown Beatrice. Not much more than a year afterwards he married Gemma dei Donati, a noble lady of Florence, who during the next eight or ten years bore to him seven children. In none of the works of Dante is to be found any mention of his wife, from which it has been inferred that his marriage was an unhappy one; but of this there is no direct evidence.

To narrate the public life of Dante would be to give a history of the troublous times in which he lived. All Northern Italy, Florence in particular, was convulsed by the struggles of two rival parties known as the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, each of which was from time to time split up into smaller factions, sometimes one and sometimes the other getting control of the government in Florence. At length, in 1302 the party to which Dante was then attached was overthrown. Dante, who had been sent on an embassy to the Papal court at Rome, was, with some others, condemned to perpetual exile, and to the payment of a heavy fine, the offense charged

against him being that of official malversation. Dante never again saw his native Florence. - Fourteen years after, in 1316, the existing government of the city issued a decree permitting the exiles to return upon condition of paying their fines, and submitting to humiliating public penance: thus acknowledging themselves guilty of the crimes with which they had been charged. Dante rejected this proffer with indignant scorn. To a friend he wrote:

DANTE UPON HIS EXILE.

Is this then, the glorious return of Dante Alighieri to his country after nearly fifteen years of suffering exile? Did an innocence patent to all merit this? This the perpetual sweat and toil of study? Far from a man the housemate of philosophy be so rash and earthen-hearted a humility as to allow himself to be offered up bound like a schoolboy or a criminal! Far from a man the preacher of justice, to pay those who have done him wrong as for a favor! This is not the way of returning to my country; but if another can be found that shall not derogate from the fame and honor of Dante, that I will enter on with no lagging steps. But, if by none such Florence may be entered, by me, then, never! Can I not everywhere behold the sun and stars? Speculate on sweetest truths under any sky, without giving myself up inglorious, nay, ignominious, to the populace and city of Florence? Nor shall I want for bread.

Dante lived nineteen years after his exile from Florence. The accounts of his whereabouts for the greater part of the time are vague and often improbable. There are stories, that he went to Paris, visited the university; resided for a while in the Low Countries, and even crossed the Channel to England, and spent some time at Oxford. But it is certain that the greater portion of these years was

passed in Northern Italy. In some districts there is scarcely a village which does not claim the honor of having been the place of his temporary sojourn. At times he appears to have been in a condition of extreme destitution, at times he was under the protection of one noble or another. He himself complains how bitter he found it to "climb the stairs of another." About two years before his death we find him living at Ravenna under the protection of Guido da Polenta, by whom he was sent on an embassy to the Venetians. He did not succeed in accomplishing the object of this mission, and returned to Ravenna, bearing the seeds of a fatal fever contracted in the miasmatic lagoons.

He was buried under a humble monument erected by his friend Guido Novello. A more imposing tomb was built for him in 1483, which was restored in 1692, and finally rebuilt, as it now stands, in 1780. In 1865 Ravenna, with other cities of Italy, celebrated the six-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante. In making preparations for the celebration, a chest containing human bones was found in a cavity near the tomb. A commission appointed for the purpose decided that these were the remains of Dante, which had been hidden in the seventeenth century under an apprehension that they might be stolen by the Florentines, who had often begged that they should be given back to his native city. The bones were re-interred in the tomb, where they now rest.

Besides the *Vita Nuova* and the *Convito*, already mentioned, and the *Divina Commedia*, which remains to be considered, Dante wrote several minor works in Italian and Latin, in verse and prose. The most important of these is the Latin treatise *De Monarchia*, written, probably, between 1310 and 1313.

The special aim of this treatise is to show that to the Roman Empire belongs the supremacy of the world, which was given to it directly by God; and that while the Pope is supreme in things spiritual, the Emperor is supreme in things temporal. His argument, here greatly condensed, runs thus :

THE SUPREMACY OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS.

Christ consented to be born under the reign of Augustus ; and he assented to the jurisdiction of the Empire by suffering himself to be crucified under a decree of one of its courts. The atonement could not have been accomplished unless Christ suffered under sentence of a tribunal having rightful jurisdiction : for otherwise his condemnation would have been an act of usurpation, and not the infliction of a legal penalty. Moreover, since all mankind were represented in the person of Christ, the Court must have been one having rightful jurisdiction over all the human family ; and since he was delivered up to Pilate—an officer of Tiberius—it must follow that the jurisdiction of Tiberius was universal.—And again, since it is God who gives the victory in all battles, and since he ultimately gave the victory to the Romans, it is clear that it was his will that the Romans should attain universal dominion: so that the Roman Empire was divinely instituted.

But Dante's great fame rests mainly upon his poem, the *Divina Commedia*. In this poem Dante is in vision conducted through the realms of the Infernal Regions, of Purgatory, and of Paradise: Virgil being his divinely appointed guide through the first two realms, and Beatrice through the third. What may be styled the "Physical Theory" of these realms, as conceived by Dante is set forth by Dr. John Carlyle (whom see) in the Introduction of his translation of the *Inferno*. Each book of the *Divina Commedia* is divided into thirty-three

Cantos (for the first Canto of the *Inferno* is properly an Introduction to the entire poem), corresponding to the thirty-three years of our Saviour's earthly life. The *Inferno* was probably completed about the year 1314; the *Purgatorio* some three years later; and the *Paradiso* not long before the death of Dante, in 1321.—There have been many translations of Dante into English. The best translations of the entire *Divina Commedia* are those of Cary (1813), and of Longfellow (1867-70). Cary's translation is in blank verse; Longfellow's is in unrhymed triplets. Mr. Thomas W. Parsons, of Boston, has made perhaps the best translation of the *Inferno* (cantos I-X. 1843, the remaining Cantos in 1867); in this the triple rhyme as well as the metre of the original is exceedingly well represented. The prose translation of the *Inferno* by Dr. John Carlyle is admirably executed and annotated. Translations of separate passages are very numerous.

Dante himself in a letter to Can Grande della Scala, explains the intention of the *Divina Commedia*, and the method to be employed in its interpretation. It is called a "Comedy," he says, "because it has a fortunate ending." He thus proceeds:

THE IDEA OF THE "DIVINA COMMEDIA."

The literal subject of the whole work is the state of the soul after death, simply considered. But if the work be taken allegorically, the subject is man, as by merit or demerit, through freedom of the will, he renders himself liable to the reward or punishment of justice. It is to be interpreted in a literal, allegorical, moral, and anagogical sense. To make which mode of treatment more clear, it may be applied in the following verses of Scripture: *In exitu Israel de Ægypto, domus Jacob de populo barbaro, facta est Judæa sanctificatio ejus, Israel potestas ejus.* For if we look only at the lit-

eral sense, it signifies the going out of the children of Israel from Egypt in the time of Moses ; if at the allegorical, it signifies our redemption through Christ ; if at the moral, it signifies the conversion of the soul from the grief and misery of sin to a state of grace ; and if at the anagogical, it signifies the passage of the blessed soul from the bondage of this corruption to the freedom of eternal glory.

DANTE MEETS THE SHADE OF VIRGIL.

While I was rushing downward, there appeared before my eyes one who seemed hoarse from long silence. When I saw him in the great desert, I cried : " Have pity on me, whate'er thou be, whether shade or venerable man ! "

He answered me : " Not a man, a man I once was ; and my parents were Lombards, and both of Mantua by country. I was born under Julius, though late ; and lived at Rome beneath the good Augustus, in the time of the false and lying gods. A Poet I was ; and sang of the just son of Anchises, who came from Troy after proud Ilium was burned. But thou, why returnest thou to such disquiet ? Why ascendest not the delectable mountain, which is the beginning and the cause of all gladness ? "

" Art thou then that Virgil, and that fountain which pours abroad so rich a stream of speech ? " I answered him with bashful front. " O glory and light of other poets ! May the long zeal avail me, and the great love that made me search thy volume. Thou art my master and my author. Thou alone art he from whom I took the good style that hath done me honor. See the beast* from which I turned back. Help me from her, thou famous sage ; for she makes my veins and pulses tremble. "

" Thou must take another road, " he answered when he saw me weeping, " if thou desirest to

* The She-wolf, typical of Avarice, the worship of this world's goods ; and of the Court of Rome in particular, " where, " as Dante elsewhere says, " Christ is daily bought and sold. "

escape from this wild place ; because this beast, for which thou criest, lets not men pass her way, but so entangles that she slays them ; and has a nature so perverse and vicious that she never satiates her craving appetite ; and after feeding she is hungrier than before. The animals to which she weds herself are many ; and will yet be more, until the Grayhound comes, that will make her die with pain. He will not feed on land and pelf, but on wisdom, and love, and manfulness, and his nation shall be between Feltro and Feltro. He shall be the salvation of that low Italy, for which Camilla the virgin, Euryalus, and Turnus, and Nisus, died of wounds. He shall chase her through every city, till he have put her into Hell again ; from which Envy first set her loose. Wherefore I think and discern this for thy best, that thou follow me. And I will be thy guide, and lead thee hence through an eternal place, where thou shalt hear the hopeless shrieks, shalt see the ancient spirits in pain ; so that each calls for second death. And thou shalt see those who are contented in the fire [in Purgatory] ; for they hope to come, whensoever it be, among the blessed. Then to those [in Paradise] if thou desirest to ascend, there shall be a spirit [Beatrice] worthier than I to guide thee. With her will I leave thee at my parting. For that Emperor who reigns above—because I was rebellious to his law—wills not that I come into his city. In all parts he rules, and there he dwells. There is his city, and his high seat. O happy whom he chooses for it !”

And I to him : “ Poet, I beseech thee by that God whom thou knewest not, in order that I may escape this ill and worse, lead me where thou now hast said, so that I may see the gate of Saint Peter, and those whom thou makest so sad.” Then he moved ; and I kept on behind him.—*Inferno*, Canto I.—*Transl.* of CARLYLE.

AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE INFERNO.

“Through me ye pass into the city of wo :
Through me ye pass into eternal pain :
Justice the founder of my fabric moved :

To rear me was the task of Power divine,
 Supremest Wisdom and primeval Love.
 Before me things create were none, save things
 Eternal, and eternal I endure.
 All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Such characters, in color dim, I marked
 Over a portal's lofty porch inscribed.
 Whereat I thus : " Master, these words import
 Hard meaning." He as one prepared, replied :
 " Here thou must all distrust behind thee leave ;
 Here be vile fear relinquished. We are come
 Where I have told thee we shall see the souls
 To misery doomed, who intellectual good
 Have lost." And when his hand he had stretched
 forth [cheered.
 To mine, with pleasant looks, whence I was
 Into that secret place he led me on.

Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans,
 Resounded through the air pierced by no star,
 That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
 Horrible languages, onteries of wo,
 Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse.
 With hands together smote that swelled the
 sounds,

Made up a tumult, that forever whirls
 Round through that air with solid darkness stained,
 Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.

I then, with error yet encompassed, cried :
 " O Master ! what is this I hear ? what race
 Are these who seem so overcome with wo ?"

He thus to me : " This miserable fate
 Suffer the wretched souls of those who lived
 Without praise or blame, with that ill band
 Of angels mixed, who nor rebellious proved,
 Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves
 Were only. From his bounds Heaven drove them
 forth

Not to impair his lustre ; nor the depth
 Of Hell receives them, lest the accursed tribe
 Should glory thence with exultation vain."

I then : " Master, what doth aggrieve them thus.
 That they lament so loud ?" He straight replied :
 " That I will tell thee briefly. These of death
 No hope may entertain : and their blind life

So meanly passes, that all other lots
They envy. Fame of them the world has none,
Nor suffers ; Mercy and Justice scorn them both.
Speak not of them, but look and pass them by."

And I, who straightway looked, beheld a flag,
Which whirling ran round so rapidly,
That it no pause obtained : and following came
Such a long train of Spirits, I should ne'er
Have thought that Death so many had despoiled.

When some of these I recognized, I saw
And knew the shade of him who, to base fear.
Yielding, abjured his high estate. Forthwith
I understood for certain, this the tribe
Of those ill spirits both to God displeasing
And to His foes. These wretches, who ne'er lived,
Went on in nakedness, and sorely stung
By wasps and hornets, which bedewed their
cheeks, [their feet,
With blood, that, mixed with tears, dropped to
And by disgustful worms was gathered there.

Then looking further onwards I beheld
A throng upon the shore of a great stream :
Whereat I thus : " Sir, grant me now to know
Whom here we view, and whence impelled, they
seem

So eager to pass o'er, as I discern
Through the blear light ? " He thus to me in few :
" This thou shalt know, soon as our steps arrive
Beside the woful tide of Acheron."

Then with eyes downward cast, and filled with
shame,
Fearing my words offensive to his ear,
Till we had reached the river, I from speech
Abstained. And lo ! toward us in a bark
Comes on an old man, hoary, white with eld,
Crying, " Wo to you, wicked spirits ! hope not
Ever to see the sky again. I come
To take you to the other shore across,
Into eternal darkness, there to dwell
In fierce heat and in ice. And thou, who there
Standest, live spirit ! get thee hence, and leave
These who are dead ! " But soon as he beheld
I left them not, " By other way," said he,
" By other haven shalt thou come to shore,

Not by this passage ; thee a nimbler boat
Must carry." Then to him thus spake my guide :
" Charon ! thyself torment not : So 'tis willed
Where Will and Power are one. Ask thou no
more."

Straightway in silence fell the shaggy cheeks
Of him the boatman o'er the livid lake,
Around whose eyes glared wheeling flames. Mean-
while

Those spirits, faint and naked, color changed,
And gnashed their teeth, soon as the cruel words
They heard. God and their parents they blas-
phemed,

The human-kind, the place, the time, and seed
That did engender them and give them birth.

Then all together sorely wailing drew
To the cursed strand that every man must pass
Who fears not God. Charon, demoniac form,
With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,
Beckoning, and each that lingers, with his oar
Strikes. As fall off the light autumnal leaves,
One still another following, till the bough
Strews all its honors on the earth beneath ;
E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood
Cast themselves, one by one, down from the shore,
Each at a beck, as falcon at his call.

Thus they go over through the umbered wave ;
And ever they on the opposing bank
Be landed, on this side another throng
Still gathers. " Son," thus spoke the courteous
guide,

" Those who die subject to the wrath of God
All here together come from every clime
And to o'erpass the river are not loth ;
For so Heaven's justice goads them on, that fear
Is turned into desire. Hence ne'er hath passed
Good spirit. If of thee Charon complain,
Now may'st thou know the import of his words."

—*Inferno*, Canto III.—*Transl.* of CARY.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

" The land where I was born sits by the seas,
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
With all his followers, in search of peace.

Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,
Seized him for the fair person which was ta'en
From me ; and me even yet the mode offends.
Love, who to none beloved to love again
Remits, seized me with wish to please so strong,
That, as thou seest, yet, it doth remain.
Love to one death conducted us along ;
But Caina waits for him our life who ended."
These were the accents uttered by her tongue.
Since first I listened to these souls offended,
I bowed my visage, and so kept it, till
"What think'st thou?" said the bard ; when I
unbended,
And recommenced : "Alas ! unto such ill
How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstacies,
Led these their evil fortunes to fulfil !"
And I turned unto their side mine eyes,
And said : " Francesca, thy sad destinies
Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.
But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs
By what, and how, thy love to passion rose,
So as his dim desires to recognize."
Then she to me : "The greatest of all woes
Is, to remind us of our happy days
In misery : and that thy Teacher knows.
But if to learn our passion's first root, preys
Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,
I will do even as he who weeps and says.
We read one day for pastime—seated nigh—
Of Lancilot ; how Love enchained him too.
We were alone, quite unsuspectingly ;
But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
All o'er discolored by that reading were ;
But one point only wholly us o'erthrew ;
When we read the long sighed-for smile of her,
To be thus kissed by such devoted lover,
He, who from me can be divided ne'er,
Kissed my mouth—trembling in the act all over.
Accursed was the book, and he who wrote !
That day no further leaf we did uncover."
While thus one spirit told us of their lot,
The other wept, so that with pity's thrills
I swooned, as if by death I had been smote ;
And fell down even as a dead body falls.
—*Inferno*, Canto V.—*Transl.* of BYRON.

FARINATA AND CAVALCANTA.

“ O Tuscan, thou who com'st with gentle speech
Through Hell's hot city, breathing from the earth
Stop in this place one moment, I beseech.

Thy tongue betrays the country of thy birth ;
Of that illustrious land I know thee sprung
Which in my day, perchance, I somewhat vex.”

Forth from one vault these sudden accents rung,
So that I trembling stood with fear perplexed.

Then as I closer to my Master drew,

“ Turn back ! what dost thou ? ” he exclaimed
in haste ;

“ See Farinata rises to thy view !

Now may'st behold him upward from the
waist ! ”

Full in his face already I was gazing
While his front lowered and his proud bosom
swelled,

As though even there, amid his burial blazing,
The infernal realm in high disdain he held.

My Leader then, with ready hands and bold,
Forced me towards him, among the graves to
pace,

Saying, “ Thy thoughts in open words unfold.”
So by his tomb I stood—beside its base.

Glancing upon me with a scornful air,

“ Who were thine ancestors ? ” he coldly asked.
Willing to answer, I did not forbear

My name or lineage, but the whole unmasked.

Slightly the spirit raised his haughty brows,
And said : “ Thy sires to me and mine were aye
adverse—

To me, and to the cause I did espouse ;

Therefore their legions twice did I disperse.”

“ What though they banished were ? They all
returned,

Each time of their expulsion,” I replied :

“ That is an art thy party never learned.”

Hereat arose a shadow at his side.

Uplifted on his knees he seemed to me,

For his face only to his chin was bare :

And round about he stared, as though to see

If other mortal than myself were there.

But when that momentary dream was o'er,

Weeping he groaned : " If thou this dungeon dim,
 Led by thy soaring genius dost explore,
 Where is my son ? ah, wherefore bringst not
 him ? "

" Not of myself I seek this realm forlorn ;
 He who waits yonder marshals me my road ;
 Whom once, perchance, thy Guido had in scorn. "

My recognition thus I fully showed ;
 For in the pangs on that poor sinner wreaked,
 And in his question, plain his name I read.
 Suddenly starting up — " What ! what ! " he
 shrieked ; [dead ?
 Say'st thou *He had* ? What mean ye ? Is he
 Doth heaven's dear light his eyes no longer
 bless ? "

Perceiving how I hesitated, then
 Ere I responded to his wild address,
 Backward he shrunk, nor looked he forth again.
 —*Inferno* Canto X.—*Transl. of PARSONS.*

THE TORTURES IN MALBOLGE.

Divers lamentings pierced me through and
 through,

Which with compassion had their arrows barbed,
 Whereat mine ears I covered with my hands.

What pain would be, if from the hospitals
 Of Valdichiana 'twixt July and September,
 And of Maremma and Sardinia

All the diseases in one moat were gathered,
 Such was it here, and such a stench came
 from it

As from putrescent limbs is wont to issue.

We had descended on the furthest bank
 From the long crag upon the left hand still,
 And then more vivid was my power of sight
 Down towards the bottom, where the ministress
 Of the high Lord—Justice infallible—
 Punishes forgers which she here records.

I do not think a sadder sight to see
 Was in Ægina—the whole people sick,
 (When was the air so full of pestilence,
 The animals, down to the little worm,
 All fell ; and afterwards the ancient people,
 According as the poets have affirmed,

Were from the seed of ants restored again),
Than was it to behold through that dark valley
The spirits languishing in divers heaps.
This on the belly, that upon the back
One of the other lay, and others crawling
Shifted themselves along the dismal road.
We step by step went onward without speech,
Gazing upon and listening to the sick
Who had not strength enough to lift their bodies.
I saw two sitting leaned against each other,
As leans in heating platter against platter,
From head to foot bespotted o'er with scabs;
And never saw I plied a currycomb
By stable-boy for whom his master waits,
Or him who keeps awake unwillingly,
As every one was plying fast the bite
Of nails upon himself, for the great rage
Of itching which no other succor had.
And the nails downward with them dragged the
scab
In fashion as a knife the scales of bream,
Or any other fish that has them largest.
"O thou, that with thy fingers dost dismail thee,"
Began my Leader unto one of them,
"And makest of them pincers now and then,
Tell me if any Latian is with those
Who are herein; so may thy nails suffice thee
To all eternity unto this work."
"Latians are we, whom thou so wasted seest,
Both of us here," one weeping made reply;
"But who art thou, that questionest about us?"
And said the Guide: "One am I who descends
Down with this living man from cliff to cliff,
And I intend to show Hell unto him."
Then broken was their mutual support,
And trembling each one turned himself to me,
With others who had heard him by rebound.
Wholly to me did the good Master gather,
Saying: "Say unto them whate'er thou wishest."
And I began, since he would have it so:
"So may your memory not steal away
In the first world from out the minds of men,
But so may it survive 'neath many suns,

Unfold me who ye are, and of what people.

Let not your foul and loathsome punishment
Make you afraid to show yourselves to me."

"I of Arezzo was," one made reply,

"And Albert of Siena had me burned ;

But what I died for does not bring me here,

'Tis true I said to him, speaking in jest,

That I could rise by flight into the air,

And he, who had conceit but little wit,

Would have me show to him the art : and only

Because no Dædalus I made him, made me

Be burned by one who held him as his son.

But unto the last Bolgia of the ten

For alchemy, which in the world I practised,

Minos—who cannot err—has me condemned."

And to the Poet said I : "Now was ever

So vain a people as the Sienese?

Not for a certainty the French by far."

Whereat the other leper, who had heard me,

Replied unto my speech : "Taking out Stricca,

Who knew the art of moderate expenses,

And Niccolò, who the luxurious use

Of cloves discovered earliest of all

Within that garden where such seed takes root ;

And taking out the band, among whom squandered

Caccia d'Ascian his vineyards and vast woods,

And where his wit the Abbagliato proffered !

But, that thou know who thus doth second thee

Against the Sienese, make sharp thine eye,

Towards me, so that my face will answer thee,

And thou shalt see I am Capocchio's shade,

Who metals falsified by alchemy ;

Thou must remember, if I well descry thee,

How I a skilful ape of nature was."

—*Inferno*, Canto XXIX.—*Transl. of LONGFELLOW.*

DIS OR SATAN.

"The banners of Hell's Monarch do come forth

Toward us ; therefore look," so spoke my Guide,

"If thou discern him." As when breathes a cloud

Heavy and dense, or when the shades of night

Fall on our hemisphere, seems viewed from far

A windmill, which the blast stirs briskly round ;

Such was the fabric then methought I saw.

To shield me from the wind, forthwith I drew,
Behind my guide : no covert else was there.

Now came I (and with fear I bid my strain
Record the marvel) where the souls were all
Whelmed underneath, transparent as through glass
Pellucid the frail stem. Some prone were laid ;
Others stood upright, this upon the soles,
That on the head, a third with face to feet
Arched like a bow. When to the point we came,
Whereat my Guide was pleased that I should see
The creature eminent in beauty once,
He from before me stepped, and made me pause.

“Lo !” he exclaimed, “lo Dis : and lo the place,
Where thou hast need to arm thyself with
strength.”

How frozen and how faint I then became,
Ask me not, reader ! for I write it not :
Since words would fail to tell thee of my state.
I was not dead nor living. Think thyself,
If quick conception work in thee at all,
How I did feel. That Emperor who sways
The realm of sorrow, at mid-breast from the ice
Stood forth ; and I in stature am more like
A giant, than the giants are his arms.
Mark now how great that whole must be which
suits

With such a part. If he were beautiful
As he is hideous now, and yet did dare
To scowl upon his Maker, well from him
May all our misery flow. Oh what a sight !
How passing strange it seemed when I did spy
Upon his head three faces : one in front
Of hue vermilion, the other two with this
Midway each shoulder joined and at the crest ;
The right 'twixt wan and yellow seemed ; the left,
To look on, such as come from whence old Nile
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth
Two mighty wings, enormous as became
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw
Outstretched on the wide sea. No plumes had
they,

But were in texture like a bat ; and these
He flapped i' th' air, that from him issued still

Three winds wherewith Cocytus to its depth
 Was frozen. At six eyes he wept : the tears
 Adown three chins distilled with bloody foam.
 At every mouth his teeth a sinner champed
 Bruised as with ponderous engine : so that three
 Were in this guise tormented. But far more
 Than from that gnawing, was the foremost panged
 By the fierce rending, whence oft-times the back
 Was stripped of all its skin. "That upper spirit,
 Who has worst punishment," so spake my guide,
 "Is Judas—he that hath his head within,
 And plies the feet without. Of the other two
 Whose heads are under, from the murky jaw
 Who hangs, is Brutus : lo how he doth writhe,
 And speaks not. The other Cassius, that appears
 So large of limb. But night now re-ascends ;
 And it is time for parting. All is seen."
 —*Inferno*, Canto XXXIV.—*Transl. of CARY.*

APPROACHING THE MOUNTAIN OF PURGATORY.

We still were on the border of the sea,
 Like people who are thinking of their road,
 Who go in heart, and with the body stay,
 And lo ! as when, upon the approach of morning,
 Through the gross vapors Mars grows fiery red
 Down in the west upon the ocean floor,
 Appeared to me—may I again behold it !—
 A light upon the sea so swiftly coming,
 Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled ;
 From which when I a little had withdrawn
 Mine eyes that I might question my Conductor,
 Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.
 Then on each side of it appeared to me
 I knew not what of white, and underneath it
 Little by little there came forth another.
 My Master yet had uttered not a word
 While the first whiteness into wings unfolded ;
 But when he clearly recognized the pilot,
 He cried : "Make haste, make haste to bow the
 knee !
 Behold the Angel of God ! fold thou thy hands !
 Henceforward shalt thou see such officers !
 See how he scorneth human arguments,
 So that nor oar he wants, nor other sail

Than his own wings, between so distant shores.
See how he holds them pointed up to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair !”
Then as still nearer and more near us came
The Bird Divine, more radiant he appeared,
So that near by the eye could not endure him,
But down I cast it ; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, very swift and light,
So that the water swallowed naught thereof.
Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot ;
Beatitude seemed written in his face,
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.
“ *In exitu Israel de Ægypto !*”
They chanted all together in one voice,
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.
Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.
The throng which still remained there unfamiliar
Seemed with the place, all round about them
gazing,
As one who in new matters makes essay.
Then the new people lifted up their faces
Towards us, saying to us : “ If ye know,
Show us the way to go unto the mountain.”
And answer made Virgilius : “ Ye believe,
Perchance, that we have knowledge of this
place ;
But we are strangers even as yourselves.
Just now we came, a little while before you,
Another way, which was so rough and steep
That mounting will henceforth seem sport to us.”
Even as when collecting grain or tares,
The doves together at their pasture met,
Quiet, nor showing their accustomed pride,
If aught appear of which they are afraid,
Upon a sudden leave their food alone,
Because they are assailed by greater care ;
So that fresh company did I behold
The song relinquish, and go toward the hill,
As one who goes, and knows not whitherward ;
Nor was our own departure less in haste.
—*Purgatorio. Canto II.—Transl. of LONG-
FELLOW.*

A VISION OF THE TRINITY.

O grace unenvying of thy boon ! that gavest
 Boldness to fix so earnestly my ken
 On the Everlasting Splendor, that I looked,
 While sight was unconsumed ; and, in that depth,
 Saw in one volume clasped of love, whate'er
 The universe unfolds ; all properties
 Of Substance and of Accident, beheld,
 Compounded, yet one individual light
 The whole. And of such bond methinks I saw
 The universal form ; for that whene'er
 I do but speak of it, my soul dilates
 Beyond her proper self ; and till I speak,
 One moment seems a longer lethargy
 Than five-and-twenty ages had appeared
 To that emprise that first made Neptune wonder
 At Argo's shadow darkening on his flood.

With fixed heed, suspense and motionless
 Wondering I gazed : and admiration still
 Was kindled as I gazed. It may not be
 That one who looks upon that light can turn
 To other object, willingly, his view.
 For all the good that will may covet, there
 Is summed ; and all elsewhere defective found
 Complete. My tongue shall utter, now, no more,
 E'en what remembrance keeps, than could the
 babe's

That yet is moistened at his mother's breast.

Not that the semblance of the living Light
 Was changed (that ever as at first remained) ;
 But that my vision quickening, in that sole
 Appearance, still new miracles descried,
 And toiled me with the change. In that abyss
 Of radiance, clear and lofty, seemed, methought,
 Three orbs of triple hue, clipped in one bound :
 And from another, one reflected seemed,
 As rainbow is from rainbow ; and the third
 Seemed fire, breathed equally from both. O
 speech !

How feeble and how faint art thou, to give
 Conception birth. Yet this to what I saw
 Is less than little. O Eternal Light !
 Sole in thyself that dwellest ; and of thyself
 Sole understood, past, present, or to come ;

Thou smiledst on that circling, which in Thee
 Seemed as reflected splendor, while I mused ;
 For I therein, methought, in its own hue
 Beheld our image painted. Steadfastly
 I therefore pored upon the view. As one
 Who, versed in geometric lore, would fain
 Measure the circle ; and, though pondering long
 And deeply, that beginning, which he needs,
 Finds not : E'en such was I, intent to scan
 The novel wonder, and trace out the form,
 How to the circle fitted, and therein
 How placed. But the flight was not for my wing ;
 Had not a flash darted athwart my mind,
 And, in the spleen, unfolded what it sought.

Here vigor failed the towering fantasy :
 But yet the will rolled onward, like the wheel
 In even motion, by the Love impelled
 That moves the Sun in heaven and all the Stars.

—*Paradiso*, Canto XXXIII.—*Transl. of CARY.*

DARLEY, GEORGE, a British mathematician and poet, born at Dublin in 1785, died at London in 1849. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, went to London in 1825, and became in time connected with literary journals, for which he wrote criticisms upon poetry and the fine arts. He was the author of several popular works on mathematics, among which are *Familiar Astronomy*, *Popular Algebra*, *Geometrical Companion*, and *Trigonometry*. His principal poetic works are: *Sylvia, or the May Queen*; *Ethelstan, a Dramatic Chronicle*; and *Errors of Extasie*.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

Here's a bank rich with cowslips and cuckoo-
 buds strown,

To exalt your bright locks, gentle Queen of the
 May !

Here's a cushion of moss for your delicate shoon,
 And a woodbine to weave you a canopy gay.

Here 's a garland of red maiden-roses for you ;
 Such a delicate wreath is for beauty alone ;
 Here 's a golden king-cup, brimming over with
 dew,
 To be kissed by a lip just as sweet as its own.

Here are bracelets of pearl from the fount in the
 dale,
 That the nymph of the wave on your wrists
 doth bestow ;
 Here 's a lily-wrought scarf your sweet blushes to
 hide,
 Or to lie on that bosom, like snow upon snow.

Here 's a myrtle enwreathed with a jessamine band,
 To express the fond twining of beauty and
 youth ;
 Take the emblem of Love in thy exquisite hand,
 And do thou sway the evergreen sceptre of
 Truth.

Then around you we 'll dance, and around you
 we 'll sing,
 To soft pipe and tabor we 'll foot it away ;
 And the hills and the dales and the forest shall
 ring,
 While we hail you our lovely young Queen of
 the May.

THE FAIRIES.

Have you not oft, in the still wind,
 Heard sylvan notes of a strange kind,
 That rose one moment, and then fell,
 Swooning away like a far knell ?

Listen !—that wave of perfume broke
 Into sea-music, as I spoke,
 Fainter than that which seems to roar
 On the moon's silver sanded shore,
 When through the silence of the night
 Is heard the ebb and flow of light.

Oh, shut the eye and ope the ear !
 Do you not hear—or think you hear—
 A wide hush o'er the the woodland pass,
 Like distant waving fields of grass ?—
 Voices ! ho ! ho !—a band is coming,

Loud as ten thousand bees a-humming,
Or ranks of little merry men
Tromboning deeply from the glen ;
And now as if they changed, and rung
Their citterns, small and ribbon-slung,
Over their gallant shoulders hung ;
A chant ! a chant ! that swoons and swells,
Like soft winds jangling meadow-bells ;
Now brave, as when in Flora's bower
Gay Zephyr blows a trumpet-flower ;
Now thrilling fine, and sharp and clear,
Like Dian's moonbeam dulcimer ;
But mixed with whoops and infant laughter,
Shouts following one another after,
As on a hearty holiday
When youth is flush and full of May :—
Small shouts, indeed, as wild-bees know
Both how to hum and halloo too.

DARWIN, CHARLES ROBERT, an English naturalist and author, born February 12, 1809, died April 20, 1882. He was the son of Robert Waring Darwin, a physician, and grandson of Erasmus Darwin, physician and poet. He received his early education in the grammar-school of Shrewsbury, his native town, studied two years at Edinburgh University, and then entered Christ College, Cambridge, where he received his bachelor's degree in 1831. In December of the same year he volunteered to go as naturalist with Captain Fitzroy of H.M.S. *Beagle*, for a survey of South America and the circumnavigation of the globe. They returned in 1836. Darwin's life was devoted to science. His earliest well-known work is *The Voyage of a Naturalist ; a Journal of Researches into the Geology and Natural History of the Various Countries visited by H.M.S. Beagle* (1839). He wrote the introduction and many of the notes to the *Zoology of the Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle*, published by the government in 1840-43; *The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs*

(1843) ; *Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands* (1844) ; *Geological Observations on South America* (1846) ; *Monograph of the Family Cirripedia* (1851-53) ; *The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life* (1859) ; *Fertilization of Orchids* (1862) ; *Movement in Climbing Plants* (1865) ; *Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication* (1867) ; *The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex* (1871) ; *Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals* (1873) ; *Insectivorous Plants* (1875) ; *The Effects of Cross and Self-fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom* (1876) ; *Different Forms of Flowers in Plants of the Same Species* (1877) ; *Power of Movement in Plants* (1880) ; and *The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms, with Observations on their Habits* (1881).

In the *Origin of Species* Darwin sets forth the theory that the various species of plants and animals were not separately created, but that they are the result of the adaptation of parts to environment, and to the effort to maintain existence and propagate their kind. In this "struggle for existence" the stronger species survive and multiply, the weaker and more imperfect perish, and organic life rises, by almost imperceptible degrees, to higher forms. Thus from one or, at most, from a few low forms of life, all existing species have been evolved.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

I should premise that I use this term in a large and metaphorical sense, including dependence of one being on another, and including (which is more important) not only the life of the individual, but success in leaving progeny. Two canine animals, in a time of dearth, may be truly said to struggle with each other which shall get food and

live. But a plant on the edge of a desert is said to struggle for life against the drought, though more properly it should be said to be dependent on the moisture. A plant which annually produces a thousand seeds, of which only one on an average comes to maturity, may be more truly said to struggle with the plants of the same and other kinds which already clothe the ground. The mistletoe is dependent on the apple and a few other trees, but can only in a far-fetched sense be said to struggle with these trees, for, if too many of these parasites grow on the same tree, it languishes and dies. But several seedling mistletoes, growing close together on the same branch, may more truly be said to struggle with each other. As the mistletoe is disseminated by birds, its existence depends on them; and it may metaphorically be said to struggle with other fruit-bearing plants, in tempting the birds to devour and thus disseminate its seeds. In these several senses, which pass into each other, I use for convenience sake the general term of Struggle for Existence.—*Origin of Species.*

NECTAR-BEARING FLOWERS AND NECTAR-FEEDING INSECTS.

It may be worth while to give another and more complex illustration of the action of natural selection. Certain plants excrete sweet juice, apparently for the sake of eliminating something injurious from the sap: this is effected, for instance, by glands at the base of the stipules in some Leguminosæ, and at the backs of the leaves of the common laurel. This juice, though small in quantity, is greedily sought by insects; but their visits do not in any way benefit the plant. Now, let us suppose that the juice or nectar was excreted from the inside of the flowers of a certain number of plants of any species. Insects in seeking the nectar would get dusted with pollen, and would often transport it from one flower to another. The flowers of two distinct individuals of the same species would thus get crossed; and the act of crossing, as can be fully proved, gives rise to vigorous seedlings, which consequently would

have the best chance of flourishing and surviving. The plants which produced flowers with the largest glands or nectaries, excreting most nectar, would oftenest be visited by insects, and would oftenest be crossed ; and so in the long-run would gain the upper hand and form a local variety. The flowers also, which had their stamens and pistils placed, in relation to the size and habits of the particular insect which visited them, so as to favor in any degree the transportal of the pollen, would likewise be favored. We might have taken the case of insects visiting flowers for the sake of collecting pollen instead of nectar ; and as pollen is formed for the sole purpose of fertilization, its destruction appears to be a simple loss to the plant ; yet if a little pollen were carried, at first occasionally, and then habitually, by the pollen-devouring insects from flower to flower, and a cross thus effected, although nine-tenths of the pollen were destroyed, it might still be a great gain to the plant to be thus robbed ; and the individuals which produce more and more pollen, and had larger anthers, would be selected. When our plant, by the above process long continued, had been rendered highly attractive to insects, they would, unintentionally on their part, regularly carry pollen from flower to flower ; and that they do this effectually, I could easily show by many striking facts. . . .

Let us now turn to the nectar-feeding insects ; we may suppose the plant, of which we have been slowly increasing the nectar by continued selection, to be a common plant ; and that certain insects depended in main part on its nectar for food. I could give many facts showing how anxious bees are to save time : for instance, their habit of cutting holes and sucking the nectar at the bases of certain flowers, which with a very little more trouble, they can enter by the mouth. Bearing such facts in mind, it may be believed that under certain circumstances individual differences in the curvature or length of the proboscis, etc., too slight to be appreciated by us, might profit a bee or other insect, so that certain individ-

uals would be able to obtain their food more quickly than others ; and thus the communities to which they belonged would flourish and throw off many swarms inheriting the same peculiarities. The tubes of the corolla of the common red and incarnate clovers (*Trifolium pratense* and *incarnatum*) do not on a hasty glance appear to differ in length ; yet the hive-bee can easily suck the nectar out of the incarnate clover, but not out of the common red clover, which is visited by humble-bees alone ; so that whole fields of the red clover offer in vain an abundant supply of precious nectar to the hive-bee. That this nectar is much liked by the hive-bee is certain ; for I have repeatedly seen, but only in autumn, many hive-bees sucking the flowers through holes bitten in the base of the tube by humble-bees. The difference in the length of the corolla in the two kinds of clover which determines the visits of the hive-bee, must be very trifling ; for I have been assured that when red clover has been mown, the flowers of the second crop are somewhat smaller, and that these are visited by many hive-bees.

I do not know whether this statement is accurate ; nor whether another published statement can be trusted, namely, that the Ligurian bee, which is generally considered a mere variety of the common hive-bee, and which freely crosses with it, is able to reach and suck the nectar of the red clover. Thus, in a country where this kind of clover abounded, it might be a great advantage to the hive-bee to have a slightly longer or differently constructed proboscis. On the other hand, as the fertility of this clover absolutely depends on bees visiting the flowers, if humble-bees were to become rare in any country, it might be a great advantage to the plant to have a shorter or more deeply divided corolla, so that the hive-bees should be enabled to suck its flowers. Thus I can understand how a flower and a bee might slowly become, either simultaneously or one after the other, modified and adapted to each other in the most perfect manner, by the continued preservation of all the individuals which presented slight

deviations of structure mutually favorable to each other.

I am well aware that this doctrine of natural selection, exemplified in the above imaginary instances, is open to the same objections which were first urged against Sir Charles Lyell's noble views on "the modern changes of the earth, as illustrative of geology;" but we now seldom hear the agencies which we see still at work, spoken of as trifling or insignificant, when used in explaining the excavation of the deepest valleys or the formation of long lines of inland cliffs. Natural selection acts only by the preservation and accumulation of small inherited modifications, each profitable to the preserved being; and as modern geology has almost banished such views as the excavation of a great valley by a single diluvial wave, so will natural selection banish the belief of the continued creation of new organic beings, or of any great and sudden modification in their structure.—*Origin of Species*.

LIMITS OF THE THEORY OF NATURAL SELECTION.

In considering how far the theory of natural selection may be extended—that is, in determining from how many progenitors the inhabitants of the world have descended—we may conclude that at least all the members of the same class have descended from a single ancestor. A number of organic beings are included in the same class, because they present, independently of their habits of life, the same fundamental type of structure, and because they graduate into each other. Moreover, members of the same class can in most cases be shown to be closely alike at an early embryonic age. These facts can be explained on the belief of their descent from a common form; therefore it may be safely admitted that all the members of the same class are descended from one progenitor. But as the members of quite distinct classes have something in common in structure and much in common in constitution, analogy would lead us one step further, and to infer as probable that all living creatures are descended

from a single prototype.—*Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication.*

COMPLEX EMOTIONS COMMON TO MAN AND ANIMALS.

Most of the complex emotions are common to the higher animals and ourselves. Every one has seen how jealous a dog is of his master's affection, if lavished on any other creature; and I observed the same fact with monkeys. This shows that animals not only love, but have desire to be loved. Animals manifestly feel emulation. They love approbation or praise; and a dog carrying a basket for his master exhibits in a high degree self-complacency or pride. There can, I think, be no doubt that a dog feels shame, as distinct from fear, and something very like modesty when begging too often for food. A great dog scorns the snarling of a little dog, and this may be called magnanimity. Several observers have stated that monkeys certainly dislike being laughed at; and they sometimes invent imaginary offenses. In the Zoological Gardens I saw a baboon who always got into a furious rage when his keeper took out a letter or book and read it aloud to him: and his rage was so violent that, as I witnessed on one occasion, he bit his own leg till the blood flowed. Dogs show what may be fairly called a sense of humor, as distinct from mere play: if a bit of stick or other such object be thrown to one, he will often carry it away for a short distance; and then squatting down with it on the ground close before him, will wait until his master comes quite close to take it away. The dog will then seize it and rush away in triumph, repeating the same manœuvre, and evidently enjoying the practical joke.

We will now turn to the more intellectual emotions and faculties, which are very important as forming the basis for the development of the higher mental powers. Animals manifestly enjoy excitement, and suffer from ennui, as may be seen with dogs, and, according to Rengger, with monkeys. All animals feel wonder, and many exhibit curiosity. They sometimes suffer

from this latter quality, as when the hunter plays antics and thus attracts them ; I have witnessed this with deer, and so it is with the wary chamois, and some kinds of wild ducks. Brehm gives a curious account of the instinctive dread which his monkeys exhibited for snakes ; but their curiosity was so great that they could not desist from occasionally satiating their horror in a most human fashion, by lifting up the lid of the box in which the snakes were kept. I was so much surprised at his account, that I took a stuffed and coiled-up snake into the monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens, and the excitement thus caused was one of the most curious spectacles which I ever beheld. Three species of *Cercopithecus* were the most alarmed ; they dashed about their cages, and uttered sharp signal-cries of danger, which were understood by the other monkeys. A few young monkeys and one old Anubis baboon alone took no notice of the snake. I then placed the stuffed specimen on the ground in one of the larger compartments. After a time all the monkeys collected around it in a large circle, and staring intently, presented a most ludicrous appearance. They became extremely nervous ; so that when a wooden ball with which they were familiar as a plaything, was accidentally moved in the straw, under which it was partly hidden, they all instantly started away. These monkeys behaved very differently when a dead fish, a mouse, a living turtle, and other new objects were placed in the cages ; for though at first frightened, they soon approached, handled, and examined them. I then placed a live snake in a paper bag with the mouth loosely closed, in one of the larger compartments. One of the monkeys immediately approached, cautiously opened the bag a little, peeped in, and instantly dashed away. Then I witnessed what Brehm has described, for monkey after monkey, with head raised high and turned on one side, could not resist taking a momentary peep into the upright bag, at the dreadful object lying quietly at the bottom.—*The Descent of Man.*

THE KELP.

There is one marine production, which, from its importance, is worthy of a particular history. It is the kelp, or *Macrocystis pyrifera*. This plant grows on every rock from low water mark to a great depth, both on the outer coast and within the channels. I believe, during the voyages of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, not one rock near the surface was discovered which was not buoyed by this floating weed. The good service it thus affords to vessels navigating near this stormy land is evident ; and it certainly has saved many a one from being wrecked. I know few things more surprising than to see this plant growing and flourishing amidst those great breakers of the Western Ocean, which no mass of rock, let it be ever so hard, can long resist. The stem is round, slinky, and smooth, and seldom has a diameter of so much as an inch. A few taken together are sufficiently strong to support the weight of the large loose stones to which, in the inland channels, they grow attached ; and yet some of these stones were so heavy that, when drawn to the surface, they could scarcely be lifted into a boat by one person. The beds of this sea-weed, even when not of great breadth, make excellent natural floating breakwaters. It is quite curious to see, in an exposed harbor, how soon the waves from the open sea, as they travel through the straggling stems, sink in height, and pass into smooth water.

The number of living creatures of all Orders, whose existence intimately depends on the kelp, is wonderful. A great volume might be written describing the inhabitants of one of these beds of sea-weed. Almost all the leaves, excepting those that float on the surface, are so thickly incrustated with corallines as to be of a white color. We find exquisitely delicate structures, some inhabited by simple hydra-like polypi, others by more organized kinds, and beautiful compound Ascidiaë. On the leaves, also, various patelliform shells, Trochi, uncovered molluscs, and some bivalves are attached. Innumerable crustacea frequent every

part of the plant. On shaking the great entangled roots, a pile of small fish, shells, cuttle-fish, crabs of all orders, sea-eggs, star-fish, beautiful Holothuriæ, Planariæ, and crawling nereidous animals of a multitude of forms, all fall out together. Often as I recurred to a branch of the kelp, I never failed to discover animals of new and curious structures. In Chiloe, where the kelp does not thrive very well, the numerous shells, corallines, and crustacea are absent ; but there yet remain a few of the Flustraceæ, and some compound Ascidia; the latter, however, are of different species from those in Tierra del Fuego ; we here see the fucus possessing a wider range than the animals which use it as an abode. I can only compare these great aquatic forests of the southern hemisphere with the terrestrial ones in the intertropical regions. Yet if in any country a forest was destroyed, I do not believe nearly so many species of animals would perish as would here from the destruction of the kelp. Amidst the leaves of this plant many species of fish live, which nowhere else could find food or shelter ; with their destruction the many cormorants and other fishing birds, the otters, seals, and porpoises, would soon perish also ; and lastly, the Fuegian savage, the miserable lord of this miserable land, would redouble his cannibal feast, decrease in numbers, and perhaps cease to exist.—*Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology, etc.*

DARWIN, ERASMUS, an English physician and poet, born in 1731, died in 1802. After several years spent at Exeter School, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he won the Exeter Scholarship. Having completed his medical course at Edinburgh, he married, settled in Lichfield, and established a large practice. On the death of his wife in 1770, he seems to have begun his botanical and poetical studies. While at Cambridge he had written poetry, one poem on The Death of Prince Frederick written then, being pub-

lished more than forty years afterwards. In 1781 appeared *The Economy of Vegetation*, being the first part of his *Botanic Garden*, a poem in heroic verse in honor of the Linnæan system of Botany. In the same year Darwin married again, and removed to Derby. His poem was highly popular, and in 1789 he published the second part, entitled *The Loves of the Plants*. A third part appeared in 1792. Darwin next published *Zoönomia, or the Laws of Organic Life* (1794-6), "an endeavor to reduce the facts belonging to animal life, into classes, orders, genera, and species; and, by comparing them with each other, to unravel the theory of diseases." *Phytologia, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening*, was published in 1800. Darwin's last publication was a treatise on *Female Education*. *The Temple of Nature, or the Origin of Society, a Poem with Philosophical Notes*, was published after his death. He died suddenly of an attack of gout. He had, nevertheless, been a remarkably temperate man, and had done much, both by example and effort to diminish drunkenness in Lichfield. A sketch of Darwin's life by Miss Seward maliciously misrepresents his amiable and benevolent character.

THE GODDESS OF BOTANY.

"Winds of the north ! restrain your icy gales,
Nor chill the bosom of the happy vales !
Hence in dark heaps, ye gathering clouds, revolve !
Disperse, ye lightnings, and ye mists, dissolve !
Hither, emerging from yon orient skies,
Botanic Goddess, bend thy radiant eyes ;
O'er these soft scenes assume thy gentle reign,
Pomona, Ceres, Flora, in thy train ;
O'er the still dawn thy placid smile effuse,
And with thy silver sandals print the dews ;
In noon's bright blaze thy vermeil vest unfold,
And wave thy emerald banner starred with gold."

Thus spoke the Genius as he stepped along,
And bade these lawns to peace and truth belong ;
Down the steep slopes he led with modest skill
The willing pathway and the truant rill ;
Stretched o'er the marshy vale yon willowy
 mound,
Where shines the lake amid the tufted ground ;
Raised the young woodland, smoothed the wavy
 green,
And gave to beauty all the quiet scene.
She comes ! the goddess ! through the whispering
 air,
Bright as the morn descends her blushing car ;
Each circling wheel a wreath of flowers entwines,
And, gemmed with flowers, the silken harness
 shines :
The golden bits with flowery studs are decked,
And knots of flowers the crimson reins connect.
And now on earth the silver axle rings,
And the shell sinks upon its slender springs ;
Light from her airy seat the goddess bounds,
And steps celestial press the pansied grounds.
Fair Spring advancing, calls her feathered quire,
And tunes to softer notes her laughing lyre ;
Bids her gay hours on purple pinions move,
And arms her zephyrs with the shafts of love.
—*The Botanic Garden.*

DEATH OF ELIZA AT THE BATTLE OF MINDEN.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight ;
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life ;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led ;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm :
While round her brows bright beams of Honor
 dart,
And Love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest ;

Saw on his helm her virgin hands inwove,
 Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love ;
 Heard the exulting shout, " They run ! they run !"
 " Great God ! " she cried, " he 's safe ! the battle 's
 won ! "

A ball now hisses through the airy tides—
 Some fury winged it, and some demon guides !—
 Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
 Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck ;
 The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,
 Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
 " Ah me ! " she cried ; and sinking on the ground,
 Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound ;
 " O cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn !
 Wait, gushing life, O wait my love's return !"
 Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from
 far !

The angel Pity shuns the walks of war !
 " O spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age ;
 On me, on me," she cried, " exhaust your rage !"
 Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,
 And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.

From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
 Fear in his heart and frenzy in his eyes ;
 Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
 " Eliza ! " echoes through the canvas walls ;
 Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps
 tread,

O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
 Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
 Lo ! dead Eliza weltering in her blood !
 Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
 With open arms and sparkling eye he bounds :
 " Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
 " Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand ;"
 Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers pressed,
 And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast ;
 " Alas ! we both with cold and hunger quake—
 Why do you weep ?—Mamma will soon awake."
 " She'll wake no more ! " the hapless mourner
 cried, [sighed ;
 Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands and
 Stretched on the ground, a while entranced he lay,
 And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay ;

And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
 And all the father kindled in his heart ;
 "O heavens !" he cried, "my first rash vow
 forgive :
 These bind to earth, for these I pray to live !"
 Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
 And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.
 —*The Loves of the Plants.*

THE STARS.

Roll on, ye stars, exult in youthful prime,
 Mark with bright curves the printless steps of
 time :
 Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
 And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach ;
 Flowers of the sky ! ye too to age must yield,
 Frail as your silken sisters of the field !
 Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
 Suns sink on suns, and systems, systems crush,
 Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
 And death, and night, and chaos mingle all !
 Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
 Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
 Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
 And soars and shines, another and the same !
 —*The Loves of the Plants.*

D'AUBIGNÉ, J. H. MERLE. See MERLE
 D'AUBIGNÉ, J. H.

DAUDET, ALPHONSE, a French novelist, born at Nîmes, May 13, 1840. He was sent to the lyceum at Lyons, and when sixteen years old, became an usher in a school at Alais. In 1857 he accompanied his brother Ernest to Paris, taking with him a volume of poetry, *Les Amoureuses*, which was published in 1858, and led to his employment by *Figaro* and other newspapers. From 1861 to 1865, he was private secretary to the Duc de Morny. During this time he published a poem, *La Double Conversion* (1861), and *Le Roman du Chaperon Rouge* (1863), a collection of articles pre-

viously contributed to *Figaro*. He also wrote, in conjunction with M. Ernest Lépine, two successful dramas, *La Dernière Idole*, and *L'Éillet Blanc*. Three later pieces, *L'Arlesienne*, *Le Sacrifice*, and *Lise Tavernier* (1872), were unsuccessful on the stage, and, disgusted with their fate, Daudet, who had intended to make a comedy of *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné*, turned it into a novel. His success was already assured by *Le Petit Chose*, *Tartarin de Tarascon*, *Les Femmes d'Artistes*, *Lettres de mon Moulin*, and *Jack*, the last named novel being published in 1873. *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné* appeared in 1874, and was crowned the next year by the French Academy. It brought its author both fame and money. This novel was succeeded by *Les Contes Choisis* (1877), *Le Nabab*, *Mœurs Parisiennes* (1879), *Causeries du Lundi*, *Robert Helmont*, *Les Rois en Exil* (1879), *Numa Roumestan* (1880) and *L'Évangéliste* (1882).

THE DOLOBELLES.

Lame from her infancy, in consequence of an accident that had in no way lessened the beauty of her refined face Désirée had acquired, in consequence of her enforced immobility, a certain high-bred pallor, and her industry was of such a nature that the natural beauty of her white hands was uninjured. Her beautiful hair was always carefully arranged, and she passed her days buried in a large arm-chair, before a table that was covered with fashion-plates and birds of all tints, finding some compensation in the elegance of her employment for the poverty and anxiety of her life. She knew that all these little wings would glitter at Parisian *fêtes*, and, by the fashion in which she would arrange her birds and her beetles, it was easy to divine her thoughts. On her sad and weary days the wings were widely spread, as if eager for a flight, fast and furious enough to bear the little creature far away from this poor abode,

and petty cares and trials. At other times, when she was happy, the tiny things themselves looked radiant, like a very caprice of fashion.

Happy or unhappy, Désirée toiled on with unflagging energy : from sunrise until far into the night the table was piled with work. When daylight was gone, and the bell of the factory sounded its dismissal, Madame Dolobelle lighted her lamp, and, after a light repast, the two resumed their labors.

The indefatigable women had but one aim—one fixed idea in life—and this was the dramatic success of Dolobelle. From the unfortunate day that he had left a provincial theatre, to play comedy in Paris, Dolobelle had expected some manager, cleverer and less ignorant than others, to discover his genius and offer him a position worthy of his talents. Perhaps, in the beginning, Dolobelle might have found some employment in a third-rate theatre, but to such an idea he would not condescend to listen. He preferred, he said, “to wait and to struggle !” And shall we show our readers how he struggled ? He passed his mornings in his chamber—often in his bed—rehearsing his former rôles, and his wife and daughter shuddered with terror as they heard some tragic speech loudly declaimed. After a late breakfast the actor sallied forth, well brushed and perfumed, and wandered up and down the boulevards until night, his hat a little on one side, and a toothpick between his lips. The matter of costume he regarded as of the highest importance. What manager, he asked, would engage him were he shabbily dressed and unshaven ? So his womenkind watched carefully that he lacked nothing, and you may imagine how many beetles and humming-birds they mounted daily to keep him in this resplendent condition.

But the comedian thought it all right. In his opinion the privations and toil of his wife and daughter were so many sacrifices, not made for him, but laid on the altar of the unknown divinity, the coming manager.

Between the Dolobelle household and the Chèbe there was a certain similarity of position, but it

was brighter and gayer with the Dolobelles, for their hopes and faith opened to them a possible future, while the Chêbes knew that for them there could be no amelioration of their lot ; then, Madame Chêbe no longer believed in her husband, while her neighbor had never doubted hers. And yet for years and years Dolobelle had interviewed all the dramatists of the great city, had waited on one manager after another, but had never succeeded in obtaining an engagement. A friend had succeeded in procuring his appointment as steward of a fashionable club, where good manners are an essential—and Heaven knows the actor had those ; but all such propositions Dolobelle received with an heroic denial. “I have no right to bid farewell to the theatre,” said the great man.

From the lips of this poor fellow, whose feet had not trod the boards for many a long year, such words were irresistibly comic ; but, after a glance at the pale wife and paler daughter, one lost all desire to smile ; and to hear one or the other say, as they twisted the steel wire of their birds, “No, no, M. Dolobelle has no right to relinquish the theatre,” was enough to bring tears to one’s eyes.

Happy man ! idolized in his own home, saluted respectfully by the neighbors when he appeared in the street—for Parisians have an extraordinary predilection for the theatre, and a great regard for any one however remotely connected with it. And yet this great man contentedly went every Saturday evening to a milliner in La Rue Saint-Denis, a huge paper box under his arm, to carry home the work of his wife and daughter. Even in executing this commission his manners and costume were so irreproachable that the young lady whose duty it was to receive him found it extremely embarrassing to hand him the week’s wages, so laboriously earned and so small in amount. On these evenings the actor did not dine at home ; the ladies never looked for him ; his excuse was always ready : he had met an old friend and invited him to dinner. He brought home the remainder of the money, to be sure ; and

sometimes a bouquet to Désirée, or a little gift to his wife. "A mere nothing," he said loftily.

Thus you understand how, notwithstanding the industry and the courage of these two women, and the fact that, though their labors were comparatively lucrative, they were often cramped for money, particularly at certain seasons of the year, when the gay world had left Paris, and their particular branch of industry languished.

Fortunately Risler was near at hand, and always ready to serve his friends. William Risler, the third tenant on that floor, resided there with his younger brother Franz, younger by fifteen years than himself. The two were natives of Switzerland, and their tall, manly forms and fresh complexions seemed to lend some of their own vitality to the dark and dreary house. The eldest was designer to the Fromont manufactory, and paid his brother's expenses at college. When William first arrived in Paris, a stranger, and ignorant of the ways of cities, he gladly availed himself of the kind offers of assistance made to him by his new neighbors, Madame Chèbe and the Dolobelles. They gave him advice and recommended their own tradespeople, and altogether were invaluable to him. In a few months they all became one family. . . .

In each one of these three humble homes Sidonie Chèbe was always welcome and equally at ease. At any hour of the day she would rush into the Dolobelles' room, perch herself on the arm of Désirée's chair, and watch the rapid movements of the pale girl's fingers. When tired of this, the child would pounce on some discarded beetle—one which had lost a wing on its long voyage, or a humming-bird whose feathers were hopelessly damaged; such being always preserved for her use. Already more coquettish than playful, the little girl would arrange them in her clustering curls, while Désirée and her mother smiled to see her standing on tiptoe before the old tarnished mirror.

When she had studied herself sufficiently, Sidonie, craving more admiration, would gravely go

and knock at the Rislers' door. During the day only Franz was there, busy over his books at his table by the window. Sidonie, holding her head very stiffly, lest her tiara should be disarranged, appeared on the threshold. Farewell to study! Everything must be abandoned to do honor to this princess from fairy-land, who came, crowned with shining jewels, to pay him a visit. It was droll enough to see this tall, overgrown youth absorbed by this eight-year-old girl, yielding to her caprices and whims: so that later, when he became madly in love with her, no one could fix the date when his passion began.—*Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné.*

ZIZI TRIES TO SPEAK.

One night Désirée awoke in a singular state; but the physician had found her, some hours before, very much better—with her fever all gone. He did not attempt to account for the change, nor did he say that the improvement was more than temporary. "Let us wait," he said, gravely, hoping that it might be one of those singular efforts made by Nature and youth. Had he looked under Désirée's pillow, he would have found a letter post-marked "Cairo"—four pages signed by Franz—four pages of confession and explanation. . . .

Had that letter reached Zizi but a few days earlier! Now all its tenderness was like food brought too late to a man dying of hunger: he sees it, smells it, but cannot swallow it. Over and over again the sick girl read this letter. She drew it from the envelope, kissed it lovingly, and even through her closed lids, saw its every word, and the color of the stamp. Franz had not forgotten her! and she fell asleep, as if her head had been on his shoulder. Suddenly she awoke, and, as we said before, in a most extraordinary state; she felt all nerves, and yet as if she held on to life with but the slenderest thread. It was night, and the room in which she lay was in shadow. The lamp, half turned down, lighted only the scattered work-table, and poor Madame Dolobelle's sleeping face. Désirée's whole past came back to her: for-

gotten incidents of her childhood ; scenes that, at the time, she had not understood ; words heard as in a dream—all returned. The child was bewildered, but not terrified. She did not know that, very often, death is heralded by just such excessive excitement of sleeping faculties.

She saw her father through the open door. Her mother lay back in her chair, utterly worn out, and all the traces of years of misery and of toil were visible on her worn face. During the day they were, in a measure, masked by the will and by constant occupation : but sleep brought them out. The deep wrinkles and reddened eyelids, the scanty hair—already white on the temples—were all to be seen, and Désirée saw them all. How she longed for strength and power to kiss away all those wrinkles ! Dolobelle offered the strongest possible contrast. With a napkin thrown over his knee, he sat eating his supper, and at the same time reading his newspaper. For the first time in her life, Désirée noticed this contrast between her father and mother : her mother in her scanty black dress, thin and haggard ; her father, wearing a new coat, hale and hearty : and she understood the difference in their lives and natures. The atmosphere of habit, which weakens the vision of children, had vanished for her ; she judged her parents as if she were not their daughter. What would become of her mother when she was gone ? Would she patiently toil on, until worn out, and then would her selfish companion, too indolent to work himself, permit her to starve ? And yet he was not cruel ; he was only absorbed in himself and in his futile ambition. Should she try to arouse him ? Should she try to tear away the thick bandage with which her father had for so many years covered his eyes ? It was only a loving hand like her own that could attempt such a delicate operation. She alone had the right to say to him : “ Give up these foolish dreams of a theatrical career. Work, through the day, and, if it must be, part of the night too, at some honest trade.” Then, as if she were bidden to hasten, by

some invisible lips, she summoned all her courage, and called him softly :

“Papa, papa!”

At the sound of her voice, the old actor hurried to her side. He had been at the first representation of a new play, and had come away enchanted and excited. He entered his daughter's room with a beaming face, and a camellia in his button-hole.

“Not asleep yet, Zizi?” And his words were said so lightly that they resounded strangely in that sad and silent room. Désirée made a sign to him to be quiet, and pointed to her sleeping mother.

“Come here, I want to speak to you,” she whispered. Her voice trembled, and her widely-opened eyes had a strange, far-away look. Somewhat startled, he bent over her, with his camellia in his hand.

“What is it, my dear? Do you feel worse?”

Désirée shook her head, but beckoned him to come nearer; she laid her hot hand on his, and whispered that she was ill, and had not long to live. “Then, papa, you will be alone with mamma. Do not tremble—I am not afraid for myself, but I dread lest mamma should not be strong enough to do everything. Look, how pale she is!”

The actor turned, and seemed astonished at the sad face he saw. “She has never been very strong,” he said calmly.

This selfish reply, and, above all, the tone in which it was made, confirmed Désirée in her intention. “What will become of you both when I am not here? Yes, I know, you have great hopes and expectations, but they will never be realized. Dear father, I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but it seems to me that, at your age, with your intelligence, you ought to be doing something. Mr. Risler, I am sure, would——”

She spoke slowly, choosing her words with care, and waiting a moment after each sentence; but the actor did not yet grasp her meaning. He listened intently, with a vague consciousness that

he was being accused of something ; but of what, he had no idea.

"I think," continued Désirée timidly, "that it would be far wiser to relinquish——"

"What?"

She stopped, astonished at the effect of her words ; for tears, real tears, rose to her father's eyes. He understood her now. Of the only two admirers left to him by a cruel fate, one had now deserted him ! His child no longer believed in him ! It was not possible ! Before the mute entreaty of his gaze, Désirée's courage fled ; besides, her strength was exhausted.

She murmured, "Give up—give up—" her head fell back on her pillows, and she died, without having dared to say what she wished him to give up.—*Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné.*

IN THE AMPHITHEATRE.

In the vast theatre enlarged into an ellipse, and outlining a large patch of blue, thousands of faces were pressed close together on the many rows of benches, bright eyes forming luminous points of light which mingled with the varied reflections and brilliancy of festal toilets and picturesque costumes. From thence, as from a huge vat, ascended joyous shouts, ringing voices and trumpets, volatilized, as it were, by the intense light of the sun. Though hardly distinct on the lower steps, which were dim and dusty with sand and many breaths, these sounds were accentuated when they were detached, and ascended into the pure air.

Above all rose most distinctly the cry of venders of milk-biscuit, bearing from step to step their baskets draped with white linen—"Li pau ou la, li pau ou la." The venders of fresh water, balancing their green and varnished jugs, made one thirsty when listening to their gulping, "L'aigo es fresco, quau voù beurè?" "The water is fresh, who wishes to drink?" Then, at the very top, children running and playing on the crest of the arena crowned this grand hubbub with sharp sounds as high as martinets soar in the kingdom of birds. Over all what an admirable play of

light, when, the day advancing, the sun turned slowly around the vast amphitheatre as on the disk of a sun-dial, driving back and crowding into the zone of the shadow the people, who left vacant the places most exposed to the strong heat, spaces of reddish slabs separated by dried grasses and blackened by successive conflagrations ! At times on the upper tiers a stone becoming loosened rolled from tier to tier amid cries of terror, and crowding of the people, as if the whole circle was crumbling : then there was a rapid movement on the seats, like the assault of a cliff by the sea in its fury ; for among that exuberant, impressionable race, effect is never proportionate to the cause, which is magnified by their perceptions and imagination. Thus peopled and animated, the ruins seemed to be alive again, and lost their appearance of a cicerone's show-building. When looking at it one had the sensation given by a strophe of Pindar recited by a modern Athenian, which is a dead language revived without a cold scholastic character. This sky so pure, this sun like molten silver ; these Latin intonations preserved here and there, especially in the small places, in the Provençal idiom ; the attitudes of some standing in archways with motionless poses, which in the glimmering air seemed antique and almost like the work of a sculptor, and were a type of the place, their heads appearing as if struck off on medals ; the short arched nose, the broad shaven cheeks, and the turned-up chin of Roumestan—all together completed the illusion of a Roman spectacle, even to the lowing of Landaise cows, which echoed through vaults from which formerly lions and elephants came forth to combat. Thus when above the circle, empty and covered with sand, the very large black hole of the *podium* covered by a skylight opened, people expected to see wild beasts leap forth instead of the quiet and rural procession of beasts and people crowned at the fair.—*Numa Roumestan*.

DAUDET, ERNEST, a French political and historical writer, and a novelist, born at Nîmes,

in 1837. He went to Paris in 1837, and became a writer for Parisian and provincial newspapers. He was engaged to revise the reports of proceedings in the Corps Legislatif. About 1870 he became editor of the *Estafette*, and for two years (1874-6) was editor of the *Journal Officiel*. He is the author of many novels, among them, *Therese* (1859); *Les Duperies de l'Amour* (1865); *Aventures de Raymond Rocheray*, *Le Crime de Jean Malory*, *Jean le Gueux*, *Marthe Varades*, *La Petite Sœur*, *Le Prince Pogoutzine*, *La Baronne Amalti*, *Une Femme du Monde*, *Un Martyr d'Amour*, *Le Roman de Delphine*, *Jourdain Coupe-têtes*, and *La Succession Chavanet*. Among his historical and political works are *Les Journaux religieux et les Journalistes Catholiques* (1860); *La Trahison d'Émilie Ollivier* (1864); *Diplomates et Hommes d'État contemporains : le Cardinal Consalvi, 1800-1824* (1867); *La Vérité sur la Fusion* (1873); *Le Ministère de M. de Martignac, sa Vie politique et les dernières Années de la Restauration* (1875); *La Terreur Blanche* (1878), and *Souvenirs de la Présidence du Maréchal Macmahon* (1880).

HENRIETTE DE MAIGNELAY.

Hers is not a beauty resulting from regularity of feature, for this is wanting. Lovely as she is, her features, when critically examined, are not of that perfect symmetry so dear to painters and sculptors, and for which so-called beauties, like the Duchesse de Maugiron and Madame de Rochebrie are celebrated. The mouth is large ; the nose a trifle too strong : the forehead a little too broad ; but you never notice these faults. They are lost in the brilliancy and beauty of eyes so clearly blue that they have almost a greenish tint. These eyes are large and full, with tawny lights, and veiled by long curling black lashes. Their expression is one of fiery ardor and indomitable will.

They transfigure the whole face—revealing an impassioned soul unused to dissimulation and unable to overcome any emotion without betraying it. Rose and vermilion glow on the lips which are perhaps a trifle too full, but beautifully curved, and which open to reveal perfect teeth. Her hair, arranged in a shower of light curls upon her forehead and temples, and then falling heavily, low at the back of the head, is of a warm, reddish, chestnut tint, that contrasts charmingly with the delicate whiteness of her skin. Unconfined by the comb that is scarcely able to restrain the heavy golden waves, it would fall around her to her feet, enveloping her as with a mantle. Her face is radiant with the all-conquering charm of health and a pure proud youth. Her figure, whose graceful curves were revealed by a perfectly fitting dress, is tall and beautifully developed. All those united charms make Mademoiselle de Maignelay a superior type of physical beauty, perfected and idealized by the light of a noble soul within.—*Henriette.*

AN ANCIENT CHATEAU.

The château of Saint-Guérolé lifts its gray walls and massive towers from a wooded promontory that overlooks the barren shores of the Bay of Audierne and the precipitous cliffs of Penmarch. Nowhere on the coast of Finistère is there a wilder and more dreaded shore than this. The sea, fretted by multitudinous rocks and shoals, is never tranquil. On more peaceful shores he is content to kiss the shingle with his murmuring waves; here he dashes great frothing breakers against the steep cliffs; and when angered by storms, the entire surface of the waters, from Brest to Cherbourg, is lashed into a boiling fury of billow and foam. What bold warrior, what whimsical brain, what daring adventurer, far back in the Middle Ages, chose this spot on which to construct his dwelling? Only a passionate soul, the prey of violent emotions, would pitch his tent on this extremity of the Old World, on the borders of this ocean which is never at rest, and in the midst of

this wild, desolate, and convulsed landscape ; and unless the necessity of defence caused the erection of this fortress, whose grim and massive architecture seems to have been copied from surrounding objects, it can only be explained as the result of a fierce paroxysm of misanthropy.—*Henriette*.

DAVENANT, or D'AVENANT, SIR WILLIAM, an English dramatist and poet, born in 1605, died in 1668. His father kept the Crown Tavern at Oxford, where Shakespeare was accustomed to stop when journeying between Stratford and London. He took much notice of the boy, of whom it was said that he was the actual father. The report seems to have had no credible foundation, although Davenant himself in after years appears to have favored it. He was entered at one of the colleges, but left without taking his degree. He became page to the Duchess of Richmond, and afterwards to Lord Brooke. He manifested marked literary talent, and as early as 1628 was known by his masques, which were played at Court by the nobility. Upon the death of Ben Jonson, in 1637, Davenant was made poet laureate. During the civil war he was arrested as a royalist, but effected his escape to France. He returned to England with some forces for the relief of the king, and in 1643, at the siege of Gloucester, received the honor of knighthood. In 1651 he set sail, with some French artisans, for Virginia, but was captured by a Parliamentary cruiser, and was thrown into prison, where he remained two years; being released, it is said, through the influence of Milton, a kindness which he afterwards repaid in kind. After the Restoration Davenant gathered a company of comedians, and became manager of the Court Theatre, for which he wrote several dramatic pieces. His son, CHARLES DAVENANT (1656-1714) became a Doctor of

Civil Law, and sat in several Parliaments. While young he wrote *Circe*, a tragedy, in which he himself acted. He also wrote several political and commercial treatises, a collection of which, in five volumes, was published in 1771. Sir William Davenant's works, which were published by his widow in 1673, consist of several dramas, the best of which is *The Siege of Rhodes*, masques, *Gondibert* an epic poem, and numerous occasional verses. *Gondibert*, was highly praised by Waller and Cowley.

DESCRIPTION OF BIRTHA.

To Astragon, Heaven for succession gave
One only pledge, and Birtha was her name ;
Whose mother slept where flowers grew on her
grave,
And she succeeded her in face and fame.

Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theme ;
And her mind's beauty they would rather choose,
Which did the light in beauty's lanthorn seem.

She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have undone
With untaught looks, and an unpractised heart ;
Her nets, the most prepared could never shun,
For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

She never had in busy cities been,
Ne'er warmed with hopes, nor e'er allayed with
fears ;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin ;
And sin not seeing, ne'er had use of tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business filled the hours ;
In spring she gathered blossoms for the still ;
In autumn, berries ; and in summer, flowers.

And as kind Nature, with calm diligence,
Her own free virtue silently employs,
Whilst she unheard, does ripening growth dispense,
So were her virtues busy without noise.

Whilst her great mistress, Nature, thus she tends,
 The busy household waits no less on her ;
 By secret law, each to her beauty bends,
 Though all her lowly mind to that prefer.

Gracious and free she breaks upon them all
 With morning looks : and they, when she does
 rise,
 Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall. [eyes.
 And droop like flowers when evening shuts her
 —*Gondibert*.

THE SOLDIER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Preserve thy sighs, unthrifty girl,
 To purify the air ;
 Thy tears to thread, instead of pearl,
 On bracelets of thy hair.

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse,
 And wakes the louder drum ;
 Expense of grief gains no remorse,
 When sorrow should be dumb.

For I must go where lazy peace
 Will hide her drowsy head :
 And, for the sport of kings increase
 The number of the dead.

But first I 'll chide thy cruel theft ;
 Can I in war delight,
 Who, being of my heart bereft,
 Can have no heart to fight ?

Thou knowest the sacred laws of old
 Ordained a thief, should pay,
 To quit him of his theft, sevenfold
 What he had stolen away.

Thy payment shall but double be ;
 Oh, then, with speed resign
 My own seduced heart to me,
 Accompanied by thine.

A SONG.

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
 And climbing shakes his dewy wings ;

He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light he sings :
Awake, awake, the moon will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes !

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes ;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes :
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn !
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

DAVIDSON, LUCRETIA MARIA (born in 1808, died in 1825), and MARGARET MILLER, (born in 1823, died in 1838), American poets, and sisters, both born at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, in the State of New York. Both sisters manifested, at a very early age, decided poetical ability. A collection of the poems of Lucretia was published four years after her death, at the age of seventeen. This volume was cordially reviewed in the *London Quarterly Review* by Southey, who says, "In our own language, except in the cases of Chatterton and Kirke White, we can call to mind no instance of so early, so ardent, and so fatal a pursuit of intellectual advancement. In these poems there is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patrons and the friends and parents of the deceased could have formed." A new edition of her poems, with a Memoir by Miss Catherine Sedgwick, appeared in 1844; and a more extended collection of her "Remains," in verse and prose, edited by M. Oliver Davidson, was published in 1871.

THE HERE AND THE HEREAFTER.

O that the eagle's wing were mine !
I'd soar above the dreary earth

I'd spread my wings, and rise to join
The immortal fountain of my birth.

For what is Joy? How soon it fades,
The childish vision of an hour!
Though warm and brilliant are its shades,
'Tis but a frail and fleeting flower.

And what is Hope? It is a light
Which leads us on, deluding ever,
Till, lost amid the shades of night,
We sink: and then it flies forever.

And what are Honor, Glory, Fame,
But Death's dark watchwords to the grave?
The victim dies, and lo! his name
Is lost in Life's swift rolling wave.

And what are all the joys of life,
But vanity, and toil, and woe?
What but a bitter cup of grief,
With dregs of sin and death below?

This world is but the first dark gate
Unfolded to the waking soul;
But Death, unerring, led by Fate,
Shall Heaven's bright portals backward roll.

Then shall this unchained spirit fly
On to the God who gave it life;
Rejoicing, as it soars on high,
Released from danger, doubt, and strife.

There will it pour its anthems forth,
Bending before its Maker's throne—
The great I AM, who gave it birth,
The Almighty God, the dread Unknown.

BACHELORS AT AUCTION.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And fast as I dreamed it, it came into numbers;
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,
I'm sure that I never saw any poetry sweeter.
It seemed that a law had been recently made
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;

And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.
The bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use.
'Twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse,
And declared that, to save their own heart's blood
from spilling,

Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.

But the rulers determined them to pursue,
So they set the old bachelors up at vendue.
A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell, and his trumpet to blow.
And to call out to all he might meet on his way,
"Ho ! forty old bachelors sold here to-day !"

And presently all the old maids in the town,
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red, and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.—
The auctioneer then his labor began,
And called out aloud, as he held up a man :
"How much for a bachelor? Who wants to
buy?"

In a twink every maiden responded, "I ! I !" —
In short, at a highly extravagant price,
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice ;
And forty old maidens—some younger, some
older—
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her
shoulder.

THE FAMILY TIME-PIECE.

Friend of my heart, thou monitor of youth !
Well do I love thee, dearest child of truth ;
Though many a lonely hour thy whisperings low
Have made sad chorus to the notes of woe.

Or 'mid the happy hours which joyful flew,
Thou still wert faithful, still unchanged, still true ;
Or when the task employed my infant mind,
Oft have I sighed to see thee lag behind ;

And watched thy finger, with a youthful glee,
When it had pointed, silently, "Be free !" —
Thou wert my mentor through each passing year ;
'Mid pain or pleasure, thou wert ever near.

And when the wings of Time unnoticed flew,
 I paused, reflected, turned to you :
 Paused in my heedless round, to mark thy hand,
 Pointing to Conscience, like a magic wand. . . .

Friend of my youth ! ere from its mouldering clay
 My joyful spirit wings to heaven its way,
 Oh, may'st thou watch beside my aching head,
 And tell how fast Time flits with feathered tread.

The following, probably the last poem by
 Lucretia Davidson, was written while confined
 to her bed, during her last illness. It
 was left unfinished, and in the midst of a
 stanza:

THE FEAR OF MADNESS.

There is a something which I dread ;
 It is a dark, a fearful thing ;
 It steals along with withering tread,
 Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour
 Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness :
 'Tis not the dread of death ; 'tis more—
 It is the dread of madness.

O ! may these throbbing pulses pause,
 Forgetful of their feverish course ;
 May this hot brain, which, burning, glows
 With all its fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still,
 A tenant of its lowly bed ;
 But let not dark delirium steal

* * * * *

MARGARET DAVIDSON was barely two years
 old when Lucretia died ; but she cherished a
 vivid recollection of her sister, and as she
 grew up fancied that she still held intimate
 communion with her. She died before she
 had entered her sixteenth year. A collection
 of her *Poetical Remains*, with a Memoir by
 Washington Irving, was published in 1841.

“The further we have proceeded in our task,” writes Irving, “the more has the intellectual beauty and the seraphic purity of the little being we have attempted to commemorate broken upon us. To use one of her own exquisite expressions, she was ‘a spirit of heaven, fettered by the strong affections of earth.’ The example of her sister was incessantly before her; and no better proof can be given of it than the following lines, which breath the heavenly aspirations of her pure young spirit, in strains to us quite unearthly. We may have read poetry more artificially perfect in its structure, but never any more truly divine in its inspiration:”

TO MY SISTER LUCRETIA.

My sister ! With that thrilling word
What thoughts unnumbered wildly spring ;
What echoes in my heart are stirred,
While thus I touch the trembling string.

My sister ! ere this youthful mind
Could feel the value of thine own ;
Ere this infantine heart could bind,
In its deep cell, one look, one tone,
To glide along on memory's stream,
And bring back thrilling thoughts of thee,
Ere I knew aught but childhood's dream,
Thy soul had struggled, and was free.

My sister ! with this mortal eye
I ne'er shall see thy form again ;
And never shall this mortal ear
Drink in the sweetness of thy strain.

Yet fancy wild and glowing love
Reveal thee to my spirit's view,
Enwreathed with graces from above,
And decked in heaven's own fadeless hue. . .

I cannot weep that thou art fled :
Forever blends my soul with thine;

Each thought, by purer impulse led,
Is soaring on to realms divine. . . .

Thou wert unfit to dwell with clay ;
For sin too pure, for earth too bright ;
And Death, who called thee hence away,
Placed on his brow a gem of light.

A gem, whose brilliant glow is shed
Beyond the ocean's swelling wave,
Which gilds the memory of the dead,
And pours its radiance on the grave. . . .

I know that here my harp is mute,
And quenched the bright poetic fire ;
Yet still I bend my ear, to catch
The hymnings of thy seraph lyre :

Oh ! if this partial converse now
So joyous to my heart can be,
How must the streams of rapture flow
When both are chainless, both are free !

Away, away, ecstatic dream !
I must not, dare not, dwell on thee :
My soul, immersed in life's dark stream,
Is far too earthly to be free.

Though heaven's bright portal were unclosed,
And angels wooed me from on high,
Too much I fear my shrinking soul
Would cast on earth its longing eye.

Teach me to fill my place below,
That I may dwell with thee above ;
To soothe, like thee, a mother's woe,
And prove, like thine, a sister's love.

Lenore, the longest of Margaret Davidson's poems, containing nearly 2,000 lines, is dedicated "To the Spirit of my Sister Lucretia."

DEDICATION OF LENORE.

O thou, so early lost, so long deplored !
Pure spirit of my Sister, be thou near :

And while I touch this hallowed harp of thine,
Bend from the skies, sweet Sister, bend and
[hear.

For thee I pour this unaffected lay ;
To thee these simple numbers all belong :
For though thine earthly form has passed away,
Thy memory still inspires my childish song.

Take then this feeble tribute ! 'tis thine own ;
Thy fingers sweep my trembling heart-strings
Arouse to harmony each buried tone, [o'er,
And bid its wakened music sleep no more.

Long hath thy voice been silent, and thy lyre
Hung o'er thy grave in death's unbroken rest ;
But when its last sweet tones were borne away,
One answering echo lingered in my breast.

O thou pure spirit ! if thou hoverest near,
Accept these lines, unworthy though they be,
Faint echoes from thy fount of song divine,
By thee inspired, and dedicate to thee.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

[Written at the age of twelve.]

Bend down from thy chariot, O beautiful Spring !
Unfold, like a standard, thy radiant wing,
And beauty and joy in thy rosy path bring !
We long for thy coming, sweet goddess of love !
We watch for thy smile in the pure sky above,
And we sigh for the hour when the wood-birds
shall sing.

And nature shall welcome thee, beautiful Spring.
How the lone heart will bound as thy presence
draws near, [sphere ;
As if borne from this world to some lovelier
How the fond soul to meet thee in raptures shall
rise, [skies.
When thy first blush has tinted the earth and the

Oh, send thy soft breath on the icy-bound stream,
'Twill vanish, 'twill melt, like the forms in a
dream ;

Released from its chains, like a child in its glee,
It will flow on in its beauty, all sparkling and
free ;

It will spring on in its joy, like a bird on the wing,
 And hail thee with music, O beautiful Spring !
 But tread with thy foot on the snow-covered plain,
 And verdure and beauty shall smile in thy train.
 Only whisper one word with thy seraph-like voice,
 And nature to hear the sweet sound shall rejoice.

O Spring ! lovely goddess ! what form can compare
 With thine, so resplendent, so glowing, so fair ?
 What sunbeam so bright as thine own smiling eye,
 At whose glance the dark spirits of Winter do fly ?
 A garland of roses is twined round thy brow ;
 Thy cheek like the pale blush of evening doth
 glow ;
 A mantle of green o'er thy soft form is spread,
 And the zephyr's light wing gently plays round
 thy head.

Oh, could I but mount on the eagle's dark wing,
 And rest ever beside thee, Spring, beautiful
 Spring !

Methinks I behold thee ; I hear thy soft voice ;
 And, in fulness of heart, I rejoice, I rejoice !
 But the cold wind is moaning, the drear snow
 doth fall, [call.—
 And nought but the shrieking blast echoes my
 Oh, heed the frail offering an infant can bring !
 Oh, grant my petition, Spring, beautiful Spring !

MORNING.

How calm, how beautiful a scene is this,
 When nature, waking from her silent sleep,
 Bursts forth in light, and harmony, and joy ;
 When earth and sky and air are glowing all
 With gaiety and life : and pensive shades
 Of morning loveliness are cast around.—
 The purple clouds, so streaked with crimson light,
 Bespeak the coming of majestic Day ;
 Mark how the crimson grows more crimson still,
 While ever and anon a golden beam
 Seems darting out its radiance.—
 Herald of Day ! where is that mighty form
 Which clothes you all in splendor, and around
 Your colorless, pale forms spreads the bright hues
 Of heaven ?—He cometh from his gorgeous couch,
 And gilds the bosom of the glowing East.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE OLD YEAR, 1837, AND
THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW, 1838.

*Hark to the house-clock's measured chime,
As it cries to the startled ear,
"A dirge for the soul of departing time,
A requiem for the Year!"*

Thou art passing away to the mighty Past,
Where thy countless brethren sleep
Till the great Archangel's trumpet blast
Shall waken land and deep.

Oh, the lovely and beautiful things that lie
On thy cold and motionless breast !
Oh, the tears, the rejoicings, the smiles, the sighs,
Departing with thee to their rest ! . . .

Thou hast folded thy pinions, thy race is complete,
And fulfilled the Creator's behest :
Then adieu to thee, year of our sorrows and joys,
And peaceful and long be thy rest.

Farewell ! for thy truth-written record is full,
And the page weeps for sorrow and crime.
Farewell ! for the leaf hath shut down on the past,
And concealed the dark annals of time.

*The bell ! it hath ceased with its iron tongue
To ring on the startled ear :
The dirge o'er the grave of the lost one is rung ;—
All hail to the new-born Year.*

All hail to the new-born year !
To the child of hope and fear !
He comes on his car of state,
And weaves our web of fate ;
And he opens his robe to receive us all,
And we live or die and we rise or fall,
In the arms of the new-born Year !

Hope ! spread thy soaring wings ;
Look on the boundless sea,
And trace thy bright and beautiful things
On the veil of the great To Be.

Build palaces broad as the sky,
And store them with treasures of light ;

Let exquisite visions bewilder the eye;
And illumine the darkness of night.

We are gliding fast from the buried Year,
And the Present is no more ;
But, Hope, we will borrow thy sparkling gear,
And shroud the Future o'er.

Our tears and sighs shall sleep
In the grave of the silent Past :
We will raise up flowers, nor weep
That the air-hues may not last.

We will dream our dreams of joy :—
Ah, Fear ! why darken the scene ?
Why sprinkle that ominous tear
My beautiful visions between !

Hath not Sorrow swift wings of her own,
That thou must assist in her flight ?
Is not daylight too rapidly gone,
That thou must urge onward the night ?

Ah ! leave me to Fancy, to Hope,
For Grief will too quickly be here ;
Ah ! leave me to shadow forth figures of light
In the mystical robe of the Year.

'Tis true they may never assume
The substance of pleasure—the Real ;
But, believe me, our purest of joy
Consists in the vague—the Ideal.

Then away to the darksome cave,
With thy sisters—the Sigh and the Tear ;
We will drink, in the crystal wave,
The health of the new-born Year.

DAVIES, SIR JOHN, an English lawyer and poet, born in 1570, died in 1626. He studied at Oxford, and afterwards entered the Middle Temple, London, to prosecute the study of law, but was in 1598 expelled from the Society in consequence of an affray in which he had become involved. Subsequently he rose to a high position in his profession. In 1703, upon

the accession of James I. he was sent to Ireland as Solicitor-general, and received the honor of Knighthood. He represented the County of Fermanagh in the Irish Parliament, of which he was chosen Speaker. He afterwards sat in the English Parliament; and in 1626 was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England, but died suddenly before entering upon the duties of this office. In 1612 he put forth a work in prose, entitled *A Discourse of the True Reasons why Ireland has never been entirely subdued*. His poems were all written before he had reached middle age. One of these poems, entitled *Orchestra, or a Poem on Dancing*, contains several happy stanzas; such as the following:

MUSIC AND DANCING.

And thou, sweet Music, Dancing's only life,

The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
Loadstone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,

The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech,
With thine own tongue thou trees and stones can
teach,

That when the air doth dance her finest measure,
Then art thou born, the gods' and men's sweet
pleasure.

Lastly, where keep the winds their revelry,

Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hays,
But in the airs' translucent gallery?

Where she herself is turned a hundred ways,

While with those maskers wantonly she plays;

Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
As two at once encumber not the place.

THE MOON AND THE TIDES.

For lo, the sea that fleets about the land,

And like a girdle clips her solid waist,

Music and measure both doth understand;

For his great crystal eye is always cast

Up to the moon, and on her fixed fast;

And as she danceth in her pallid sphere

So danceth he about the centre here.

Sometimes his proud green waves in order set,
 One after other flow into the shore,
 Which when they have with many kisses wet,
 They ebb away in order as before ;
 And to make known his courtly love the more,
 He oft doth lay aside his three-forked mace,
 And with his arms the timorous earth embrace.

Sir John Davies's most important poem is the *Nosce Teipsum* ("Know Thyself"), a Poem on the *Soul of Man and the Immortality thereof*, first published in the author's twenty-ninth year (1599).

ON MYSELF.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
 As force without, fevers within, can kill ;
 I know the heavenly nature of my mind ;
 But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
 Yet is she blind and ignorant in all ;
 I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
 Yet to the least and vilest thing am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span ;
 I know my sense is mocked in everything ;
 And—to conclude—I know myself a Man :
 Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

ASPIRATIONS FOR IMMORTALITY.

All moving things to other things do move
 Of the same kind, which shews their nature
 such ;
 So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
 Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
 Sucks from the sea to fill her empty veins,
 From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
 And runs a lymph along the grassy plains :

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,
 From whose soft side she first did issue make ;

She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the sea doth marry.
Within whose watery bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which, in this earthly mould,
The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views.

At first her mother-earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings;

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honor, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health,
Or, having wisdom, was not vexed in mind?

Then, as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers, with lustre fresh
and gay,
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
But, pleased with none, doth rise and soar away.

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

DAVIS, ANDREW JACKSON, an American
"spiritualist," born in Orange County, New
York, in 1826. In 1843, while apprentice to a
shoemaker, he developed, as it is claimed, re-
markable clairvoyant powers, and while in a
state of magnetic trance discoursed fluently

upon scientific and philosophical subjects, and gave medical diagnoses and prescriptions. In 1845 he dictated to an amanuensis a book entitled *The Principles of Nature, her Divine Revelations*, which by many was held to be "part of a series of systematic impostures;" while, on the other hand, a scholar no less eminent than Prof. George Bush wrote of it: "Taken as a whole, the work is a profound and elaborate discussion of the Philosophy of the Universe; and for grandeur of conception, soundness of principle, clearness of illustration, order of arrangement, and encyclopedical range of subjects, I know of no work of any single mind that will bear away from it the palm."—After a while Mr. Davis ceased to submit himself to magnetic manipulations, but wrote several works, all of which he averred to have been produced under the influence of invisible spirits. His works comprise more than twenty volumes, the principal of which are: *The Principles of Nature*; *The Great Harmonia* (4 vols.); *The Pentalia*; *The Present Age and the Inner Life*; *The Magic Staff* (an autobiography); *Morning Lectures*; *Arbula*; *Tale of a Physician*; and *A Stellar Key to the Summer Land*, which is a kind of summary of his Philosophy of the Universe.

THE GENESIS AND DESTINY OF THE UNIVERSE.

The first goings-forth or out-births from the great celestial Centre are essential oceans of matter. These, after due elaboration or gestation, give birth to suns, and become cognizable to the outward senses of man. These suns become centres, or mothers, from which earths are born, with all the elements of matter, and each minutest particle infused with the vivifying, vitalizing spirit of the parent Formator. The Essences of heat or fire, electricity, etherium, magnetism, are all the natural or outward manifestations of the product-

ive energy, the vitalizing Cause of all existences. It pervades all substances, and animates all forms.

The order of progression of solid matter is from the lower to the higher, from the crude to the refined, from the simple to the complicated, from the imperfect to the perfect—but in distinct degrees or congeries. That is, the lower must first be developed, to elaborate the materials and prepare the way for the higher. Thus, after the sun gave birth to the earth—and the same of all the other planets—by the action of the vitality within the particles of matter, and its constant emanation in the form of heat, light, electricity, etc., first the great Central sphere to the sun, and thence to the earth, acting upon the granite and other rocks, with the atmosphere, the water, and other compound and simple elements, new compounds were formed, possessing the vital principle in sufficient quantities to give definite forms—as crystallization, organization, motion, life, sensation, intelligence : the last being the highest or ultimate attribute of production on our earth, and possessed or reached to perfection only by Man.

A glance at the progress of matter in the production of our earth and its inhabitants will serve as an illustration of the same process and progress of worlds in the vast expanse of the universe, that are perpetually and incessantly being brought into existence, and ultimating the grand object of the whole : namely, to develop and perfect individualized, self-conscious, ever-existing, immortal spirits that shall be in the "image and likeness" of the Central Cause, and dwell forever in the Summer Spheres of space. . . .

The ever-present and ever-active principle of vitality and Creative Energy, acting and reacting upon the materials of our globe, started the kingdoms of Nature, which have and will ever continue to progress—from the simple to the more complicated vegetable forms ; animalculæ, infusoria, radiata, mollusca, vertebrata, and Man as the Ultimate. The lowest and imperfect first, and the more complex and perfect after, in regular pro-

gression, but in distinct degrees : each new type being dependent upon *all* that preceded it for its existence, but yet distinct and different from its predecessors. . . .

Each type of the endless variety of inorganic and organized substances is but a link in the great chain of cause and effect ; and each type or species is so marked and distinct as easily to be distinguished, and each variety and unity of the human species is so indelibly stamped with its own perfected individuality as to be recognized from the myriads of the same species. Thus fixed, unvarying, and universal laws of the Father govern and regulate all his universe. Throughout all the ramifications of the spiritual, physical, and celestial, eternal unity, order, and harmony reigns : conception, development, progression, and perfection mark all things, and all point with irresistible force of reason and demonstration to the immortality of the Spirit. . . .

All organic forms below man not only produce their own like, but the substance of their material forms mingles with previously-formed compounds to produce a new and distinct type superior to itself. But the human type has no superior development, and there is no retrogression in the works of Nature. Each new unfolding is superior to the preceding. Man, then, is destined for other and higher Spheres. In these Spheres, or new states of existence, man's spirit must present not only an "image and likeness" of Nature and God, but a consciousness of identity and individual Selfhood. Feeling and knowing this, he should so live while in this rudimentary and preparatory state of existence that all his physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual structure, formation, growth, and maturity be fully developed, cultivated, and perfected : so that when the "mortal puts on immortality," and seeks "a home in the heavens," it can expand into a celestial life, without spot or blemish to mar its beauty or impede its progress in bliss and glory eternal.—*A Stellar Key to the Summer Land*, Chap. XVIII.

DAVIS, HENRY WINTER, an American statesman and orator, born at Annapolis, Maryland, in 1817, died at Baltimore, December 30, 1865. He graduated at Kenyon College, Ohio, in 1837, afterwards studied law at the University of Virginia, and entered upon legal practice at Alexandria, Virginia. In 1850 he removed to Baltimore. In 1855 he was elected to Congress, as a Democrat, and was re-elected for the two following terms. In 1856 he advocated the election of Mr. Fillmore to the Presidency, in opposition to Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Fremont. In 1859 he put an end to the protracted contest for the Speakership of the House of Representatives, by voting for Mr. Pennington, the Whig candidate, whereupon the Legislature of Maryland passed a resolution to the effect that he had misrepresented the State, and had forfeited the confidence of the people. When the civil war broke out, and there was danger that Maryland would join the seceding States, Mr. Davis strenuously opposed this projected measure. In 1862 he was again elected to Congress as a Unionist, and was chosen as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. His earnest advocacy of the emancipation of the slaves, and of extending the right of suffrage to the colored race, placed him among the foremost civilians during the war. His latest public efforts, made not long before his death, were directed toward the latter of these objects. Mr. Davis published *The War of Ormuzd and Ahriman in the Nineteenth Century* (1853), and a volume of his *Speeches and Addresses* appeared in 1867.

THE EVILS OF DISUNION.

The repudiation of the Democratic party is the first condition and best security for peace and safety. It silences the plea of revenge and retaliation. The people of the South owe it to them-

selves and to their future as completely to discard the Democrats as the people of the North have withdrawn from them their confidence. But there are Democratic gentlemen who anticipate the success of the argument in driving everybody to support Mr. Fremont, and who speculate on the consequences. There are men who go about the country declaiming about the inevitable consequences of the election of Mr. Fremont; and the question is asked whether that simple fact is not sufficient, not merely to justify, but to require a dissolution of the Union. That is a question which I do not regard as even a subject of discussion. It will never be done while men have their reason. It will never be done until some party, bent upon acquiring party power, shall again and again exasperate, beyond the reach of reason, Northern and Southern minds, as my Southern friends have now exasperated the Northern minds. It would be an act of suicide—and sane men do not commit suicide. The act itself is insanity. It will be done—if ever—in a tempest of fury and madness which cannot stop to reason. Dissolution means death—the suicide of Liberty without the hope of resurrection; death without the glories of immortality, with no sister to mourn her fate, none to wrap her decently in her winding-sheet, and bear her tenderly to her sepulchre: dead Liberty left to the horrors of corruption, a loathsome thing, with a stake through the body, which men shun, cast out naked on the highway of nations, where the tyrants of the earth, who feared her living, will mock her dead—passing by on the other side, wagging their heads, and thrusting their tongue in their cheek at her, saying “Behold her! how she that was fair among nations is fallen! is fallen!” And only the few wise men who loved her, out of every nation, will shed tears over her body to quiet her manes; while we, her children, stumble about her ruined habitations, to find dishonorable graves wherein to hide our shame. . . .

Gentlemen ask, “If Mr. Fremont is elected, how will Maryland go? What will Maryland do?” I do not allow that question to be asked. She knows

but one country, and but one Union. Her glory is in it; her rights are bound up in it. Her children shed their blood for it, and they will do it again. Beyond it she knows nothing. She does not reckon whether there is more advantage in the Union to the North or to the South; she does not calculate its value: nor does she cast up an account of profit and loss on the blood of her children. That is my answer to that question. But Sir, it is portentous to hear the members of a party contesting for the Presidency menace dissolution and revolution as the penalty they will inflict on the victors for defeating them. People who do not hold the Union worth four years' deprivation of office, are scarcely safe depositories of its powers. —*Speech in Congress, August 7, 1856.*

SOME LESSONS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

We have disposed of the doctrine of secession by the bayonet; but that their acute legal suggestion—that although the State has not the right to rebel, yet the citizens are bound to obey it, and it will stand between them and responsibility incurred in fighting for it against the Nation—may be effectually put down, it must be refuted, as it only can be, by the judgment of death on their leading traitor. I am not bloody-minded, and I think mere personal punishment at the end of a war in which two or three hundred thousand men have been laid in bloody graves, has no relation to the ordinary purposes of punishment. If you could punish so as to break and destroy the power of the “aristocracy” which inaugurated the war, it were well. But Congress has refused to pass the law which deprived them of their citizenship; and now the supreme law of the land forbids it, the opportunity is gone, and gone forever. They have suffered, and suffered much, by the confiscation of their slaves. But the mere hanging of men has no power to prevent such a rebellion as this, wherein men have staked hundreds of thousands of lives on the issue, and died glorying in their cause. By hanging them you would be only multiplying the number of martyrs without materially

diminishing that of criminals. But they should be stamped with the foul brand of treason—not allowed to glory over their struggle against the Nation; to remain the heroes of the South as they are at this day.

When the vanquished rebel can hang his sword over his door, and in after years boast of it to his grandchildren, you have left the seeds of future rebellion, the temptation of immunity for the future; and it is material that these great words of the Constitution, "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land"—shall be understood to mean what they say; to be resisted by no wire-drawn pleas; to be avoided by no plea of States Rights; to be stripped of authority by no impunity claimed under any obligation to obey the Constitution of the State: so that the man who takes his musket to resist it, shall know that *he* commits the crime and not his State. The judgment of the court will clear him of every delusion on this subject; so that hereafter he will not be troubled by metaphysical arguments on State Rights, which are National Wrongs; but he may go to his doom justly as well as legally.

The kindly advice of our English cousins and our French friends, preaching moderation in the hour of victory, is good; but we cannot but remember that their friends are those who are to suffer. Hopes of foreign aid from those Powers weighed heavily in causing the rebellion, and they naturally have an interest in preventing the extreme penalty of the law from falling on the heads of those they tempted and deserted. We can understand that they have an interest in still keeping open a cleavage in the fast-closing rock of the republic, wherein foreign Powers may again force a lever to shake the republic to its foundations. When we feel the need of it, we will ask their advice; but we look alone to *our laws* for the rule of our action, and to the moderation of the people to prevent the stain of useless blood upon our hands. . . .

We cannot govern this immense region by military power. That would be to create pro-consuls to whom the armies will become devoted, in whom the spirit of ambitious power will grow and become strong, and one of whom may, like Cæsar, march across the Rubicon, on the insidious pretext of the public good; when America may be as Rome was. Military government in vast regions of territory, over great populations, is inconsistent not only with the principles of our institutions, but with the permanence and integrity of the American government, and therefore must be excluded from everybody's mind. If you wish a temporary civil government let it be organized *by law*; but we must recognize not only *personal freedom*, but the principles of self-government—the right of the *People* to rule. We want no rebel State government; we want still less a military government. A rebel government is safer than a military government. We do not want oligarchies of professed Union men, who have been so low down out of sight that nobody can divine their relations to the rebellion; or men that treacherously sympathized with the power that was, and now meanly seek to serve the power that is. We want the free government of the loyal men of the South who are on our side; who will draw the sword for us, and will maintain our rights where they are threatened, and are powerful enough to maintain the authority of the State government at home. There is no white population at the South—no great mass of it anywhere—who will conform to these conditions. After you have erased from the list of voters every man you can clearly prove to have been a Secessionist—after you have sifted clear all you can call the loyal men—you have men who have sympathized with rebellion, have given it their countenance, if not their active aid by their arms and their money: can they be relied on in any emergency? The Secessionists of the South are the heroes of the South—toasted, fêted, worshiped. Under a reorganization on the basis of the white

population, the South will be more united and powerful than when she drew the sword. . . .

No State government has ever been organized which ostracized a majority or any great mass of the people. When slavery existed, slaves were merged in the master. But the right of the State to ostracize a great mass of free negroes has never been recognized. When negroes become free, they become a part of the People of the nation, and to ostracize them is to sanction a principle fatal to American free government. . . . We need the votes of all the colored people. It is numbers, not intelligence, that count at the ballot-box. Let Congress pass an amendment to the Constitution consecrating forever the mass of the people as the basis of the republican government; when this shall have received the assent of three-fourths of those now represented in Congress, let Congress instantly proclaim it as the fundamental law of the land—valid and binding as the Constitution itself, of which they will thus have made it a part; under which they sit; of which no State caprice, no question of political parties, nothing in the future, except the triumph of slavery over free institutions, can ever shake or call in question. Then all the principles of the Declaration of Independence will be executed; this government will rest on the right of individual liberty, and the right of every man to bear a share in the government of the country whose laws he obeys, and whose bayonet, in the hour of danger he bears. And the personal freedom which the dark children of the republic have won by our blood and theirs, will not be a vain mockery, exposed to violation at the caprice of their masters, enthroned in the Legislature, on the bench, and in the executive chamber, but secured by the arms they hold, and the ballot they cast, will be Liberty guarded by Power.—*Oration at Chicago, July 4, 1865.*

DAVIS, JEFFERSON, President of the Confederate States of America, was born in Kentucky, June 3, 1808. Shortly after his birth his father removed to Wilkinson County,

Mississippi. The son entered Transylvania College, Kentucky, but in 1824 was appointed a cadet in the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1828. He remained in the army until 1835, serving on the frontiers, when, having married the daughter of Col. Zachary Taylor, afterwards General and President of the United States, he resigned his commission, and became a cotton-planter in Mississippi. In 1844 he was elected a Representative in Congress. The war with Mexico having broken out, Mr. Davis was elected Colonel of the First Mississippi regiment of Volunteers. Resigning his seat in Congress, he overtook his regiment at New Orleans, and led it to reinforce Gen. Taylor on the Rio Grande. He was actively engaged in the capture of Monterey, in September, 1846, and was severely wounded at the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847. In August, 1847, he was appointed by the Governor of Mississippi to fill a vacancy in the Senate of the United States for the term expiring March 4, 1851; and was thereafter elected for the next Senatorial term of six years. He was made chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs; but in September he accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor of Mississippi, and resigned his seat in the Senate. He was defeated, by a very small majority by Mr. Foote, the "Union" candidate for Governor. He remained in retirement until 1853, when he became Secretary of War in the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce. He administered the duties of this position with great ability until the inauguration of Mr. Buchanan in 1857. He was then again elected Senator in Congress for the term ending March 4, 1863, and became the acknowledged leader of the Democratic party in the Senate.

The State of Mississippi formally seceded

from the Union, January 9, 1861, and on the 21st Mr. Davis made his farewell speech in the Senate. In February a Congress composed of delegates from the States which had already seceded, convened at Montgomery, Alabama, and framed a Provisional Government, Mr. Davis being chosen President, and Mr. Alexander H. Stephens Vice-President. On May 20, Virginia having entered the Confederacy, the seat of government was transferred to Richmond. A presidential election was held in November throughout the Confederacy; Mr. Davis was elected President, and Mr. Stephens Vice-President, for the term of six years. Mr. Davis was inaugurated February 22, 1862. The Confederate Government virtually came to an end by the surrender of the armies commanded by Generals Lee and Johnston in April, 1865. Mr. Davis, however, believed that the contest might still be carried on in the region beyond the Mississippi, and was endeavoring to make his way to that quarter, when he was captured in northern Georgia, May 10, by a small detachment of Union cavalry. He was taken to Fortress Monroe, where he was imprisoned for two years, awaiting trial. In May, 1867, he was formally arraigned before a United States Court, sitting at Richmond, upon a charge of high treason. The trial, however, did not take place, and he was released upon bail. In December, 1868, the Government entered a *nolle prosequi*, and Mr. Davis was discharged. For a time he entered upon business pursuits, which, however, he ultimately abandoned.

Mr. Davis delivered numerous elaborate speeches during his congressional career, and while he was President of the Confederate States. In 1881 he put forth *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, in two

large volumes, devoted mainly to the advocacy of the principles upon which the Southern Confederacy was based, and a justification of his own conduct as its President.

DESIGN OF THE HISTORY.

The object of this work has been from historical data to show that the Southern States had rightfully the power to withdraw from a Union into which they had, as sovereign communities, voluntarily entered; that the denial of that right was a violation of the letter and spirit of the compact between the States; and that the war waged by the Federal Government against the seceding State was in disregard of the limitations of the Constitution, and destructive of the principles of the Declaration of Independence. . . .

The incentive to undertake the work was the desire to correct misapprehension created by industriously circulated misrepresentations as to the acts and purposes of the People and the General Government of the Confederate States. By the iteration of such inappropriate terms as "rebellion" and "treason," and the asseveration that the South was levying war against the United States, those ignorant of the nature of the Union, and of the reserved powers of the States, have been led to believe that the Confederate States were in the condition of revolted provinces, and that the United States were forced to arms for the preservation of their existence. To those who know that the Union was formed for specific enumerated purposes, and that the States had never surrendered their sovereignty, it was a palpable absurdity to apply to them, or to their citizens when obeying their mandates, the terms "rebellion" and "treason;" and further, it is shown that the Confederate States, so far from making war or seeking to destroy the United States, as soon as they had an official organ, strove earnestly, by peaceful negotiation, to equitably adjust all questions growing out of the separation from their late associates. . . .

Much of the past is irremediable. The best hope for a restoration in the future to the pristine purity and fraternity of the Union, rests on the opinions and character of the men who are to succeed this generation. That they may be suited to that blessed work, one whose public course is ended invokes them to draw their creed from the fountains of our political history, rather than from the lower stream—polluted as it has been by self-seeking place-hunters and by sectional strife.—*Preface to the Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.*

ORIGINALLY OPPOSED TO SECESSION.

In November, 1860, after the result of the Presidential election was known, the Governor of Mississippi, having issued his proclamation convoking a special session of the Legislature to consider the propriety of calling a Convention, invited the Senators and Representatives in Congress to meet him for consultation as to the character of the Message he should send to the Legislature when assembled. While holding, in common with my political associates, that the right of a State to secede was unquestionable, I differed from most of them as to the probability of our being permitted peaceably to exercise the right. The knowledge acquired by the administration of the War Department for four years, and by the chairmanship of the Military Committee of the Senate at two different periods, still longer in combined duration, had shown me the entire lack of preparation for war in the South. The foundries and armories were in the Northern States, and there were stored all the new and improved weapons of war. In the arsenals of the Southern States were to be found only arms of the old and rejected models. The South had no manufactories of powder, and no navy to protect our harbors, no merchant-ships for foreign commerce. It was evident to me, therefore, that, if we should be involved in war, the odds against us would be far greater than what was due merely to our inferiority in population. Believing that secession would

be the precursor of war between the States, I was consequently slower and more reluctant than others, who entertained a different opinion, to resort to that remedy.—*Rise and Fall*, Vol. I., p. 57.

THE ALLEGIANCE OF THE CITIZEN.

The primary, paramount allegiance of the citizen is due to the sovereign only. That sovereign, under our system, is the People—the People of the State to which he belongs—the People who constituted the State Government which he obeys, and which protects him in the enjoyment of his personal rights; the People who alone (as far as he is concerned) ordained and established the Federal Constitution and Federal Government; the People who have reserved to themselves sovereignty—which implies the power to revoke all agencies created by them. The obligation to support the State or Federal Constitution, and the obedience due to either State or Federal Government, are alike derived from and dependent on the allegiance due to this sovereign. If the sovereign abolishes the State Government, and ordains and establishes a new one, the obligation of allegiance requires him to transfer his allegiance accordingly. If the sovereign withdraws from association with its confederates in the Union, the allegiance of the citizen requires him to follow the sovereign. Any other course is rebellion or treason—words which in the cant of the day have been so grossly misapplied and perverted as to be made worse than unmeaning. His relationship to the Union arose from the membership of the State of which he was a citizen, and ceased whenever his State withdrew from it. He cannot owe obedience—much less allegiance—to an association from which his sovereign has separated, and thereby withdrawn him.

Every officer of both Federal and State Governments is required to take an oath to support the Constitution, a compact the binding force of which is based upon the sovereignty of the States—a sovereignty necessarily carrying with it the principles just stated with regard to allegiance.

Every such officer is, therefore, virtually sworn to maintain and support the sovereignty of all the States. Military and naval officers take, in addition, an oath to obey the lawful orders of their superiors. Such an oath has never been understood to be eternal in its obligations. It is dissolved by the death, dismissal, or resignation of the officer who takes it: and such resignation is not a mere optional right, but becomes an imperative duty when continuance in the service comes to be in conflict with the ultimate allegiance due to the sovereignty of the States to which he belongs.—*Rise and Fall*, Vol. I., p. 182.

THE EVACUATION OF RICHMOND.

On Sunday the 2d of April, 1865, while I was in St. Paul's church, General Lee's telegram, announcing his speedy withdrawal from Petersburg, and the consequent necessity for evacuating Richmond, was handed to me. I quietly rose and left the church. . . . I went to my office and assembled the heads of departments and bureaus, as far as they could be found on a day when all the offices were closed, and gave the needful instructions for our removal that night, simultaneously with General Lee's withdrawal from Petersburg. The event was not unforeseen, and some preparation had been made for it; though, as it came sooner than was expected, there was much to be done. My own papers were disposed as usual for convenient reference in the transaction of current affairs, and as soon as the principal officers had left me, the executive papers were arranged for removal. This occupied myself and staff until late in the afternoon. . . .

In view of the diminishing resources of the country on which the Army of Northern Virginia relied for supplies, I had urged the policy of sending families, as far as practicable, to the South and West, and had set the example by requiring my own to go. . . . Being alone in Richmond, the few arrangements needful for my personal wants were soon made after reaching home. Then, leaving all else in charge of the housekeeper, I waited

until notified of the time when the train would depart; then going to the station, started for Danville, whither I supposed General Lee would proceed with his army. . . .

The design, as previously arranged with General Lee was that, if he should be compelled to evacuate Petersburg, he would proceed to Danville, make a new defensive line of the Dan and Roanoke rivers, unite his army with the troops in North Carolina, and make a combined attack upon Sherman. If successful, it was expected that reviving hope would bring reënforcements to the army; and Grant, being then far removed from his base of supplies, and in the midst of a hostile population, it was thought we might return, drive him from the soil of Virginia, and restore to the people a government deriving its authority from their consent. With these hopes and wishes—neither seeking to diminish the magnitude of our disaster, nor to excite illusory expectations—I issued on the 5th, the following proclamation, of which, viewed in the light of subsequent events, it may fairly be said, it was over-sanguine:

“The General-in-Chief found it necessary to make such movements of his troops as to uncover the capital. It would be unwise to conceal the moral and material injury to our cause resulting from its occupation by the enemy. It is equally unwise and unworthy of us to allow our energies to falter, and our efforts to become relaxed under reverses, however calamitous they may be.

“For many months the largest and finest army of the Confederacy, under a leader whose presence inspires equal confidence in the troops and the people has been greatly trammelled by the necessity of keeping constant watch over the approaches to the capital; and has thus been forced to forego more than one opportunity for promising enterprise. It is for us, my countrymen, to show by our bearing under reverses, how wretched has been the self-deception of those who have believed us less able to endure misfortune with fortitude, than to encounter danger with courage.

"We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point—to strike the enemy in detail far from his base. Let us but will it, and we are free.

"Animated by that confidence in your spirit and fortitude which never yet failed me, I announce to you, fellow countrymen, that it is my purpose to maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; that I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any of the States of the Confederacy; that Virginia—noble State, whose ancient renown has been eclipsed by her still more glorious recent history, whose bosom has been bared to receive the main shock of this war, whose sons and daughters have exhibited heroism so sublime as to render her illustrious in all time to come; that Virginia, with the help of the people, and by the blessing of Providence, shall be held and defended, and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of her territory. If, by the stress of numbers, we should be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits, or those of any other Border State, we will return until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free. Let us, then, not despond, my countrymen, but relying on God, meet the foe, with fresh defiance, and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts."—*Rise and Fall*, Vol. II., p. 667.

CAPTURE OF MR. DAVIS.

After leaving Washington, Georgia, I overtook a commissary and quartermaster's train, having public papers of value in their charge. On the second or third day after leaving Washington I heard that a band of marauders, supposed to be stragglers and deserters from both armies, were in pursuit of my family, whom I had not seen since I left Richmond, but who, I heard, had gone with my private secretary and seven paroled men, who generously offered their services as an escort to

the Florida coast. Their route was to the east of that I was pursuing ; but I immediately changed direction, and rode rapidly across the country to overtake them. . . . For the protection of my family, I traveled with them for two or three days, when believing that they had passed out of the region of the marauders, I determined to leave their encampment at nightfall, to execute my original purpose [to cross to the trans-Mississippi Department, and there unite with the armies of E. K. Smith and Magruder, who it was thought, would still be able to uphold the Confederate cause until a treaty could be arranged.]

My horse, and those of my party proper, were saddled preparatory to start, when one of my staff, who had ridden into the neighboring village, returned and told me that he had heard that a marauding party intended to attack the camp that night. This decided me to wait long enough to see whether there was any truth in the rumor, which I supposed would be ascertained in a few hours. My horse remained saddled, and my pistols in the holsters, and I lay down, fully dressed, to rest. Nothing occurred to rouse me until just before dawn, when my coachman—a free colored man, who faithfully clung to our fortunes—came and told me that there was firing over the branch, just behind our encampment. I turned back, and told my wife that these were not the expected marauders, but regular troopers. She implored me to leave her at once. I hesitated, from unwillingness to do so, and lost a few precious moments before yielding to her importunity.

My horse and arms were near the road on which I expected to leave, and down which the cavalry approached. It was therefore impracticable to reach them. I was compelled to start in the opposite direction. As it was quite dark in the tent, I picked up what was supposed to be my “raglan”—a water-proof light overcoat without sleeves. It was subsequently found to be my wife’s, so very like my own as to be mistaken for it. As I started, my wife thoughtfully threw over my head and shoulders a shawl.

I had gone perhaps fifteen or twenty yards when a trooper galloped up, and ordered me to halt and surrender ; to which I gave a defiant answer, and dropping the shawl and raglan from my shoulders, advanced toward him. He leveled his carbine at me ; but I expected, if he fired, he would miss me ; and my intention was in that event to put my hand under his foot, tumble him off on the other side, spring into his saddle, and attempt to escape. My wife, who had been watching, when she saw the soldier aim his carbine at me, ran forward and threw her arms around me. Success depended on instantaneous action ; and, recognizing that the opportunity had been lost, I turned back, and, the morning being damp and chilly, passed on to a fire beyond the tent. Our pursuers had taken different roads, and approached ; they encountered each other and commenced firing, both supposing they had met an armed escort, and some casualties resulted from their conflict with an imaginary body of Confederate troops. During the confusion, while attention was concentrated upon myself, except by those who were engaged in pillage, one of my aides, Colonel J. Taylor Wood, with Lieutenant Barnwell, walked off unobserved. His daring exploits on the sea had made him, on the part of the Federal Government, an object of special hostility, and rendered it quite proper that he should avail himself of every possible means of escape. . . .

Wilson and others have uttered many falsehoods in regard to my capture, which have been exposed in publications by persons there present : by Secretary Reagan, by the members of my personal staff, by the colored coachman, Jim Jones—which must have been convincing to all who were not given over to believe a lie. For this reason I will postpone to some other time and more appropriate place, any further notice of the story and its variations—all the spawn of a malignity that shames the civilization of the age.—*Rise and Fall*, Vol. II., p. 700.

FINAL CONCLUSIONS.

My first object in this work was to prove, by historical authority, that each of the States, as sovereign parties to the compact of union, had the reserved power to secede from it whenever it should be found not to answer the ends for which it was established. If this has been done, it follows that the war was, on the part of the United States Government, one of aggression and usurpation; and, on the part of the South, was for the defense of an inherent and, unalienable right.

My next purpose was to show, by the gallantry and devotion of the Southern people, in their unequal struggle, how thorough was their conviction of the justice of their cause; that, by their humanity to the wounded and captives, they proved themselves the worthy descendants of civilized sires, and fit to be free; and that, in every case—as when our army invaded Pennsylvania—by their respect for private rights, their morality and observance of the laws of civilized war, they are entitled to the confidence and regard of mankind. . . .

In asserting the right of secession, it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise. I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable; but this did not prove it to be wrong. And now that it may not be again attempted, and that the union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth—the whole truth—should be known, so that crimination and recrimination may forever cease; and then, on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States, there may be written on the arch of the Union, *Esto perpetua*.—*Rise and Fall*, Vol II., p. 764.

DAVIS, JOHN, an English navigator, born about 1540, died in 1605. Between 1585 and 1587 he distinguished himself by three voyages undertaken for the discovery of a north-west passage to Asia. In the first of these voyages he discovered the strait leading into Hudson's Bay, which still bears his name; in

the next year he sailed along the coast of Greenland going as far north as lat. $72^{\circ} 12'$. In 1591 he was second in command in the unfortunate voyage of Cavendish to the South Sea. After this he made five voyages to the East Indies, and was finally killed by pirates in the Strait of Malacca. He was a sailor of extraordinary professional acquirements, invented a quadrant for taking the sun's altitude at sea, which was some thirty years after superseded by Hadley's sextant. In 1595 he published a curious book entitled *The World's Hydrographical Description*, "wherein," as is stated on the title-page, "is proved not onely by aucthoritie of writers, but also by late experience of trauellers, and reasons of substantiall probabilitie, that the worlde in all his zones, clymats, and places, is habitable and inhabited, and the seas likewise universally nauigable, without any naturall anoyance to hinder the same: whereby appeares that from England there is a short and speedie passage into the South Seas to China, Malucca, Phillipina, and India, by northerly navigation, to the renowne, honour, and benefit of her maiesties state and communalty." By way of corroborating his theory he gives a short narrative of his voyages for the discovery of the Northwest Passage; his being the earliest account of voyaging in the Greenland seas:

IN SEARCH OF A NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

In my first voyage, not experienced of the nature of those clymattes, and having no direction either by Chart, Globe, or other certayne relation in what altitude that passage was to bee searched, I shaped a Northerly course, and so sought the same towards the south, and in that my Northerly course I fell upon the shore which in ancient time was called Groynland, fve hundred leagues distant from the durseys West Nor

West Northerly, the land being very high and full of mightie mountaines all couered with snow, no viewe of wood, grasse, or earth to be seene, and the shore two leages of into the sea, so full of yse as that no shipping could by any means come neere the same. The lothsome vewe of the shore, and irksome noyse of the yse was such, as that it bred strange conceits among us, so that we supposed the place to be wast and voyd of any sence or vegetable creatures, whereupon I called the same Desolation; so coasting this shore towards the South in the latitude of sixtie degrees, I found it to trend towards the west. I still followed the leading thereof in the same height, and after fiftie or sixtie leages it fayled and lay directly north, which I still followed, and in thirtie leages sayling upon the West side of this coast by me named Desolation, we were past all the yse and found many greene and pleasant Ills bordering upon the shore, but the mountains of the maine were still covered with great quantities of snowe. I brought my shippe among those ylls, and there mored to refreshe our selves in our wearie travell, in the latitude of sixtie foure degrees or there about. The people of the country, having espyed our shippes, came down unto us in their canoes, holding up their right hand to the Sunne and crying Yliaout, would stricke their brestes; we doing the like, the people came aborde our shippes, men of good stature, unbearded, small eyed and of tractable conditions; by whom, as signes would permit, we understoode that towards the North and West there was a great sea, and using the people with kindnesse in geuing them nayles and knives which of all things they most desired, we departed, and finding the sea free from yse, supposing our selves to be past all daunger we shaped our course West Nor West, thinking thereby to passe for China, but in the latitude of sixtie sixe degrees, wee fell with an other shore, and there founde an other passage of 20 leages broad directly West into the same, which we supposed to bee our hoped straighth. We intered into the same thirty or fortie leages, finding it neither to wyden nor straighten; then,

considering that the yeere was spent, for this was in the fyne of August, and not knowing the length of this straight and dangers thereof, we tooke it our best course to retourne with notice of our good successe for this small time of search. And so retourning in a sharpe fret of Westerly windes, the 29 of September we arrived at Dartmouth.

And acquainting master Secretary with the rest of the honorable and worshipfull aduenturers of all our procedinges, I was appointed againe the seconde yeere to search the bottome of this straight, because by all likelihood it was the place and passage by us laboured for. In this second attempt the merchants of Exeter and other places of the West became aduenturers in the action, so that, being sufficiently furnished for sixe monthes, and having direction to search this straighte, untill we found the same to fall into an other sea upon the West side of this part of America, we should agayne retourne, for then it was not to be doubted but shiping with trade might safely bee conueied to China and the parts of Asia. We departed from Dartmouth, and ariving unto the south part of the coast of Desolation, costed the same upon his west shore to the lat. of 66 degrees, and there anchored among the ylls bordering upon the same, where wee refreshed our selues. The people of this place came likewise vnto vs, by whome I vnderstood through their signes that towards the North the sea was large. At this place the chiefe shipe whereupon I trusted, called the Mermayd of Dartmouth, found many occasions of discontentment, and being unwilling to proceede she there forsooke me. Then considering howe I had giuen my fayth and most constant promise to my worshipfull good friend master William Sanderson, who of all men was the greatest aduenturer in that action, and tooke such care for the perfourmance thereof that hee hath to my knowledge at one time disbursed as much money as any fiew others whatsoeuer out of his owne purse, when some of the company haue bin slacke in giuing in their aduenture. And also knowing that I shoulde lose the fauour of master Secretary, if I

shoulde shrinke from his direction, in one small barke of thirty tonnes, whereof master Sanderson was owner, alone without farther comfort or company I proceeded on my voyage, and ariuing unto this straights followed the same eightie leages, vntill I came among many ylandes, where the water did eb and flowe sixe fadome vpright, and where there had beene great trade of people to make trayne. But by such thinges as there we founde, wee knewe that they were not Xtians of Europe that vsed that trade; in fine, by searching with our boate, wee founde small hope to passe any farther that way, and therefore retourning againe recovered the sea and so coasted the shore towards the South, and in so doing—for it was to late to search towards the North—we founde an other great inlett neere fortie leages broad where the water entred in with violent swiftnes. This we likewise thought might be a passage, for no doubt but the Northe partes of America are all ylands, by ought that I could perceine therein: but because I was alone in a small barke of thirtie tonnes, and the yeere spent I entered not into the same, for it was now the seuenth of September, but coasting the shore *towards the South we saw an incredible number of birdes. Having diuers fishermen aborde our barke, they all concluded that there was a great scull of fish. Wee beeing vnprovided of fishing furniture, with a long spike nayle mayde a hoke, and fastening the same to one of our sounding lynes. Before the bayte was changed wee tooke more than fortie great cods, the fishe swimming so abundantly thicke about our barke as is incredible to be reported of, which with a small portion of salte that we had, wee preserued some thirtie couple, or there aboutes, and so returned for England. And having reported to master Secretary the whole successe of this attempt, hee commanded mee to present unto the most honorable Lorde high thresurer of England some parte of that fish, which when his Lordship saw and hearde at large the relation of this seconde attempt, I receiued fauorable countenance from his

honour, aduising mee to prosecute the action, of which his Lordship conceiued a very good opinion. The next yeere, although diuers of the aduenturers fel from the action, as al the western merchantes and most of those in London, yet some of the aduenturers both honorable and worshipfull continued their willing fauor and charge, so that by this meanes the next yeere 2. shippes were appointed for the fishing and one pynace for the discouery.

Departing from Dartmouth, through God's merciful fauour I ariued to the place of fishing and there according to my direction I left the 2 shippes to follow that business, taking their faithful promise not to depart vntill my returne vnto them, which shoulde bee in the fine of August, and so in the barke I proceeded for the discouery, but after my departure in sixteene dayes the shippes had finished their voyage, and so presently departed for England, withoute regard to their promise. My selfe, not distrusting any such hard measure, proceeded in the discouerie and followed my course in the free and open sea, betweene North and Nor west. to the latitude of sixtie seuen degrees, and there I might see America west from me, and Desolation east; then when I saw the land of both sides, I began to distrust that it would prooue but a gulfe. Notwithstanding, desirous to knowe the full certaintye, I proceeded, and in sixtie eight degrees the passage enlarged, so that I could not see the western shore; thus I continued the latitude of seuentie fiue degrees, in a great sea, free from yse, coasting the western shore of Desolation. The people came continually rowing out vnto me in their Canoas, twenty, forty, and one hundred at a time, and would giue me fishe dried, Samon, Samon peale, cod, Caplin, Lumpe, stone base, and such like, besides diuers kindes of birdes, as Partrig, Fesant, Gulls, sea birdes, and other kindes of fleshe. I still laboured by signes to knowe from them what they knew of any sea towards the North. They still made signes of a great sea as we vnderstood them; then I departed from that coast, thinking to discover the North parts

of America, and after I had sayled towards the west neere fortie leages I fell upon a great bancke of yse; the wind being North and blewe much, I was constrained to coast the same towards the South, not seeing any shore West from me, neither was there any yse towards the North, but a great sea, free, large, very salt and blue, and of an unsearchable depth. So coasting towards the South I came to the place wher I left the shippes to fishe but found them not. Then being forsaken and left in this distresse referring my selfe to the mercifull providence of God, shap-ed my course for England and vn hoped for of any, God alone releuing me, I ariued at Dartmouth. By this last discoverie it seemed most manifest that the passage was free and without impediment towards the North, but by reason of the Spanish fleete and unfortunate time of master Secretoryes death, the voyage was omitted and neuer sithens attempted.

DAVIS, SIR JOHN FRANCIS, an English diplomatist and scholar, born in London in 1795. He entered the civil service at an early age, and in 1816 was attached to Lord Amherst's embassy to the Chinese Court at Pekin. In 1834 he was made Joint Commissioner with Lord Napier, to arrange commercial and other questions between Great Britain and China. From 1843 to 1848 he was British Plenipotentiary and Chief Superintendent of British Trade in China, and Governor of the Colony of Hong-Kong. He was created a Baronet in 1845. The honorary degree of D.C.L. has been conferred upon him by the University of Oxford, to which, in 1876 he gave the sum of £1,666 for the purpose of endowing a scholarship for the purpose of encouraging the study of the Chinese language and literature. Sir John Francis Davis has written several works relating to China; the most important of which are, *The Chinese: a General Description of China*

and its Inhabitants (1836; enlarged edition, 1840), and *China during the War and since the Peace* (1852; enlarged edition 1857).

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE CHINESE.

The superiority which the Chinese possess over the other nations of Asia is so decided as scarcely to need the institution of an elaborate comparison. Those who have had opportunities of seeing both have readily admitted it. The moral causes of a difference so striking may perhaps occur to the reader of the subjoined work. The physical causes consist, it may reasonably be supposed, in the advantages which China possesses from its geographical situation; in the generally favorable climate, the average fertility of the soil, and the great facility of internal intercourse with which the country has been favored by nature, and which has been still farther improved by art. The early advancement of China, in the general history of the globe, may likewise be accounted for, in some measure, by natural and physical causes, and by the position of the whole of that vast country (with a very trivial exception) within the temperate zone.

An attentive survey of the tropical regions of the earth, where food is produced in the greatest abundance, will seem to justify the conclusion that extreme fertility, or the power of production, has been rather unfavorable to the progress of the human race; or, at least, that the industry and advancement of nations has appeared in some measure to depend on a certain proportion between their necessities and their natural resources. Man is by nature an indolent animal; and without the stimulant of necessity will, in the first instance, get on as well as he can with the provision that nature has made for him. In the warm and fertile regions of the tropics, or rather of the equinoctial, where lodging and clothing—the two necessary things after food—are rendered almost superfluous by the climate, and where food is produced with very little exertion, we find how small a progress has been made; while, on the other

hand, the whole of Europe, and by far the greater part of China, are situated beyond the northern tropic.

If, again, we go farther north, to those arctic regions where man exists in a very miserable state, we shall find that there he has no materials to work upon. Nature is such a niggard in the returns she makes to labor, that industry is discouraged and frozen, as it were, in the outset. In other words, the proportion is destroyed; the equinoctial regions are too spontaneously genial and fertile, the arctic too unkindly barren: and on this account it would seem that industry, wealth, and civilization have been principally confined to the temperate zone, where there is at once necessity to excite labor, and production to recompense it. There are, no doubt, other important circumstances, besides geographical situation, which influence the advancement of nations; but this at least is too considerable an ingredient to be left out of the calculation.—*The Chinese*, Introduction.

DIFFUSION OF EDUCATION.

The general prosperity and peace of China have been very much promoted by the diffusion of intelligence and education through the lower classes. Among the countless millions that constitute the empire, almost every man can read and write sufficiently for the ordinary purposes of life; and a respectable share of these acquirements goes low down in the scale of society. Of the sixteen discourses which are periodically read to the people, the eighth inculcates the necessity of a general acquaintance with the penal laws, which are printed purposely in a cheap shape. They argue, that as men cannot properly be punished for what they do not know, so likewise they will be less liable to incur the penalty if they are made acquainted with the prohibition.

The general diffusion of education must be attributed to the influence of almost every motive of fear or hope that can operate on the human mind. It is inculcated by positive precepts, and

encouraged by an open competition for the highest rewards. One of the strongest motives to every Chinese to educate his sons must be the consciousness that he is liable to punishment for their crimes at any period of their lives, as well as to rewards for their merits. Parents are often promoted for the acts of their sons. Montesquieu, in violently condemning the liability to punishment, seems to have been unaware, or unmindful, that it is in some measure the result of that absolute power which is through life intrusted to the father; and that such a trust, with some show of reason, carries with it a portion of responsibility. He is not only punished, but rewarded too, according as he has administered this trust. How such a system must operate as a motive to education, is sufficiently obvious; and the only question is whether the amount of personal liberty sacrificed is balanced by the amount of public benefit gained. So sensible are they of the importance of education, that the language is full of domestic or of State maxims in reference to it: "Bend the mulberry-tree when it is young;" "Without education in families, how are governors of the people to be obtained?" and so on. Every town has its public place of instruction, and wealthy families have private tutors.—*The Chinese*, Chap. VII.

THE FESTIVAL OF AGRICULTURE.

A festival much honored by the Chinese, and indicative of their ancient regard for agriculture, is that which takes place when the Sun reaches 15° of Aquarius. The governor of every capital city issues in state towards the eastern gate, to "meet the Spring," which is represented by a procession bearing a huge clay figure of the buffalo, called by the Chinese "water-bullock" (from its propensity for muddy shallows), which is always used to drag their ploughs through the flooded rice-grounds. The train is attended by litters, on which are borne children fancifully dressed, and decorated with flowers, representing mythological personages; and the whole is ac-

accompanied by a band of musicians. When they have reached the governor's house, he delivers a discourse in his capacity of Priest of Spring, recommending the care of husbandry; and after he has struck the clay buffalo thrice with a whip, the people fall upon it with stones, and break in pieces the image, whose hollow inside is filled with a multitude of smaller images in clay, for which they scramble. This ceremony bears some resemblance to the procession of the bull Apis in ancient Egypt, which was connected in like manner with the labors of agriculture, and the hopes of an abundant season.

The emperor himself, at about the same period of the year, honors the profession of husbandry by going through the ceremony of holding the plough. Accompanied by some princes of the blood, and a selection of the principal ministers, he proceeds to a field set apart for the purpose, in the enclosure which surrounds the Temple of the Earth, where everything has been duly prepared by regular husbandmen in attendance. After certain sacrifices, consisting of grain which has been preserved from the produce of the same field, the emperor ploughs a few furrows, after which he is followed by the princes and ministers in order. The "five sorts of grain" are then sown, and when the emperor has viewed the completion of the work by the husbandmen present, the field is committed to the charge of an officer, whose business it is to collect and store the produce for sacrifices.—*The Chinese*, Chap. IX.

DAVIS, REBECCA (HARDING), an American novelist, born at Wheeling, West Virginia, about 1835. Among her works are *Life in the Iron Mines* (1861); *Waiting for the Verdict* (1867); *Dallas Galbraith* (1868); *John Andross* (1874); *A Law unto Herself* (1877); *Natasqua* (1886); *Kitty's Choice*; *Margaret Howth*; *Balacchi Brothers*, and numerous short stories.

MOTHER AND SON.

Dallas went up the broad stone steps, and pushing open the weighty hall door, entered without touching the lion's-head of a knocker which scowled at him. It seemed natural for him to go in and out there : it was his home. No more skulking through dark side-passages or green-house doors : he was done with concealment. He carried his story with him : it was not his fault if it was fouled and blotted : that was done by a Hand outside of himself : where he had written it, it might be weak and paltry, but it was well-intentioned and honest.

The light was dim in the broad, high-roofed hall, for the November afternoon was fast merging into dusk : there was no sound within the closed doors on either side ; but from the barn-yard without he heard the rattle of the windlass and a man singing some old country ditty as he drew water from the well. The sound grated strangely on the melancholy silence and the choking weight which oppressed his breath. Moro, the old house-dog, got up from the wolf-skin on which he lay asleep, and came drowsily up to the stranger standing motionless by the door, sniffed about him critically, then rubbed his approval against his legs, looking up at him. The very dog, Dallas thought, had the anxious shadow of disaster upon him. "Poor fellow ! poor fellow !" stroking his shaggy head. But his voice was hoarse and unnatural, even to himself : he was suddenly silent. He waited awhile without moving, but no door opened : only the ticking of the great clock that stood on the dim, broad stairs yonder told off the minutes. Moro crept back to his wolf-skin and lay down again to sleep. Dallas, after another moment's pause, chose the farthest door at random, and going toward it, with his slow, steady step, put his hand upon the lock. But he did not open it. What was it that waited for him at the other side of that thin oaken plank ? The mother he had lost so long—a home—the only woman he had ever loved ? Or the old solitary

life, with the damning disgrace on his head, heavier to bear than before.

It was his mother who sat inside by the clear red fire. She came often to this quiet little room : not for the books on the hanging shelves, as she asserted, but because of a picture which hung over the mantle-shelf. It was little Tom Galbraith in his boyish finery of velvet trousers and blouse, his arm over his pony's neck. "It is very like my son Dallas," she had told Madam Galbraith the first time she saw it, looking at it with steady eyes. "Only I was glad to dress him in corduroy. And Dallas had no pony : many a mile he trudged barefoot to carry home the clothes I had washed." It was the only bitter reproach the old lady had ever heard from her lips, and she made no retort to it. After that she never saw Mrs. Duffield glance towards the picture. Yet there was not a day when she did not come and sit alone, looking at it with her calm, unfathomable eyes, as she was doing now. . . .

She, too, heard the clock ticking through the dreary November afternoon, as she sat, her hands folded, her eyes on the child's eyes, a different meaning on her face from those which even her nearest friends had ever found there. She stood up at last at the sound of a step outside, and with her hand on the back of her chair, gave it a quick, parting glance, as if she asked for pity. She was but a weak little woman after all, and in heart, perhaps, was miserably solitary. . . . She turned as the door opened on its noiseless hinges, and a tall man, in a gray coat and planter's hat, who stood without, after a quick glance through the room, came in and paused in the shadow, looking at her. It required a moment's breath to bring Mrs. Duffield to her ordinary calm composure. The room was not light enough for her to detect the likeness which had troubled her, but her quick glance recognized at once the finely-shaped head, the homely, noble features, which had first pleased her artistic eye.

"You are Dr. Pritchard's friend ? You wish to

see Madam Galbraith?" recovering her ordinary shallow, pleasant voice.

The man closed the door behind him, and came toward her, removing his hat. "No," he said slowly. "I did not come to see Madam Galbraith."

She began to speak again, hesitated, and stopped. Her nerves were unstrung, and some old echo in the hoarse, choked tones sent the blood with a frightful throb to her heart. Dallas stood silent, his hat in his hands, looking down at her. He would not frighten her. She was so weak and frail! He could see the gray hair and sunken temples. How long they had been apart!

But he did not speak a word, holding his hat tight clenched, the burning tears welling up slowly into his eyes. He came out now, trembling, into the clear firelight, where she could see him plainly.

"I am one of the Galbraiths," he said; "and I have been told that I was like your husband."

She leaned with one hand lightly on the table. The dulled grating of the well-chain was heard without: the cold November daylight fell through the windows in a square patch beside him upon the worn carpet. He saw and heard even those trifles in that moment as he waited.

"Like my husband?" as one in a dream. But her keen eyes read his face. There was a sudden, strange change in her look, as though some vital chord within had been roughly jarred. "No, you do not resemble my husband," she said, with a strong effort to regain her usual calm courtesy. "But—I will go out, if you will pardon me. There is a likeness to some one whom I have lost, and it—it pains me." Then she lost herself utterly. "It was my little boy!" she cried, flinging her hands up towards the picture. "He is dead now—dead!"

He knelt down at her feet in the blaze of the firelight; he pushed his hair with both hands from his face. "Mother!" he said, in a whisper. "He is not dead. It is I, mother."

She made no sign or cry: even in that moment her habit of self-control bound her strongly; she

put her cold hands on his cheeks, drew his head closer, looking steadily into the long-ago familiar eyes, until her own grew slowly blind.

"Dallas?" the name was wrenched at last like a sob out of the heart where it had so long been hidden. "Dallas!" Then she stooped and would have kissed him; but her head fell a dead weight on his shoulder. He took her in his arms and placed her on the chair, rubbing her hands, her arms, and forehead like a frantic man, but without saying a word. Neither mother nor son ever found the ordinary relief in words or outcry for the deeper passions in their hearts. When her eyes opened at last and the sense came slowly back to them, he brought her a goblet of water from a side table. "It's not as clear water as that from our famous well in Chester, mother," he said cheerfully, to reassure her. Her face lighted at that remembrance of every-day life: she drew him down with one hand beside her as she lay back on the chair, but then did not speak to him for a long time, her eyes hungrily wandering over his face, her hand passing with a pathetic anxiety through his thick hair, down his close-shaven cheeks, examining his hard, muscular hands, while she shook her head with a sad smile. "Why, this is a man, and I don't know him. Dallas, I don't know him! And yet—it's the same old Dallas, after all."

"Yes, mother, the same old Dallas." If there were any way to make her feel and believe that before the story was told!

"And you remember the well?" with a laugh, the tears in her eyes. "Where you planted the gourd-vine? We were very happy in Chester. I think that was our happiest time, Dallas?" Again their eyes met with a meaning which no bystander could have understood. There was a history between them which neither of them had ever yet put into words. Nor would they ever do it.

"That is all over now, and I have come back to you, mother. To-morrow we will begin the world afresh."—*Dallas Galbraith.*

DAVIS, THOMAS OSBORNE, an Irish poet, born in 1814, died in 1845. He was educated

at Trinity College, Dublin, and upon the establishment of the *Dublin Nation*, in 1842, he became one of its leading writers. Under the signature of "A Celt," he wrote numerous lyrics and ballads, all inspired by a national spirit, which became very popular. An edition of his poems was published in New York in 1860.

THE WELCOME.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without
warning.

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here, the more I'll
adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers! don't
sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose
them;

Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my
bosom.

I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire
you;

I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire
you;

Oh! your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed
farmer,

Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;

I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above
me,

Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love
me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the
eyrie,

We'll tread round the rath on the track of the
fairy,

We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,

Till you ask of your darling what gift you can
give her.

Oh ! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably
beaming,

And trust, when in secret, most tunefully stream-
ing,

Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without
warning,

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll
adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted ;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers ! don't
sever !"

DAVY, SIR HUMPHRY, an English chemist and author, born at Penzance in 1778, died at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1828. He commenced the study of medicine in his native town, in 1795, but his attention was soon turned especially to chemistry. Before he had reached the age of twenty-three he was invited to London to become a lecturer on chemistry at the newly-founded Royal Institution. His researches in chemistry, and the brilliancy of his lectures, form a striking chapter in the history of physical science. One of his most notable inventions was that of the "safety lamp" to be used in mines pervaded by the inflammable gas known as "fire damp." He was made a Knight in 1812, and a baronet in 1818. In 1820 he succeeded Sir Joseph Banks as President of the Royal Society, and was annually re-elected for seven successive years. Besides his more strictly scientific works, Sir Humphrey wrote *Salmonia ; or Days of Fly-fishing* (1828), and *Consolations in Travel ;*

or *the Last Days of a Philosopher*, composed during his last illness, and published after his death. His works were collected, with a Memoir (9 vols., 1839-40) by his brother Dr. JOHN DAVY (1791-1868), himself the author of several important works. Sir Humphry Davy possessed a highly poetic temperament. Coleridge says, indeed, that "if Davy had not been the first chemist, he probably would have been the first poet of his age."

DROWNING FISHES.

I believe that the vulgar opinion of anglers that fish are, as it were, drowned by the play of the rod and reel, is perfectly correct; though to apply the word "drowning" to an animal that lives in the water, is not quite a fit use of language. Fishes respire by passing water—which always holds common air in solution—though their gills, or bronchial membrane, by the use of a system of muscles surrounding the fauces, which occasion constant contractions and expansions, or opening or closing of this membrane; and the life of the fish is dependent on the process, in the same manner that a quadruped is, on respiring and expiring air.

When a fish is hooked in the upper part of the mouth, by the strength of the rod applied as a lever to the line, it is scarcely possible for him to open the gills, as long as this force is exerted, particularly when he is moving in a rapid stream; and when he is hooked in the lower jaw, his mouth is kept closed by the same application of the strength of the rod, so that no aërated water can be inspired. Under these circumstances, he is quickly deprived of his vital forces; particularly when he exhausts his strength by moving in a rapid stream. A fish, hooked in a part of the mouth where the force of the rod will render his efforts to respire unavailing, is much in the same state as that of a deer caught round the neck by the lasso of a South American peon, who gallops

forwards, dragging his victim after him, which is killed by strangulation in a very short time.

When fishes are hooked "foul," that is, on the outside of the body—as in the fins or tail—they will often fight for many hours; and in such cases, very large salmon are seldom caught, as they retain their power of breathing unimpaired; and if they do not exhaust themselves by violent muscular efforts, they may bid defiance to the temper and skill of the fisherman.

A large salmon, hooked in the upper part of the mouth, in the cartilage or bone, will sometimes likewise fight for a long while, particularly if he keep in the deep and still parts of the river; for he is able to prevent the force of the hook, applied by the rod, from interfering with his respiration; and, by a powerful effort, can maintain his place, and continue to breathe, in spite of the exertions of the angler. A fish, in such a case, is said to be "sulky," and his instinct, or his sagacity, generally enables him to conquer his enemy. It is, however, rarely that fishes hooked in the mouth are capable of using freely the muscles subservient to respiration; and their powers are generally, sooner or later, destroyed by suffocation.—*Salmonia*.

THE OFFICE OF PAIN.

The laws of nature are all directed by Divine Wisdom for the purpose of preserving life, and increasing happiness. Pain seems in all cases to precede the mutilation or destruction of those organs which are essential to vitality, and for the end of preserving them; but the mere process of dying seems to be the falling into a deep slumber; and in animals, who have no fear of death dependent upon imagination, it can hardly be accompanied by very intense suffering. In the human being, moral and intellectual motives constantly operate in enhancing the fear of death, which, without these motives in a reasoning being, would probably become null, and the love of life be lost upon every slight occasion of pain or disgust. But imagination is creative with respect to

both these passions, which, if they exist in animals, exist independent of reason, or as instincts.

Pain seems intended by an all-wise Providence to prevent the *dissolution* of organs, and cannot follow their *destruction*. I know several instances in which the process of death has been observed, even to its termination, by good philosophers; and the instances are worth repeating: Dr. Cullen, when dying, is said to have faintly articulated to one of his intimates, "I wish I had the power of writing or speaking; for then I would describe to you how pleasant a thing it is to die."—Dr. Black—worn out by age, and a disposition to pulmonary hemorrhage, which obliged him to live very low—whilst eating his customary meal of bread and milk, fell asleep, and died in so tranquil a manner that he had not even spilt the contents of the cup which rested on his knee. And the late Sir Charles Blagden, whilst at a social meal, with his friends, Mons. and Mad. Berthollet and Gay Lussac, died in his chair so quietly, that not a drop of the coffee in the cup which he held in his hand, was spilt.—*Salmonia*.

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MIND.

The doctrine of the materialists was always, even in my youth, a cold, heavy, dull, and insupportable doctrine to me, and necessarily tending to atheism. When I had heard, with disgust, in the dissecting rooms, the plan of the physiologist, of the gradual accretion of matter, and its becoming endowed with irritability, ripening into sensibility, and acquiring such organs as were necessary by its own inherent forces, and at last issuing into intellectual existence, a walk into the green fields or woods, by the banks of rivers, brought back my feelings from nature to God. I saw in all the powers of matter the instruments of the Deity. The sunbeams, the breath of the zephyr, awakening animation in forms prepared by divine intelligence to receive it, the insensate seed, the slumbering eggs which were to be vivified, appeared, like the new-born animal, works of a divine mind; I saw love as the creative principle in

the material world, and this love only as a divine attribute. Then my own mind I felt connected with new sensations and indefinite hopes—a thirst for immortality ; the great names of other ages and of distant nations appeared to me to be still living around me, and even in the fancied movements of the heroic and the great, I saw, as it were, the decrees of the indestructibility of mind. These feelings, though generally considered as poetical, yet, I think, offer a sound philosophical argument in favor of the immortality of the soul. In all the habits and instincts of young animals, their feelings and movements, may be traced an intimate relation to their improved perfect state ; their sports have always affinities to their modes of hunting or catching their food ; and young birds even in the nests, show marks of fondness which, when their frames are developed, become signs of actions necessary to the reproduction and preservation of the species. The desire of glory, of honor, of immortal fame, and of constant knowledge, so usual in young persons of well-constituted minds, cannot, I think, be other than symptoms of the infinite and progressive nature of the intellect—hopes which, as they cannot be gratified here, belong to a frame of mind suited to a nobler state of existence.

Religion, whether natural or revealed, has always the same beneficial influence on the mind. In youth, in health and prosperity, it awakens feelings of gratitude and sublime love, and purifies at the same time that it exalts. But it is in misfortune, in sickness, in age, that its effects are most truly and beneficially felt ; when submission in faith and humble trust in the divine will, from duties become pleasures, undecaying sources of consolation. Then it creates powers which were believed to be extinct ; and gives a freshness to the mind, which was supposed to have passed away for ever, but which is now renovated as an immortal hope. Then it is the Pharos, guiding the wave-tossed mariner to his home—as the calm and beautiful still basins or fiords, surrounded by tranquil groves and pastoral meadows, to the Nor-

wegian pilot escaping from a heavy storm in the North Sea—or as the green and dewy spot, gushing with fountains, to the exhausted and thirsty traveler in the midst of the desert. Its influence outlives all earthly enjoyments, and becomes stronger as the organs decay and the frame dissolves. It appears as that evening-star of light in the horizon of life, which, we are sure, is to become, in another season, a morning-star; and it throws its radiance through the gloom and shadow of death.—*Consolations in Travel.*

LIFE.

Our life is like a cloudy sky 'mid mountains,
When in the blast the watery vapors float.
Now gleams of light pass o'er the lovely hills,
And make the purple heath and russet bracken
Seem lovelier, and the grass of brighter green;
And now a giant shadow hides them all.
And thus it is that, in all *earthly* distance
On which the sight can fix, still fear and hope,
Gloom and alternate sunshine, each succeeds.
So of another and an unknown land
We see the radiance of the clouds reflected,
Which is the future life beyond the grave!

THOUGHT.

Be this our trust, that ages (filled with light
More glorious far than those faint beams which
shine
In this our feeble twilight) yet to come
Shall see distinctly what we now but hope:
The world immutable in which alone
Wisdom is found, the Light and Life of things—
The Breath divine, creating Power divine—
The *One* of which the human intellect
Is but a type, as feeble as that image
Of the bright sun seen on the bursting wave—
Bright, but without distinctness, yet in passing
Showing its glorious and eternal source.

THE CHANGEABLE AND THE UNCHANGEABLE.

Lo! o'er the earth the kindling spirits pour
The flames of life that bounteous Nature gives;

The limpid dew becomes the rosy flower,
The insensate dust awakes, and moves, and lives.

All speaks of change : the renovated forms
Of long-forgotten things arise again ;
The light of suns, the breath of angry storms,
The everlasting motions of the main ;—

These are but engines of the Eternal Will,
That one Intelligence, whose potent sway
Has ever acted, and is acting still,
While stars and worlds and systems all obey ;

Without whose power the whole of mortal things
Were dull, inert, an unharmonious band,
Silent as are the harp's untuned strings
Without the touches of the poet's hand.

A sacred spark, created by his breath,
The immortal mind of man his image bears ;
A spirit living 'mid the forms of death,
Oppressed, but not subdued, by mortal cares ;

A germ preparing in the Winter's frost
To rise and bud and blossom in the Spring ;
An unfledged eagle, by the tempest tossed,
Unconscious of his future strength of wing ;

The child of trial, to mortality,
And all its changeful influences, given ;
On the green earth decreed to move and die,
And yet by such a fate prepared for heaven.

To live in forests, mingled with the whole
Of natural forms, whose generations rise
In lovely change, in happy order roll,
On land, in ocean, in the glittering skies ;—

Their harmony to trace : the Eternal Cause
To know in love, in reverence to adore ;
To bend beneath the inevitable laws,
Sinking in death, its human strength no more ;

Then, as awakening from a dream of pain,
With joy its mortal feelings to resign ;

Yet all its living essence to retain,
The undying energy of strength divine ;

To quit the burdens of its earthly days,
To give to Nature all her borrowed powers,
Ethereal fire to feed the solar rays,
Ethereal dew to glad the earth with showers !

DAWES, RUFUS, an American poet, born at Boston in 1803, died at Washington in 1859. He entered Harvard College in 1820, but did not graduate, in consequence of an erroneous accusation of having participated in some breach of college discipline. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but did not engage in the practice of his profession. He contributed to periodicals and for a time was editor of *The Emerald*, published at Baltimore. He published *The Valley of the Nashaway, and Other Poems* (1830) ; *Geraldine, and Miscellaneous Poems* (1839) ; and *Nix's Mate*, a historical romance (1840). He was a member of the Swedenborgian Church, in which he frequently officiated as a preacher.

LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

Yes, still I love thee ! Time, who sets
His signet on my brow,
And dims my sunken eye, forgets
The heart he could not bow ;—
Where love that cannot perish glows
For one alas ! that little knows
How love may sometimes last ;
Like sunshine wasting in the skies
When clouds are overcast.

The dew-drop hanging o'er the rose
Within its robe of light,
Can never touch a leaf that blows
Though seeming to the sight ;
And yet it still will linger there,
Like hopeless love without despair,

A snow-drop in the sun !
A moment finely exquisite,
Alas ! but only one.

I would not have thy married heart
Think momentarily of me ;
Nor would I tear the chords apart
That bind me so to thee.
No ! while my thoughts seem pure and mild
As dew upon the roses wild,
I would not have thee know
The stream that seems to thee so still
Has such a tide below.

Enough, that in delicious dreams
I see thee, and forget :
Enough that when the morning beams
I feel my eyelids wet !
Yet could I hope, when Time shall fall
The darkness for creation's pall,
To meet thee and to love,
I would not shrink from aught below,
Nor ask for more above !

SUNRISE FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The laughing Hours have chased away the
Night,
Plucking the stars out from her diadem ;—
And now the blue-eyed Morn, with modest grace,
Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the
East,
Blushing in smiles, and glad as infancy.
And see, the foolish Moon—but now so vain
Of borrowed beauty—how she yields her charms,
And, pale with envy, steals herself away !
The Clouds have put their gorgeous livery on,
Attendant on the Day ; the mountain-tops
Have lit their beacons, and the vales below
Send up a welcoming. No song of birds,
Warbling to charm the air with melody,
Floats on the frosty breeze ; yet Nature hath
The very soul of music in her looks !
The sunshine and the shade of poetry.
I stand upon thy lofty pinnacle,

Temple of Nature ! and look down with awe
On the wide world beneath us, dimly seen !
Around me crowd the giant sons of earth,
Fixed on their old foundations, unsubdued ;
Firm as when the first rebellion bade them rise
Unruffled to the Thunderer. Now they seem
A family of mountains, clustering round
Their hoary patriarch, emulously watching
To meet the partial glances of the Day.
Far in the glowing east the flickering light,
Mellowed by distance, with the blue sky blending,
Questions the eye with ever-varying forms.

The Sun comes up ! away the shadows fling
From the broad hills ; and, hurrying to the west,
Sport in the sunshine, till they die away.
The many beauteous mountain-streams leap down,
Out-welling from the clouds, and sparkling light,
Dances along with their perennial flow.
And there is beauty in yon river's path—
The glad Connecticut ! I know her well
By the white veil she mantles o'er her charms.
At times she loiters by a ridge of hills
Sportively hiding ; then again with glee
Out-rushes from her wild-wood lurking-place.
Far as the eye can bound, the ocean-waves,
And hills and rivers, mountains, lakes, and woods,
And all that hold the faculty entranced,
Bathed in a flood of glory, float in air,
And sleep in the deep quietude of joy.

There is an awful stillness in this place,
A Presence, that forbids to break the spell,
Till the heart pour its agony in tears.
But I must drink the vision while it lasts ;
For even now the curling vapors rise,
Wreathing their cloudy coronals, to grace
These towering summits—bidding me away.
But often shall my heart turn back again,
Thou glorious eminence ! and when oppressed,
And aching with the coldness of the world,
Find a sweet resting-place and home with thee.

DAWSON, JOHN WILLIAM, a Canadian geologist, naturalist, and author, born at Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1820. He was educated

at the University of Edinburgh, and on his return to his native country, engaged in the study of the geology and natural history of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In 1842 he accompanied Sir Charles Lyell in his explorations in Nova Scotia. In 1850 he was appointed Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, and in 1855 principal of the McGill University at Montreal, of which he is now Vice-Chancellor. He is the discoverer of the *Eozoön Canadense* of the Laurentian limestones, the oldest known form of animal life. Besides contributing largely to the *Proceedings* of the London Geological Society, he has written numerous works on natural history and geology, among which are, *Hints to Farmers of Nova Scotia* (1853); *Acadian Geology* (1855); *Facts and Fancies in Modern Science*; *Archæia: or Studies on the Cosmogony and Natural History of the Hebrew Scriptures* (1860); *The Story of the Earth and Man* (1872), combating the Darwinian theory; *The Dawn of Life*, an account of the oldest known fossil remains, the *Eozoön Canadense* (1875); *The Origin of the World according to Revelation and Science* (1877); *Fossil Men and their Modern Representatives* (1878); and *The Change of Life in Geological Time* (1880). In 1884 he was created a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and in 1885 was elected President of the Royal Society of Canada.

THE BEGINNING.

It is a remarkable and instructive fact that the first verse of the Hebrew sacred writings speaks of the material universe—speaks of it as a whole, and as originating in a power outside of itself. The universe, then, in the conception of this ancient writer, is not eternal. It had a beginning—but that beginning in the indefinite and by us unmeasured past. It did not originate fortuitously, or by any merely accidental conflict of self-

existent material atoms, but by an act—an act of will on the part of a Being designated by that name which among all the Semitic peoples represented the ultimate, eternal, inscrutable source of power, and object of awe and veneration. With the simplicity and child-like faith of an archaic age, the writer makes no attempt to combat any objections or difficulties with which this great fundamental truth may be assailed. He feels its axiomatic force as the basis of all true religion and sound philosophy, and the ultimate fact which must ever bar our further progress in the investigation of the origin of things—the production from non-existence of the material universe by the eternal self-existent God.

It did not concern him to know what might be the nature of that unconditioned Self-existence; for though, like our ideas of Space and Time incomprehensible, it must be assumed. It did not concern him to know how matter and force subsist, or what may be the difference between a material universe cognizable by our senses and the absolute want of all the phenomena of such a universe or of whatever may be their basis and essence. Such questions can never be answered, yet the succession of these phenomena must have had a commencement somewhere in time. How simple and how grand is his statement! How plain and yet how profound its teachings.

It is evident that the writer grasps firmly the essence of the question as to the beginning of things, and covers the whole ground which advanced scientific or philosophical speculation can yet traverse. That the universe must have had a beginning no one now needs to be told. If any philosophical speculator ever truly held that there has been an endless succession of phenomena, science has now completely negatived the idea by showing us the beginning of all things that we know in the present universe, and by establishing the strongest probabilities that even its ultimate atoms could not have been eternal. But the question remains—If there was a beginning, what existed in that beginning? To this question many

partial and imperfect answers have been given, but our ancient record includes them all.

If any one should say, "In the beginning was nothing." Yes, says Genesis; there was, it is true, nothing of present matter and arrangements of nature. Yet all was present potentially in the will of the Creator.

"In the beginning were atoms," says another. Yes, says Genesis; but they were created; and so says modern science, and must say of ultimate particles determined by weight and measure, and incapable of modification in their essential properties—"They have the properties of a manufactured article."

"In the beginning were forces," says yet another. True, says Genesis; but all forces are one in origin—they represent merely the fiat of the Eternal and Self-existent. So says science, that force must in the ultimate resort be an "expression of Will."

"In the beginning was Elohim," adds our old Semitic authority, and in him are the absolute and eternal thought and will, the Creator from whom and by whom and in whom are all things.

Thus the simple familiar words, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," answer all possible questions as to the origin of things, and include all under the conception of theism. Let us now look at these pregnant words more particularly as to their precise import and significance.

The divine personality expressed by the Hebrew Elohim may be fairly said to include all that can be claimed for the pantheistic conception of "*dynamis*," or universal material power. Lange gives this as included in the term Elohim, in his discussion of this term in his book on Genesis. It has been aptly said that if, physically speaking, the fall of a sparrow produces a gravitative effect that extends throughout the universe, there can be no reason why it should be unknown to God. God is thus everywhere, and always. Yet he is everywhere and always present as a personality knowing and willing. From his thought and will in

the beginning proceeded the universe. By him it was created. . . .

The material universe was brought into existence in the "beginning"—a term evidently indefinite as far as regards any known epoch, and implying merely priority to all other recorded events. It can not be the first day, for there is no expressed connection, and the work of the first day is distinct from that of the beginning. It can not be a general term for the whole six days, since these are separated from it by that chaotic or formless state to which we are next introduced. The beginning, therefore, is the threshold of creation—the line that separates the old tenantless condition of space from the world-crowded galaxies of the existing universe. The only other information respecting it that we have in Scripture is in that fine descriptive poem in Proverbs viii., in which the Wisdom of God personified—who may be held to represent the Almighty Word, or Logos, introduced in the formula "God said," and afterward referred to in Scripture as the manifested or conditioned Deity, the Mediator between man and the otherwise inaccessible Divinity, the agent in the work of creation as well as in that of redemption—narrates the origin of all created things :

"Jehovah possessed me, the beginning of his way,
Before his work of old.
I was set up from everlasting,
From the beginning, before the earth was ;
When there were no deeps I was brought forth,
When there were no fountains abounding in water."

The beginning here precedes the creation of the earth, as well as of the deep which encompassed its surface in its earliest condition. The beginning, in this point of view, stretches back from the origin of the world into the depths of eternity. It is to us emphatically *the* beginning, because it witnessed the birth of our material system ; but to the eternal Jehovah it was but the beginning of a great series of his operations, and we have no information of its absolute duration. From the time when God began to create the celestial orbs,

until that time when it could be said that he had created the heavens and the earth, countless ages may have rolled along, and myriads of worlds may have passed through various stages of existence, and the creation of our planetary system may have been one of the last acts of that long beginning. . . .

Fairly regarding, then, this ancient form of words, we may hold it as a clear, concise, and accurate enunciation of an ultimate doctrine of the origin of things, which with all our increased knowledge of the history of the earth we are not in a position to replace with any thing better or more probable. On the other hand, this sublime dogma of creation leaves us perfectly free to interrogate nature for ourselves, as to all that it can reveal of the duration and progress of the creative work. But the positive gain which comes from this ancient formula goes far beyond these negative qualities. If received, this one word of the Old Testament is sufficient to deliver us forever from the superstitious dread of nature, and to present it to us as neither self-existent nor omnipotent, but as the mere handiwork of a spiritual Creator to whom we are kin ; as not a product of chance or caprice, but as the result of a definite plan of the All-wise ; as not a congeries of unconnected facts and processes, but as a *cosmos*, a well-ordered though complex machine, designed by Him who is the Almighty and the supreme object of reverence. Had this verse alone constituted the whole Bible, this one utterance would, wherever known and received, have been an inestimable boon to mankind ; proclaiming deliverance to the captives of every form of nature-worship and idolatry, and fixing that idea of unity of plan in the universe which is the fruitful and stable root of all true progress in science. We owe profound thanks to the old Hebrew prophet for these words—words which have broken from the necks of once superstitious Aryan races chains more galling than those of Egyptian bondage.—*The Origin of the World.*

DAY, THOMAS, an English author, born in 1748, died in 1789. He was educated at the Charter House, and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; studied law in the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar, but never practiced. He spent several years on the Continent, acquainting himself with the life and necessities of the poor. He took two young girls from the foundling hospital and educated them, with the intention of marrying one of them; but although the scheme of education was successful, the marriage project failed. In 1778 Day married Miss Esther Milnes, a lady of Yorkshire, and retired to his estates for the remainder of his life. He was an eloquent speaker on political and other subjects, and wrote two poems, *The Devoted Legions* (1776), and *The Desolation of America* (1777), showing his sympathy with the American Colonies. In conjunction with Mr. Bicknell, who married one of the girls educated by Day, he wrote a poem to excite compassion for the West Indian slaves. His literary reputation rests upon *The History of Sandford and Merton* (1783-9), a book for boys inculcating courage, temperance, independence, generosity, humanity, which is one of the most popular books ever written for the young. He also published a shorter work of fiction, *The History of Little Jack*. Day was killed by a kick from a horse which he was endeavoring to train by means of gentle treatment. His wife, who survived him two years, never afterwards left her darkened room.

A YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

Master Merton became acquainted with this little boy in the following manner:—As he and the maid were walking in the fields on a fine summer's morning, diverting themselves with gathering different kinds of wild flowers, and running

after butterflies, a large snake suddenly started up from among some long grass, and coiled itself round little Tommy's leg. The fright they were both in at this accident may be imagined: the maid ran away shrieking for help, while the child, in an agony of terror, did not dare to stir from the spot where he was standing. Harry, who happened to be walking near, came running up, and asked what was the matter. Tommy, who was sobbing most piteously, could not find words to tell him, but pointed to his leg, and made Harry sensible of what had happened. Harry, who, though young, was a boy of a most courageous spirit, told him not to be frightened; and instantly seizing the snake by the neck with as much dexterity as resolution, tore him from Tommy's leg, and threw him off to a great distance. Just as this happened, Mrs. Merton and all the family, alarmed by the servant's cries, came running breathless to the place, as Tommy was recovering his spirits, and thanking his brave little deliverer. Her first emotions were to catch her darling up in her arms, and, after giving him a thousand kisses, to ask him whether he had received any hurt.

• "No," said Tommy, "indeed I have not, mamma; but I believe that nasty ugly beast would have bitten me, if that little boy had not come and pulled him off."

"And who are you, my dear," said she, "to whom we are all so much obliged?"

"Harry Sandford, madam."

"Well, my child, you are a dear, brave little creature, and you shall go home and dine with us."

"No, thank you, madam; my father will want me."

"And who is your father, my sweet boy?"

"Farmer Sandford, madam, that lives at the bottom of the hill."

"Well, my dear, you shall be my child henceforth: will you?"

"If you please, madam, if I may have my own father and mother too."

Mrs. Merton instantly dispatched a servant to

the farmer's ; and taking little Harry by the hand, she led him to the mansion, where she found Mr. Merton, whom she entertained with a long account of Tommy's danger, and Harry's bravery. Harry was now in a new scene of life. He was carried through costly apartments, where everything that could please the eye, or contribute to convenience, was assembled. He saw large looking-glasses, in gilded frames, carved tables and chairs, curtains of the finest silk ; and the very plates and knives and forks were silver. At dinner, he was placed close to Mrs. Merton, who took care to supply him with the choicest bits, and engaged him to eat with the most endearing kindness ; but, to the astonishment of everybody, he appeared neither pleased nor surprised at anything he saw. Mrs. Merton could not conceal her disappointment ; for, as she had always been accustomed to a great degree of finery herself, she had expected it should make the same impression upon everybody else. At last, seeing him eye a small silver cup with great attention, out of which he had been drinking, she asked him whether he should not like to have such a fine thing to drink out of, and added, that, though it was Tommy's cup, she was sure he would with great pleasure give it to his little friend.

"Yes, that I will," says Tommy ; "for you know, mamma, I have a much finer one than that, made of gold, besides two large ones made of silver."

"Thank you with all my heart," said little Harry ; "but I will not rob you of it, for I have a much better one at home."

"How !" said Mrs. Merton ; "does your father eat and drink out of silver ?"

"I don't know, madam, what you call this ; but we drink at home out of long things made of horn, just such as the cows wear upon their heads."

"The child is a simpleton, I think," said Mrs. Merton. "And why are they better than silver ones ?"

"Because," said Harry, "they never make us uneasy."

"Make you uneasy, my child!" said Mrs. Merton; "what do you mean?"

"Why, madam, when the man threw that great thing down, which looks just like this, I saw that you were very sorry about it, and looked as though you had been just ready to drop. Now, ours at home are thrown about by all the family, and nobody minds it."

"I protest," said Mrs. Merton to her husband. "I do not know what to say to this boy, he makes such strange observations."

The fact was, that during dinner one of the servants had let fall a large piece of plate, which, as it was very valuable, had made Mrs. Merton not only look very uneasy, but give the man a severe scolding for his carelessness. After dinner, Mrs. Merton filled a large glass of wine, and giving it to Harry, bade him drink it up; but he thanked her, and said he was not thirsty.

"But, my dear," said she, "this is very sweet and pleasant, and as you are a good boy, you may drink it up."

"Ay! but, madam, Mr. Barlow says that we must only eat when we are hungry, and drink when we are thirsty; and that we must eat and drink only such things as are easily met with: otherwise we shall grow peevish and vexed when we can't get them." . . .

"Upon my word," said Mr. Merton, "this little man is a great philosopher; and we should be much obliged to Mr. Barlow, if he would take our Tommy under his care: for he grows a great boy, and it is time that he should know something. What say you, Tommy, should you like to be a philosopher?"

"Indeed, papa, I don't know what a philosopher is; but I should like to be a king: because he's finer and richer than anybody else, and has nothing to do, and everybody waits upon him, and is afraid of him."

"Well said, my dear," replied Mrs. Merton: and rose and kissed him; "and a king you deserve to be with such a spirit; and here's a glass of wine for you for making such a pretty answer."

And should not you like to be a king too, little Harry?"

"Indeed, madam, I don't know what that is; but I hope I shall soon be big enough to go to plough, and get my own living; and then I shall want nobody to wait upon me."

"What a difference there is between the children of farmers and gentlemen!" whispered Mrs. Merton to her husband, looking rather contemptuously upon Harry.

"I am not sure," said Mr. Merton, "that for this time the advantage is on the side of our son. But should you not like to be rich, my dear?" said he, turning to Harry.

"No, indeed, sir."

"No, simpleton!" said Mrs. Merton; "and why not?"

"Because the only rich man I ever saw, is Squire Chase, who lives hard by; and he rides among people's corn, and breaks down their hedges, and shoots their poultry, and kills their dogs, and lames their cattle, and abuses the poor; and they say he does all this because he's rich; but everybody hates him, though they dare not tell him so to his face; and I would not be hated for anything in the world."

"But should you not like to have a fine laced coat, and a coach to carry you about, and servants to wait upon you?"

"As to that, madam, one coat is as good as another, if it will but keep one warm; and I don't want to ride, because I can walk wherever I choose; and, as to servants, I should have nothing for them to do if I had a hundred of them."

Mrs. Merton continued to look at him with a sort of contemptuous astonishment, but did not ask him any more questions.—*Sandford and Merton.*

A LESSON IN ASTRONOMY.

"Pray, Sir," said Tommy, "what is a constellation?"

"Persons," answered Mr. Barlow, "who first began to observe the heavens as you do now, ob-

served certain stars remarkable either for their brightness or position. To these they gave particular names, that they might the more easily know them again, and discourse of them to others ; and these particular clusters of stars, thus joined together, and named, they term *constellations*. But, come, Harry, you are a little farmer, and can certainly point out to us Charles's Wain."

Harry then looked up to the sky, and pointed out seven very bright stars towards the north.

"You are right," said Mr. Barlow ; "four of these stars have put the common people in mind of the four wheels of a wagon, and the three others of the horses : therefore, they have called them by this name. Now, Tommy, look well at these, and see if you can find any seven stars in the whole sky that resemble them in their position."

"Indeed, Sir, I do not think I can."

"Do you not think, then, that you can find them again?"

"I will try, Sir.—Now, I will take my eye off, and look another way.—I protest I cannot find them again.—Oh ! I believe there they are.—Pray, Sir (pointing with his finger), is not that Charles's Wain?"

"You are right ; and, by remembering these stars, you may very easily observe those which are next to them, and learn their names too, till you are acquainted with the whole face of the heavens.

"That is, indeed, very surprising. I will show my mother Charles's Wain the first time I go home : I dare say she has never observed it."

"But look on the two stars which compose the hinder wheel of the wagon, and raise your eye towards the top of the sky : do you not see a very bright star, that seems almost, but not quite, in a line with the two others?"

"Yes, Sir, I see it plainly."

"That is called the Pole-star ; it never moves from its place, and by looking full at it, you may always find the North."

"Then, if I turn my face towards that star, I always look to the North."

"You are right."

"Then I shall turn my back to the South."

"You are right again; and now cannot you find the East and West?"

"Is it not the East where the sun rises?"

"Yes; but there is no sun to direct you now."

"Then, Sir, I cannot find it out."

"Do not *you* know, Harry?"

"I believe, sir," said Harry, "that if you turn your face to the North, the East will be on the right hand, and the West on the left."

"That is very clever indeed," said Tommy: "so then, by knowing the Pole-star, I can always find north, east, west, and south." — *Sandford and Merton*.

JACK-O'-THE-LANTERN.

"Harry," said Mr. Barlow, "do you tell Master Merton the story of your being lost upon the great moor."

"You must know, Master Tommy," replied Harry, "that I have an uncle who lives about three miles off, across the great moor that we have sometimes walked upon. Now, my father—as I am in general pretty well acquainted with the roads—often sends me with messages to my uncle. One evening I got there so late, that it was hardly possible to reach home again before it was quite dark: it was at that time in the month of October. My uncle wished me very much to stay at his house all night; but that was not proper for me to do, because my father had ordered me to come back: so I set out as soon as I possibly could; but just as I had reached the heath the evening grew extremely dark."

"And were not you frightened to find yourself all alone upon such a dismal place?"

"No; I knew the worst that could happen would be that I should stay there all night; and as soon as ever the morning should shine, I could find my way home. However, by the time that I had reached the middle of the heath, there came on

such a violent tempest of wind, blowing full in my face, accompanied with such a shower, that I found it impossible to continue my way. So I quitted the track, which is never very easy to find, and ran aside to a holly-bush that was growing at some distance, in order to seek a little shelter. There I lay, very conveniently, till the storm was almost over; then I arose, and attempted to continue my way; but, unfortunately, I missed the track, and lost myself."

"That was a very dismal thing indeed," said Tommy.

"I wandered about a long time; but still to no purpose. I had not a single mark to direct me, because the common is so extensive, and so bare of either trees or houses, that one may walk for miles and see nothing but heath and furze. Sometimes I tore my legs in scrambling through great thickets of furze; now and then I plunged into a hole full of water, and should have been drowned if I had not learned to swim; so that, at last, I was about to give it up in despair, when looking on one side, I saw a light at a little distance, which seemed to be a candle and lantern that somebody was carrying across the moor."

* "Did not that give you very great comfort?"

"You shall hear," answered Harry, smiling.—

"At first I was doubtful whether I should go up to it; but I considered that it was not worth anybody's pains to hurt a poor boy like me; and that no person who was out on any ill design would probably choose to carry a light. So I determined boldly to go up to it and inquire the way."

"And did the person with the candle and lantern direct you?"

"I began walking up towards it," answered Harry. "when immediately the light, which I at first observed on my right hand, moving slowly along by my side, changed its direction, and went directly before me, with about the same degree of swiftness. I thought this very strange; but I still continued the chase, and, just as I thought I had approached very near, I tumbled into another pit, full of water."

“That was very unlucky indeed.”

“Well, I scrambled out, and very luckily on the same side with the light : which I began to follow again, but with as little success as ever. I had now wandered many miles about the common ; I knew no more where I was than if I had been set down upon an unknown country ; I had no hopes of finding my way home, unless I could reach this wandering light : and though I could not conceive that the person who carried it could know of my being so near, he seemed to act as though he were determined to avoid me. However I was resolved to make one attempt, and therefore I began to run as fast as I was able, hallooing out at the same time to the person that I thought before me to entreat him to stop.”

“And did he?” inquired Tommy.

“Instead of that, the light, which had before been moving along at a slow and easy pace, now began to dance as it were before me, ten times faster than before ; so that, instead of overtaking it, I found myself farther and farther behind. Still, however, I ran on, till I unwarily sank up to the middle in a large bog ; out of which I at last scrambled with very great difficulty. Surprised at this, and not conceiving that any human being could pass over such a bog as this, I determined to pursue it no longer. But now I was wet and weary ; the clouds had indeed rolled away, and the moon and stars began to shine. I looked around me, and could discern nothing but a wide barren country, without so much as a tree to shelter me, or any creature in sight. I listened in hopes of hearing a sheep-bell, or the barking of a dog ; but nothing met my ear, except the shrill whistling of the wind, which blew so cold and bleak along that open country, that it chilled me to the very heart. In this situation I stopped awhile to consider what I should do ; and raising my eyes by accident to the sky, the first object I beheld was that very constellation of Charles's Wain ; and above I discerned the Pole-star shining, as it were, from the very top of heaven. Instantly a thought came into my mind : I considered, that,

when I had been walking along the road which led towards my uncle's house, I had often observed the Pole-star full before me ; therefore it occurred to me, that if I turned my back exactly upon it, and went straight forward in a contrary direction, it must lead me towards my father's house. As soon as I had formed this resolution, I began to execute it. I was persuaded I should now escape, and therefore, forgetting my fatigue, I ran along as briskly as though I had but then set out. Nor was I disappointed; for though I could see no tracks, yet, taking the greatest care always to go on in that direction, the moon afforded me light enough to avoid the pits and bogs, which are found in various parts of that wild moor; and when I had traveled, as I imagined, about three miles, I heard the barking of a dog, which gave me double vigor; and going on a little farther, came to some inclosures at the skirts of the common, which I knew; so that I then with ease found my way home, after having almost despaired of being so fortunate."

"Indeed," exclaimed Tommy, "then the knowledge of the Pole-star was of very great use to you. I am determined I will make myself acquainted with all the stars in the heavens. But did you ever find out what that light was, which danced before you in so extraordinary a manner?"

"When I came home, my father told me it was what the common people call a Jack-o'-the-lantern; and Mr. Barlow has since informed me, that these things are only vapors, which rise out of the earth in moist and fenny places, although they have that bright appearance; and therefore told me that many people, like me, who have taken them for a lighted candle, have followed them, as I did, into bogs and ditches."—*Sandford and Merton*.

DE AMICIS, EDMONDO, an Italian author, born at Oneglia, in 1846. He was educated at Cuneo, Turin, and Modena. He then entered the army, and in 1867 was established at Florence as director of the Italia Militaire. On the occupation of Rome by the troops of

Victor Emanuel, he quitted the army, and gave himself to literary work. Among his works are *La Vita Militaire* (1868); *Ricordo del 1870-71*; a volume of *Novelle* (1872), containing *Gli Amici di Collegio*, *Camilla Furio*, *Un gran Giorno*, *Alberto*, *Fortezza*, and *La Casa Paterna*; several interesting volumes of travels and notes on different countries, *Spain* (1873), *Notes on London* (1874); *Holland* (1874); *Constantinople* (1878); *Morocco* (1879); and *Notes on Paris* (1879). These have been translated into several languages. He has also published a volume of *Poesie* (1881).

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The vision of this morning has vanished. The Constantinople of light and beauty has given place to a monstrous city, scattered about over an infinity of hills and valleys; it is a labyrinth of human ant-hills, cemeteries, ruins, and solitudes; a confusion of civilization and barbarism which presents an image of all the cities upon earth, and gathers to itself all the aspects of human life. It is really but the skeleton of a great city, of which the smaller part is walls and the rest an enormous agglomeration of barracks, an interminable Asiatic encampment; in which swarms a population that has never been counted, of people of every race and every religion. It is a great city in process of transformation, composed of ancient cities that are in decay, new cities of yesterday, and other cities now being born; everything is in confusion; on every side are seen the traces of gigantic works, mountains pierced, hills cut down, houses leveled to the ground, great streets designed; an immense mass of rubbish and remains of conflagrations upon ground forever tormented by the hand of man. There is a disorder, a confusion of the most incongruous objects, a succession of the strangest and most unexpected sights, that make one's head turn round; you go to the end of a fine street, it is closed by a ravine or precipice; you come out of the theatre to find your-

self in the midst of tombs ; you climb to the top of a hill, to find a forest under your feet, and a city on the hill opposite to you : you turn suddenly to look at the quarter you have just traversed, and you find it at the bottom of a deep gorge, half hidden in trees ; you turn towards a house, it is a port ; you go up a street, there is no more city ; only a deserted defile from which nothing but the sky is visible ; cities start forth, hide themselves, rise above your head, under your feet, behind your back, far and near, in the sun, in the shade, among groves, on the sea ; take a step in advance, behold and immense panorama ; take a step backward, there is nothing to be seen ; lift your eyes, a thousand minarets ; descend one step, they are all gone. The streets, bent into infinite angles, wind about among small hills, are raised on terraces, skirt ravines ; pass under aqueducts, break into alleys, run down steps, through bushes, rocks, ruins, sand-hills. Here and there, the great city takes as it were, a breathing time in the country, and then begins again, thicker, livelier, more highly colored ; here it is a plain, there it climbs, farther on it rushes downwards, disperses, and again crowds together : in one place it smokes and is land, in another sleeps ; now it is all red, now all white, again all gold-colors, and further on it presents the aspect of a mountain of flowers. The elegant city, the village, the open country, the gardens, the port, the desert, the market, the burial place, alternate—without end, rising one above the other, in steps, so that at some points these embrace at one glance, all the diversities of a province ; an infinity of fantastic outlines are drawn everywhere upon the sky and water, so thickly and richly designed, and with such a wondrous variety of architecture, that they cheat the eye, and seem to be mingling and twisting themselves together. In the midst of Turkish houses, rise European palaces ; behind the minaret stands the bell-tower ; above the terrace, the dome, beside the dome, the battlemented wall ; the Chinese roofs of kiosks hang over the façades of theatres ; the grated balconies of the

harem confront the plate glass window ; Moorish lattices look upon railed terraces ; niches with the Madonna within, are set beneath Arabian arches ; sepulchres are in the courtyards, and towers among the laborers' cabins ; mosques, synagogues, Greek churches, Catholic churches, Armenian churches, rise one above the other, amid a confusion of vanes, cypresses, umbrella pines, fig and plane-trees, that stretch their branches over the roofs—an indescribable architecture, apparently of expediency, lends itself to the caprices of the ground, with a crowd of houses cut into points, in the form of triangular towers, of erect and overturned pyramids, surrounded with bridges, ditches, props, gathered together like the broken fragments of a mountain.

At every hundred paces all is changed. Here you are in a suburb of Marseilles, and it is an Asiatic village ; again, a Greek quarter ; again, a suburb of Trebizond. By the tongues, by the faces, by the aspect of the houses, you recognize that the country is changed. There points of France, strips of Italy, fragments of England, relics of Russia. Upon the immense façade of the city is represented in architecture, and in columns, the great struggle that is being fought out, between the Christians that reconquer and the children of Islam, that defend with all their strength, the sacred soil. Stamboul, once a Turkish city only, is now assailed on every side by Christian quarters, which slowly eat into it along the shores of the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora ; on the other side the conquest proceeds with fury ; churches, palaces, hospitals, public gardens, factories, schools, are crushing the Mussulman quarters, overwhelming the cemeteries, advancing from hill to hill, and already vaguely designing upon the distracted land the outlines of a great city, that will one day cover the European shore of the Bosphorus, as Stamboul now covers the shore of the Golden Horn.

But from these general observations the mind is constantly distracted by a thousand new things ; there is a convent of Dervishes in one street, a

Moorish barrack in another, and Turkish cafés, bazaars, fountains, aqueducts, at every turn. In one quarter of an hour you must change your manner of proceeding ten times. You go down, you climb up, you jump down a declivity, ascend a stone staircase, sink in the mud and clamber over a hundred obstacles, make your way now through the crowd, now through the bushes, now through a forest of rags hung out; now you hold your nose, and anon breathe waves of perfumed air. From the glowing light of an elevated open space whence can be seen the Bosphorus, Asia, and the infinite sky, you drop by a few steps into the gloom and obscurity of a network of alleys, flanked by houses falling to ruin, and strewn with stones like the bed of a rivulet. From the fresh and perfumed shade of trees, into suffocating dust and overpowering sun; from places full of noise and color, into sepulchral recesses, where a human voice is never heard; from the divine Orient of our dreams, into another Orient, gloomy, dirty, decrepit, that gradually takes possession of the imagination. After a few hours spent in this way, should any one suddenly ask what is Constantinople like? You could only strike your hand upon your forehead, and try to still the tempest of thoughts. Constantinople is a Babylon, a world, a chaos. Beautiful? Wonderfully beautiful. Ugly?—It is horrible!—Did you like it? Madly. Would you live in it? How can I tell!—who could say that he would willingly live in another planet? You go back to your inn, full of enthusiasm, and disgust; bewildered, delighted, and with your head whirling, as if cerebral congestion had begun, and your agitation gradually quiets down into a profound prostration and mortal tedium. You have lived through several years in a few hours—and feel old and and exhausted.—*Constantinople.*

DEEMS, CHARLES FORCE, an American clergyman and author, born in Baltimore, in 1820. He was educated at Dickinson College, from which he graduated in 1839. He then

went to North Carolina as agent for the American Bible Society. In 1840 he became Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of North Carolina. After five years in this professorship, and one year as Professor of Natural Science in Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, he became a preacher at New Berne, N. C. In 1846 he became President of the Greensborough Female College, N. C., which post he held for five years. From 1854 to 1858 he held a pastorate, and was then appointed Presiding Elder of Wilmington and New Berne districts. In 1865 he went to New York, and was soon chosen pastor of the Church of the Strangers. He is the author of many sermons, and of several volumes, among which are *The Home Altar; What Now?* addressed to young girls just entering on womanhood; *Weights and Wings* (1878); *Jesus*, a work on the life of Christ, published in 1880; and *Lesson in the Closet* (1882).

THE USEFULNESS OF BEAUTY.

There has always been among men a measuring of the useful against the beautiful, as though they were antagonistic, as though the useful were not the beautiful in every-day working dress, and as though the beautiful were not the useful in perfumed garments of glory. And so they have strictly begrudged the time and money and space necessary for the existence of the beautiful, as if that were so much abstracted from the heritage of humanity. Really, and in God's sight, nothing is more useful than the beautiful. He will not exist without it. He turns His holy eyes nowhere that beauty is not. In those very material things which seem loathsome to us He perceives, and to the microscopic eyes of Science, and to the telescopic eyes of Poetry He reveals a thousand glorious beauties. . . .

Your practical men are kept in sufficient animation to be practical by the beauty which is about them. They do not know it any more than .

the flower knows that it owes its life as well as its beauty to the sun. Strike out all the beautiful from the world, leave us only the useful—the manifestly useful—and we should lose all elasticity out of our lives, all strength out of our purpose, all energy out of our arms. It is the thousand-fold beauty, meeting our eyes at every turn, that saves us. It is what cost so much as Mary's pound of spikenard, poured forth in what seems to be such a waste to eyes like Judas's, which fills the world with odor, and comes to be monumental, when ledgers and bank-books are clean forgotten.

It is delightful to have something done without regard to the returns to the doer, to have something spontaneous, ample, gloriously useless; thousands spent for the mere pleasure of spending it on others: to have the savings of years bottled in a flask, and then pour it forth on feet and head that will be dead in a week; and then break the flask. To some it seems like a criminal waste to put all the skill and labor of a lifetime on a few feet of canvas, while the painter can scarcely get bread, and then give that canvas to the world. But it will impart pleasure to thousands; and to be happy is of religion, and to create happiness is of piety. Let men be like God, lavish toward God as God is lavish toward men. Pour out your money on the beautiful. Encourage the workers in the beautiful. Do not be afraid that having all your lives had the reputation of being practical, you should now be suspected of being a fool for spending your money on the unuseful. You who are rich ought to provide the beautiful for yourselves and for the poor.—*Religion in Beauty.*

DEFOE, DANIEL, an English author in politics and fiction, born in 1661, died in 1731. He was the son of a butcher of St. Giles, Cripplegate. His surname was Foe, and it was not until he was about forty years of age, that he changed his signature from D. Foe to Defoe. He was intended for the dissenting ministry, and spent five years in the dissent-

ing academy at Newington Green where he acquired a good knowledge of the classics and also received special training in his own language, all dissertations being written, and all disputations held in English. He afterwards acquired a knowledge of French, Italian, and Spanish. In 1680 he was nominated a Presbyterian minister, but did not choose to follow that vocation. He became a writer of political pamphlets, the earliest of which identified as his is entitled *A New Discovery of an Old Intrigue, a Satire levelled at Treachery and Ambition*. Towards the end of 1685 became a hose-factor. At the end of seven years after setting up in business, he became bankrupt, and fled to Bristol, where he compounded with his creditors. Afterwards, when again prosperous, he honorably discharged his debts in full. A pamphlet, *The Englishman's choice and true Interests, in the vigorous Prosecution of the War against France*, procured him an appointment as Accountant to the Commissioners of the Glass Duty, which post he held until the duty was abolished in 1699. He also set up a manufactory of bricks and pantiles at Tilbury. During these years he wrote numerous pamphlets, most of them being of a political character.

In 1701, when Louis XIV. of France resolved to accept the legacy of the Spanish crown to his grandson, the Duke of Anjou, Defoe produced a pamphlet, *The Two Great Questions Considered: I. What the French King will do in respect to the Spanish Monarchy. II. What Measures the English ought to take*, arguing that if Louis accepted the crown, England should combine with the Emperor and the Dutch States, and compel the withdrawal of the Duke of Anjou. *The True-Born Englishman*, an answer in verse to

a pamphlet entitled *Foreigners*, ridiculing the Dutch favorites of King Willam III., became the rage of the hour, 80,000 copies of it being sold in the streets. In 1702, when the Bill against Occasional Conformity was introduced by the High-church party, Defoe published a pamphlet *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*, in which he put the sentiments of the extreme High-church party into plain English. The Dissenters were unappreciative, the High-churchmen furious. A complaint was made against him in the House of Commons, and an order was issued for his arrest. He concealed himself, but when his publisher was arrested, he surrendered himself. His pamphlet was ordered to be burned by the common hangman, and he was sentenced to pay a fine of 200 marks, to stand three times in the pillory, to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure, and to find sureties for seven years' good behavior. While in Newgate awaiting his trial, Defoe had published a *Collection of the Writings of the Author of the True-Born Englishman*, and *More Reformation*, a satire on himself. When convicted of seditious libel he wrote a *Hymn to the Pillory*, which awakened such enthusiasm that his appearance in that place of humiliation became a triumph.

During his imprisonment he made good use of his pen. He began a semi-weekly paper, *The Review*, written entirely by himself. Under the heading *Mercure Scandale*, he noticed current scandals and criticised the contemporary news-writers. The serious part of the paper was devoted to a review of the affairs, domestic and foreign, of all the states of Europe. Besides the *Review*, Defoe, while in prison, wrote and published *A Collection of the most Remarkable Casualties and Disasters which happened in the Late Dreadful*

Tempest, both by Sea and Land. This minute and circumstantial account of the great storm of November, 1703, accompanied with letters purporting to be from eye-witnesses, gives the same effect of reality as the *Journal of the Plague*. Defoe was released from imprisonment in 1704, through the intervention of Robert Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, Secretary of State. He immediately published an *Elegy on the Author of the True-Born Englishman*, affirming that the condition of his release was that he should "not write what some people might not like." The Government took him into its service, and he received a pension from the Queen. In 1705 he published *The Consolidator, or Memoirs of Sundry Transactions in the Moon*, and the *True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal*, one of the most successful impositions on the credulity of mankind ever written.

During the contest regarding the Occasional Conformity Bill, Defoe devoted his paper to articles on the subject of the Bill, exhorting the nation to study peace and union. These articles were written in such a way as to infuriate the High-church party in the Commons, who in order to pass the obnoxious Bill, previously rejected by the Lords, had tacked it to a Bill of Supply. The High-church party having been defeated, Defoe gave all his energies to promote the Union of England and Scotland. To further the cause he went to Edinburgh, at the risk of losing his life by the fury of the populace. Here he remained through the year 1707. On the dismissal of Harley from office, Defoe was urged by the retiring Secretary not to relinquish his service to the Queen, but to apply to Godolphin, his successor, for the continuance of his appointment. This he did, and in

1708 he was again dispatched to Edinburgh. During the next three years he issued several pamphlets, among them, *Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover, What if the Pretender should come?* and *An Answer to a Question that nobody thinks of—viz: But what if the Queen should Die?* These pamphlets were misunderstood alike by Whig and Tory. Their author again suffered fine and four months' imprisonment. In 1715 he published *An Appeal to Honor and Justice*, in defence of his political conduct. With this appeal his political life was supposed to end; but the discovery of several letters in his handwriting proves that in 1718, at least, he was employed by the government as sub-editor of the Jacobite *Mist's Journal*, to tone down objectionable features, and render it inoffensive. Other journals seem also to have received this not honorable service from Defoe.

In 1719 *Robinson Crusoe* took the reading world by storm. It immediately became popular, and its extraordinary success induced its author to write numerous other narratives in a similar vein: *Duncan Campbell*, and *The Life and Perils of Captain Singleton*, (1720); *The History of Colonel Jack*, and *The Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders* (1721); *Religious Courtship*, and *The Journal of the Plague Year, 1665* (1722); *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, and *The Adventures of Roxana* (1724); *A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain* (1724-7); *A New Voyage around the World* (1725); and the *Memoirs of Captain Carleton* (1728). He also wrote a *Political History of the Devil* (1726); a *System of Magic*, a *History of Apparitions*, and *The Complete English Tradesman* (1727).

Defoe was the author of 210 books and pamphlets. His *Journal of the Plague in*

London and his *Memoirs of a Cavalier* have been accepted as veritable history, so minute was the author's knowledge of the times he describes, and so vivid was his conception of the effect of events upon the common mind. From contact with the denizens of the prison he gained a knowledge of the life and character of criminals, that enabled him to relate, as from his own soul, the experience of theirs. His style is unrivaled in simplicity and naturalness, his English is pure and unpretending.

THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN'S PEDIGREE.

The Romans first with Julius Cæsar came,
Including all the nations of that name, [tion,
Gauls, Greeks, and Lombards; and by computa-
Auxiliaries or slaves of ev'ry nation.

With Hengist, Saxons; Danes with Sueno came,
In search of plunder, not in search of fame;
Scots, Picts, and Irish from th' Hibernian shore;
And conquering William brought the Normans
o'er.

All these their barb'rous offspring left behind,
The dregs of armies, they of all mankind;
Blended with Britons who before were here,
Of whom the Welsh have blest the character. . .

The customs, surnames, languages, and manners
Of all these nations are their own explainers,
Whose relics are so lasting and so strong,
They have left a Shiboleth upon our tongue,
By which with easy search you may distinguish
Your Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman, English.

The great invading Norman let us know
What conquerors in after-times might do.
To ev'ry musketeer he brought to town
He gave the lands which never were his own.
When first the English crown he did obtain,
He did not send his Dutchmen home again.
No re-assumptions in his reign were known:
Davenant might there have let his book alone.
No parliament his army could disband;
He raised no money, for he paid in land.

He gave his legions their eternal station,
 And made them all freeholders of the nation.
 He canton'd out the country to his men,
 And ev'ry soldier was a denizen.
 The rascals thus enrich'd, he called them lords,
 To please their upstart pride with new-made
 And doomsday-book his tyranny records. [words ;
 And here begins our ancient pedigree
 That so exalts our poor nobility.
 'Tis that from some French trooper they derive,
 Who with the Norman bastard did arrive.
 The trophies of the families appear : [spear
 Some show the sword, the bow, and some the
 Which their great ancestor, forsooth, did wear.
 These in the Herald's Register remain,
 Their noble *mean* extraction to explain.
 Yet who the hero was no man can tell,
 Whether a drummer or a colonel :
 The silent record blushes to reveal
 Their undescended dark original. . . .

These are the heroes who despise the Dutch,
 And rail at new-come foreigners so much ;
 Forgetting that themselves are all derived
 From the most scoundrel race that ever lived :
 A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,
 Who ransack'd kingdoms, and dispeopled towns.
 The Pict and painted Briton, treach'rous Scot,
 By hunger, theft, and rapine hither brought ;
 Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
 Whose red-hair'd offspring ev'rywhere remains ;
 Who, join'd with Norman-French, compound the
 breed

From whence your true-born Englishmen proceed.

And lest by length of time it be pretended
 The climate may this modern breed have mended,
 Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,
 Mixes us daily with exceeding care.
 We have been Europe's sink, the jakes where she
 Voids all her offal outcast progeny,
 From our fifth Henry's time, the strolling bands
 Of banish'd fugitives from neighb'ring lands
 Have here a certain sanctuary found :
 Th' eternal refuge of the vagabond,
 Where, in but half a common age of time,

Borrowing new blood and manners from the clime,
Proudly they learn all mankind to contemn,
And all their race are true-born Englishmen. . . .

The wonder which remains is at our pride,
To value that which all wise men deride.
For Englishmen to boast of generation,
Cancels their knowledge, and lampoons the
nation.

A true-born Englishman's contradiction,
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction ;
A banter made to be a test of fools,
Which those that use it justly ridicules ;
A metaphor invented to express
A man akin to all the universe.

—*The True-Born Englishman.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S SHIPWRECK.

In this distress, the mate of our vessel laid hold of the boat, and with the help of the rest of the men, got her slung over the ship's side ; and getting all into her, let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy and the wild sea ; for though the storm was abated considerably, yet the sea ran dreadfully high upon the shore, and might be well called *den wild Zee*, as the Dutch call the sea in a storm. And now our case was very dismal indeed ; for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not live, and that we should be inevitably drowned. As to making sail, we had none, nor, if we had, could we have done anything with it ; so we worked at the oar toward the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution ; for we all knew that when the boat came nearer the shore, she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach of the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in the most earnest manner ; and the wind driving us toward the shore, we hastened our destruction with our own hands, pulling as well as we could toward land.

What the shore was, whether rock or sand, whether steep or shoal, we knew not ; the only hope that could rationally give us the least shadow of expectation, was, if we might find some bay or

gulf, or the mouth of some river, where by great chance we might have run our boat in, or got under the lee of the land, and perhaps made smooth water. But there was nothing like this appeared; but as we made nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea. After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect the *coup de grace*. In a word, it took us with such a fury that it overset the boat at once; and separating us, as well from the boat as from one another, gave us not time to say, "O God!" for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me a vast way on toward the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavored to make on toward the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again; but I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, which I had no means or strength to contend with: my business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water if I could; and so, by swimming, to preserve my breathing and pilot myself toward the shore, if possible; my greatest concern now being that the sea, as it would carry me a great way toward the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it, when it gave back toward the sea.

The wave that came upon me again, buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness toward the shore a very great

way ; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when as I felt myself rising up, so, to my immediate relief, I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water ; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out ; and finding the water had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the waters went from me, and then took to my heels and ran, with what strength I had, farther toward the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again ; and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forward as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well-nigh been fatal to me, for the sea having hurried me along, as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of rock, and that with such force as it left me senseless, and indeed helpless as to my own deliverance : for the blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath, as it were, quite out of my body ; and had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water ; but I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back. Now, as the waves were not so high as at first, being nearer land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away ; and the next run I took I got to the mainland ; where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of reach of the water.—*Robinson Crusoe.*

A FOOTPRINT.

It happened one day, about noon, going toward my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me, but I could hear nothing nor see anything ; I went up to a rising ground, to look farther ; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one : I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy ; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the print of a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine ; but after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes my affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange, unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way. When I came to my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this), I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I had called a door, I cannot remember ; no, nor could I remember the next morning, for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.—*Robinson Crusoe.*

LONDON, IN JULY, 1665.

The face of London was now indeed strangely altered, I mean the whole mass of buildings, city, liberties, suburbs, Westminster, Southwark, and all together ; for as to the particular part called the city, or within the walls, that was not yet

much infected ; but in the whole, the face of things, I say, was much altered ; sorrow and sadness sat upon every face, and though some part were not yet overwhelmed, yet all looked deeply concerned ; and as we saw it apparently coming on, so every one looked on himself, and his family, as in the utmost danger. Were it possible to represent those times exactly, to those that did not see them, and give the reader due ideas of the horror that everywhere presented itself, it must make just impressions upon their minds, and fill them with surprise. London might well be said to be all in tears ; the mourners did not go about the streets indeed, for nobody put on black, or made a formal dress of mourning for their nearest friends ; but the voice of mourning was truly heard in the streets : the shrieks of women and children at the windows and doors of their houses, where their nearest relations were perhaps dying, or just dead, were so frequent to be heard, as we passed the streets, that it was enough to pierce the stoutest heart in the world to hear them. Tears and lamentations were seen almost in every house, especially in the first part of the visitation ; for towards the latter end, men's hearts were hardened, and death was so always before their eyes, that they did not much concern themselves for the loss of their friends, expecting that themselves should be summoned the next hour.

Business led me out sometimes to the other end of the town, even when the sickness was chiefly there ; and as the thing was new to me, as well as to everybody else, it was a most surprising thing to see those streets, which were usually so thronged, now grown desolate, and so few people to be seen in them, that if I had been a stranger, and at a loss for my way, I might sometimes have gone the length of a whole street—I mean of the by-streets—and seen nobody to direct me, except watchmen set at the doors of such houses as were shut up ; of which I shall speak presently. One day, being at that part of the town on some special business, curiosity led me to observe things more than usually ; and indeed I walked a great way

where I had no business. I went up Holborn ; and there the street was full of people ; but they walked in the middle of the great street, neither on one side or other, because, as I suppose, they would not mingle with anybody that came out of houses, or meet with smells and scents from houses that might be infected. The Inns of Court were all shut up, nor were very many of the lawyers in the Temple, or Lincoln's-inn, or Gray's-inn, to be seen there. Everybody was at peace, there was no occasion for lawyers ; besides, it being in the time of the vacation too, they were generally gone into the country. Whole rows of houses in some places were shut close up, the inhabitants all fled, and only a watchman or two left.—*Journal of the Plague in London.*

LONDON, IN SEPTEMBER, 1665.

But to return to my particular observations, during this dreadful part of the visitation. I am now come, as I have said, to the month of September, which was the most dreadful of its kind, I believe, that ever London saw ; for, by all the accounts which I have seen of the preceding visitations which have been in London. nothing has been like it ; the number in the weekly bill amounting to almost 40,000 from the 22d of August to the 26th of September, being but five weeks. The particulars of the bills were as follow ; viz. :

From August the 22d to the 29th.....	7,496
To the 5th of September.....	8,252
To the 12th.....	7,690
To the 19th.....	8,297
To the 26th.....	6,460
	<hr/>
	38,195

This was a prodigious number of itself ; but if I should add the reasons which I have to believe that this account was deficient, and how deficient it was, you would with me make no scruple to believe, that there died above ten thousand a week for all those weeks, one week with another, and a proportion for several weeks, both before and

after. The confusion among the people, especially within the city, at that time, was inexpressible; the terror was so great at last, that the courage of the people appointed to carry away the dead began to fail them; nay, several of them died, although they had the distemper before, and were recovered; and some of them dropped down when they have been carrying the bodies even at the pitside, and just ready to throw them in; and this confusion was greater in the city, because they had flattered themselves with hopes of escaping, and thought the bitterness of death was past. One cart, they told us, going up Shoreditch, was forsaken by the drivers, or being left to one man to drive, he died in the street, and the horses going on, overthrew the cart, and left the bodies, some thrown here, some there, in a dismal manner. Another cart was, it seems, found in the great pit in Finsbury-fields, the driver being dead, or having been gone and abandoned it, and the horses running too near it, the cart fell in and drew the horses in also. It was suggested that the driver was thrown in with it, and that the cart fell upon him, by reason his whip was seen to be in the pit among the bodies, but that, I suppose, could not be certain.

In our parish of Aldgate, the dead carts were several times, as I have heard, found standing at the churchyard gate, full of dead bodies; but neither bellman or driver, or any one else with it. Neither in these, or many other cases, did they know what bodies they had in their cart, for sometimes they were let down with ropes out of balconies and out of windows; and sometimes the bearers brought them to the cart, sometimes other people; nor, as the men themselves said, did they trouble themselves to keep any account of the numbers.—*Journal of the Plague in London.*

PRECAUTIONS DURING THE PLAGUE.

It pleased God that I was still spared, and very hearty and sound in health, but very impatient of being pent up within doors without air, as I had been for fourteen days or thereabouts; and I could

not restrain myself, but I would go and carry a letter for my brother to the post-house; then it was, indeed, that I observed a profound silence in the streets. When I came to the post-house, as I went to put in my letter, I saw a man stand in one corner of the yard, and talking to another at a window, and a third had opened a door belonging to the office. In the middle of the yard lay a small leather purse, with two keys hanging at it, with money in it, but nobody would meddle with it. I asked how long it had lain there; the man at the window said it had lain almost an hour, but they had not meddled with it, because they did not know but the person who dropped it might come back to look for it. I had no such need of money, nor was the sum so big that I had any inclination to meddle with it, or to get the money at the hazard it might be attended with, so I seemed to go away, when the man who had opened the door said he would take it up; but so, that if the right owner came for it he should be sure to have it. So he went in and fetched a pail of water, and set it down hard by the purse, then went again and fetched some gunpowder, and cast a good deal of powder upon the purse, and then made a train from that which he had thrown loose upon the purse, the train reached about two yards; after this he goes in a third time, and fetches out a pair of tongs red-hot, and which he had prepared, I suppose, on purpose; and first setting fire to the train of powder, that singed the purse, and also smoked the air sufficiently. But he was not content with that, but he then takes up the purse with the tongs, holding it so long till the tongs burnt through the purse, and then he shook the money out into the pail of water, so he carried it in. The money, as I remember, was about thirteen shillings, and some smooth groats and brass farthings.

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river, and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of

the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked awhile also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked how people did thereabouts? "Alas! sir," says he, "almost desolate, all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village," pointing at Poplar, "where half of them are dead already, and the rest sick." Then he pointing to one house, "They are all dead," said he, "and the house stands open, nobody dares go into it. A poor thief," says he, "ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night." Then he pointed to several other houses. "There," says he, "they are all dead, the man and his wife and five children." There," says he, "they are shut up, you see a watchman at the door; and so of other houses." "Why," says I, "what do you here all alone?" "Why," says he, "I am a poor desolate man; it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead." "How do you mean then," said I, "that you are not visited?" "Why," says he, "that is my house," pointing to a very little low boarded house, "and there my poor wife and two children live," said he, "if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them." And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

"But," said I, "why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?" "Oh, sir," says he, "the Lord forbid; I do not abandon them, I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want." And with that I observed he lifted up his

eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man: and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. "Well," says I, "honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?" "Why, sir," says he, "I am a waterman, and there is my boat," says he, "and the boat serves me for a house; I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night, and what I get I lay it down upon that stone," says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; "and then," says he, "I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it."

"Well, friend," says I, "but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?" "Yes, sir," says he, "in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there," says he, "five ships lie at anchor," pointing down the river a good way below the town; "and do you see," says he, "eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?" pointing above the town. "All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection: and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ships' boats, and there I sleep by myself, and, blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto."

"Well," said I, "friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?"

"Why, as to that," said he, "I very seldom go up the ship side, but deliver what I bring to their

boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board. If I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family ; but I fetch provisions for them."

"Nay," says I, "but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other ; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody ; for the village," said I, "is as it were the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it."

"That is true," added he, "but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here ; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there ; then I go to single farm-houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here ; and I came only now to call my wife and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night."

"Poor man !" said I, "and how much hast thou gotten for them ?"

"I have gotten four shillings," said he, "which is a great sum as things go now with poor men ; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh ; so all helps out."

"Well," said I, "and have you given it them yet ?"

"No," said he, "but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet, but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman !" says he, "she is brought sadly down ; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die ; but it is the Lord !" Here he stopped, and wept very much.

"Well, honest friend," said I, "thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God ; He is dealing with us all in judgment."

"Oh, sir," says he, "it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared ; and who am I to repine?"

"Say'st thou so," said I, "and how much less is my faith than thine?" And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was, on which he stayed in the danger, than mine : that he had nowhere to fly ; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not ; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence, and a courage resting on God, and yet that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little away from the man while these thoughts engaged me ; for, indeed, I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called, "Robert, Robert." He answered, and bid her stay a few moments, and he would come ; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships ; and when he returned, he hallooed again : then he went to the great stone which he showed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired ; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away : and he called and said, such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing, and at the end adds, "God has sent it all, give thanks to Him." When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither ; so she left the biscuit which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

"Well, but," says I to him, "did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?"

Yes, yes," says he, "you shall hear her own it." So he calls again, "Rachel, Rachel" (which, it seems, was her name), "did you take up the money?" "Yes," said she. "How much was it?" said he. "Four shillings and a groat," said

she. "Well, well," says he, "the Lord keep you all:" and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain from contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him, "Hark thee, friend," said I, "come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee;" so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before, "Here," says I, "go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me. God will never forsake a family that trusts in Him as thou dost;" so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.—*Journal of the Plague in London.*

THE CARES OF ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

I have often thought since that, and with some mirth too, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with [five pounds, his share of the plunder]; for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pocket, but such as I say was full of holes; I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me: for being a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries; and now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this

money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold all but 14s. ; and that is to say, it was four guineas, and that 14s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that ; but after I had gone awhile, my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand ; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up and wrapped it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, "I wish I had it in a foul clout : " in truth. I had mine in a foul clout ; for it was foul, according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it ; if I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it ; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom ; but then sleep went from my eyes. Oh, the weight of human care ! I, a poor beggar-boy, could not sleep, so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who, before that, could have slept upon a heap of brickbats, stones, or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened ; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while ; then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money ; which if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me ; and after that thought I could not

sleep a wink more ; so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough ; and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day, I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney, and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it ; for after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it ; and it perplexed me so, that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over, the case was the same : I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell ; at last it came into my head that I should look out for some hole in a tree, and seek to hide it there, till I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree ; but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile-end that looked fit for my purpose ; and if there were any that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people that they would see if I went to hide anything there, and I thought the people eyed me, as it were, and that two men in particular followed me to see what I intended to do.

This drove me further off, and I crossed the road at Mile-end, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar's at Bethnal Green. When I got a little way in the lane, I found a footpath over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought ; at last, one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it, and when I came there I put my hand in, and found, as I thought, a place very fit ; so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it : but, behold, putting my hand in again, to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me ; and I found the tree was hollow, and my little

parcel was fallen in out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not ; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost ; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for it was a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it : well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow ; but no bottom was to be found, nor any end of the hole or cavity ; I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one ; then I cried, nay, roared out, I was in such a passion ; then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently ; then I began to think I had not so much as a half-penny of it left for a half-penny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again : then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped ; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also ; and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have ; and looking in the open place, to my inexpressible joy there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole ; for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I holloaed quite out aloud when I saw it ; then I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times ; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the

other, and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing ; either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I ran about and knew not what I did ; but when that was over, I sat down, opened the foul clout the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a-crying as violently as I did before, when I thought I had lost it.—*The History of Colonel Jack.*

DE FOREST, JOHN WILLIAM, an American author, born in Derby, Conn., in 1826. His first volume was a *History of the Indians in Connecticut*, published in 1850. He had already resided nearly two years in Syria, and he now went to Europe, where he remained four years. On his return to America, he published *Oriental Acquaintance* (1857), *European Acquaintance* (1858) ; and *Seacliff*, his first novel (1859). During the next two years he wrote numerous short stories. At the beginning of the Civil War he joined the Union army, and served for nearly four years. For three years after the war he was employed in various official positions under the Government. He is the author of many short stories, essays, and sketches, and has written, besides the novel already mentioned, *Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty* (1867), *Overland* (1871), *Kate Beaumont* (1871), *The Wetherell Affair* (1873), *Honest John Vane* (1874), *Playing the Mischief* (1875), *Irene the Missionary*, and *The Bloody Chasm ; or The Oddest of Courtships* (1881).

A CAUCUS.

As soon as the caucus had been organized and had listened to a pair of brief speeches urging har-

monious action, it split into two furiously hostile factions, each headed by one of the gentlemen who talked harmony. Fierce philippics were delivered, some denouncing Bummer for being a taker of bribes and a pilferer of the United States Treasury, and some denouncing Saltonstall (as near as could be made out) for being a gentleman. So suspicious of each other's adroitness were the two parties, and so nearly balanced did they seem to be in numbers, that neither dared press the contest to a ballot. The war of by no means ambrosial words went on until the air of the hall became little less than mephitic, and the leading patriots present had got as hoarse and nearly as black in the face as so many crows. At last, when accommodation was clearly impossible, and the chiefs of the contending parties were pretty well fagged with their exertions, Darius Dorman sprang to his feet (if, indeed, they were not hoofs), and proposed the name of his favored candidate. "I beg leave to point the way to a compromise which will save the party from disunion and from defeat," he screamed at the top of a voice penetrating enough to cleave Hell's thickest vapors. "As Congressman from this district, I nominate honest John Vane."

Another broker and general contractor, whose prompt inspiration, by the way, had been previously cut and dried with great care, instantly, and, as he said, spontaneously, seconded the motion. Then, in rapid succession, a workingman who had learned the joiner's trade with Vane, and a Maine liquor-law orator who had more than once addressed fellow-citizens in his teetotal company, made speeches in support of the nomination. The joiner spoke with a stammering tongue and a bewildered mind, which indicated that he had been put up for the occasion by others, and put up to it, too, without regard to any fitness except such as sprang from the fact of his being one of the "hard-handed sons of toil"—a class revered and loved to distraction by men whose business it is to "run the political machine." The practiced orator palavered in a fluent, confident sing-song,

as brassily penetrating as the tinkle of a bell, and as copious in repetitions. "Let the old Republican," he chanted, "come out for him : let the young Republican come out for him ; let the Democrat, yea, the very Democrat, come out for him ; let the native-born citizen come out for him ; let the foreign-born citizen come out for him ; let the Irishman, and the German, and the colored man come out for him ; let the cold-water temperance man come out for him ; let the poor, tremulous, whiskey-rotted debauchee come out for him ; let the true American of every sort and species come out for him ; let *all*, yea, *all* men come out for awnest Jawn Vane !"

There was no resisting such appeals, coming as they did from the "masses." The veteran leaders in politics saw that the "cattle," as they called the common herd of voters, were determined for once to run the party chariot, and most of them not only got out of the way, but jumped up behind. They were the first to call on Vane to show himself, and the first to salute his rising with deafening applause, and the last to come to order. A vote was taken on his nomination, and the ayes had it by a clear majority. Then Darius Dorman proposed, for the sake of party union, for the sake of the good old cause, for the sake of this great Republic, to have the job done over by acclamation. There was not an audible dissenting voice ; on the contrary, there was "wild enthusiasm." The old war-horses and wheel-horses and leaders all fell into the traces at once, and neighed and snorted and hurrahed until their hard foreheads dripped with patriotic perspiration, every drop of which they meant should be paid for in municipal or State or Federal dollars.—*Honest John Vane*.

AN OUTLOOK ON THE DESERT.

She could not help feeling like one of the spirits in prison as she glanced at the awful solitude around her. Notwithstanding the river, there still was the desert. The little plain was but an oasis. Two miles to the east the San Juan burst out of a defile of sandstone, and a mile to the west it disap-

peared in a similar chasm. The walls of these gorges rose abruptly two thousand feet above the hurrying waters. All around were the monstrous, arid, herbless, savage, cruel ramparts of the plateau. No outlook anywhere; the longest reach of the eye was not five miles; then came towering precipices. The travelers were like ants gathered on an inch of earth at the bottom of a fissure in a quarry. The horizon was elevated and limited, resting everywhere on harsh lines of rock which were at once near the spectator and far above him. The overhanging plateau strove to shut him out from the sight of heaven. What variety there was in the grim monotony appeared in shapes that were horrible to the weary and sorrowful. On the other side of the San Juan towered an assemblage of pinnacles which looked like statues; but these statues were a thousand feet above the stream, and the smallest of them was at least four hundred feet high. To a lost wanderer, and especially to a dispirited woman, such magnitude was not sublime but terrifying. It seemed as if these shapes were gods who had no mercy, or demons who were full of malevolence. Still higher, on a jutting crag which overhung the black river, was a castle a hundred fold huger than man ever built, with ramparts that were dizzy precipices and towers such as no daring could scale. It faced the horrible group of stony deities as if it were their pandemonium.

The whole landscape was a hideous Walhalla, a fit abode for the savage giant gods of the old Scandinavians. Thor and Woden would have been at home in it. The Cyclops and Titans would have been too little for it. The Olympian deities could not be conceived of as able or willing to exist in such a hideous chaos. No creature of the Greek imagination would have been a suitable inhabitant for it except Prometheus alone. Here his eternal agony and boundless despair might not have been out of place.

There was no comfort in the river. . It came out of unknown and inhospitable mystery, and went into a mystery equally unknown and inhospitable.

To what fate it might lead was as uncertain as whence it arrived. A sombre flood, reddish brown in certain lights, studded with rocks which raised ghosts of unmoving foam, flowing with a speed which perpetually boiled and eddied, promising nothing to the voyager but thousand-fold shipwreck: a breathless messenger from the mountains to the ocean, it wheeled incessantly from stony portal to stony portal, a brief gleam of power and cruelty. The impression which it produced was in unison with the sublime malignity and horror of the landscape.—*Overland.*

IN A CAÑO

The cañon through which he was flying was a groove cut in solid sandstone, less than two hundred feet wide, with precipitous walls of fifteen hundred feet, from the summit of which the rock sloped away into buttes and peaks a thousand feet higher. On every side the horizon was half a mile above his head. He was in a chasm, twenty-five hundred feet below the average surface of the earth, the floor of which was a swift river. He seemed to himself to be traversing the abodes of the Genii. Although he had only heard of *Vathek*, he thought of the Hall of Eblis. It was such an abyss as no artist has ever hinted, excepting Doré in his picturings of Dante's *Inferno*. Could Dante himself have looked into it, he would have peopled it with the most hopeless of his lost spirits. The shadow, the aridity, the barrenness, the solemnity, the pitilessness, the horrid cruelty of the scene, were more than might be received into the soul. It was something which could not be imagined, and which, when seen, could not be fully remembered. To gaze on it was like beholding the mysterious, wicked countenance of the father of all evil. It was a landscape which was a fiend.

The precipices were not bare and plane faces of rock, destitute of minor finish and of color. They had their horrible decorations; they showed the ingenuity and the artistic force of the Afreets who had fashioned them: they were wrought and

tinted with a demoniac splendor suited to their magnitude. It seemed as if some goblin Michel Angelo had here done his carving and frescoing at the command of the lords of hell. Layers of brown, gray and orange sandstone alternated from base to summit; and these tints were laid on with a breadth of effect which was prodigious: a hundred feet in height and miles in length with a stroke of the brush. The architectural and sculptural results were equally monstrous. There were lateral shelves twenty feet in width, and thousands of yards in length. There were towers, pilasters, and formless caryatides, a quarter of a mile in height. Great bulks projected, capped by gigantic mitres or diadems, and flanked by cavernous indentations. In consequence of the varying solidity of the stone, the river had wrought the precipices into a series of innumerable monuments, more or less enormous, commemorative of combats. There had been interminable strife here between the demons of earth and the demons of water, and each side had set up its trophies. It was the Vatican and the Catacombs of the Genii; it was the museum and the mausoleum of the forces of nature. At various points tributary gorges, the graves of fluvial gods who had perished long ago, opened into the main cañon. In passing these the voyagers had momentary glimpses of sublimities and horrors which seemed like the handiwork of that "anarch old," who wrought before the shaping of the universe. One of these sarcophagi was a narrow cleft, not more than eighty feet broad, cut from surface to base of a bed of sandstone one-third of a mile in depth. It was inhabited by an eternal gloom which was like the shadow of the blackness of darkness. The stillness, the absence of all life whether animal or vegetable, the dungeon-like closeness of the monstrous walls, were beyond language. Another gorge was a ruin. The rock here being of various degrees of density, the waters had essayed a thousand channels. All the softer veins had been scooped out and washed away, leaving the harder blocks and masses piled

in a colossal grotesque confusion. Along the sloping sides of the gap stood boulders, pillars, needles, and strange shapes of stone, peering over each other's heads into the gulf below. It was as if an army of misshapen monsters and giants had been petrified with horror, while staring at some inconceivable desolation and ruin. There was no hope for this concrete despair; no imaginable voice could utter for it a word of consolation; the gazer, like Dante amid the tormented, could only "look and pass on." . . . The solitude of this continuous panorama of precipices was remarkable. It was a region without man, or beast, or bird, or insect. The endless rocks, not only denuded, but eroded and scarped by the action of bygone waters, could furnish no support for animal life. A beast of prey, or even a mountain goat, would have starved here. Could a condor of the Andes have visited it, he would have spread his wings at once to leave it.—*Overland.*

DE KAY, CHARLES, an American poet, born at Washington, D. C., in 1849. He is the author of *The Bohemian: a Tragedy of Modern Life* (1878), *Hesperus and Other Poems* (1880), *The Vision of Nimrod* (1881), *The Vision of Esther* (1882), and *The Love Poems of Philip Barneval* (1883).

WOOD LAUREL.

White in coverts of the wood
Where the even shadows brood,
On waving carpets young of fern
See the clusters steadfast burn—
Eyes of joy amid the dark
Lighting up the forest stark!
While the pine is bending over,
Tenderly, a rugged lover,
Thankful faces we must wear
Since the laurel blooms so fair.

At what altar shall we pray?
For his neighbor who shall say?
Each devout may draw his moral
For the generous blooming laurel.

Let the priest of gods triune
 List to Nature's triple rune,
 Symbols find in leaf and petal
 Which no councils can unsettle,
 Giving praise as well as prayer
 That the laurel blooms so fair.

Here the lover of one God
 One law reads in oak and sod ;
 Swedenborg's etherial sons
 May see the wood-sprite for the nonce ;
 And Moslem who towards Mecca yearns
 May spread his carpet 'mid the ferns,
 And watching with adoring eyes
 These petals tint with pink sunrise,
 May lift to Allah thankful prayer
 That the laurel blooms so fair.

Buddhist here can fix his gaze
 Where encounter beauty's rays,
 In this lovely form discern
 Sign of Nature's yeasty churn ;
 And China's wise and formal seer
 Beholds the perfect symbol here
 Of work and work's consummate fruit,
 In flower, in bush and groping root.
 These a moment more may spare
 Since the laurel blooms so fair.

Laurel once was victor's weed,
 This one 's not of warlike breed ;
 Blooming, lost in forest dense,
 With a shy luxuriance,
 She is glad to be the bush
 Favored by the brown-winged thrush,
 Loving more his melting song
 Than the plaudits of the throng ;—
 O, that I the woods might share
 Which the laurel makes so fair !

THE TORNADO.

Whose eye has marked his gendering? On his
 throne
 He dwells apart in roofless caves of air,
 Born of the stagnant, blown of the glassy heat

O'er the still mere Sargasso. When the world
Has fallen voluptuous, and the isles are grown
So bold they cry, God sees not !—as a rare
Sun-flashing iceberg towers on high, and fleet
As air-ships rise, by upward currents whirled,
Even so the bane of lustful islanders
Wings him aloft. And scarce a pinion stirs.

There gathering hues, he stoopeth down again,
Down from the vault. Locks of the gold-tipped
cloud

Fly o'er his head ; his eyes, Saint Elmo flames ;
His mouth, a surf on a red coral reef.
Embroidered is his cloak of dark blue stain
With lightning jags. Upon his pathway crowd
Dull Shudder, wan-faced Quaking, Ghastly-
dreams.

And after these, in order near their chief,
Start, Tremor, Faint-heart, Panic, and Affray,
Horror, with blanching eyes, and limp Dismay.

Unroll a gray-green carpet him before,
Swathed in thick foam : thereon adventuring, bark
Need never hope to live ; that yeasty pile
Bears her no longer ; to the mast-head plunged
She writhes and groans, careens, and is no more.
Now, pricked by fear, the man-devourer shark,
Gale-breasting gull and whale that dreams no
guile

Till the sharp steel quite to the life has lunged,
Before his pitiless, onward-hurling form
Hurry toward land for shelter from the storm.

In vain. Tornado and his pursuivants,
Whirlwind of giant bulk, and Water-spout—
The gruesome, tortuous devil-fish of rain—
O'ertake them on the shoals and leave them dead.
Doomsday has come. Now men in speechless
trance

Glower unmoved upon the hideous rout,
Or, shrieking, fly to holes, or yet complain
One moment to that lordly face of dread,
Before he quits the mountain of his wave,
And strews for all impartially their grave.

And as in court-yard corners on the wind
Sweep the loose straws, houses and stately trees
Whirl in a vortex. His answering tread
Winnows the isle bare as a thresher's floor.
His eyes are fixed ; he looks not once behind,
But at his back fall silence and the breeze.
Scarce is he come, the lovely wraith is sped.
Ashamed the lightning shuts its purple door,
And heaven still knows the robes of gold and dun,
While placid Ruin gently greets the sun.

ROBBER BLUE-BACK.

Though it lacks two months of May
Frosts have nipped a genial thaw,
And the melted snow is thin,
Crisp and harsh to Reynard's claw.
White are curves where paths have been
Winding through the ruddy swamp,
Pensive-gray the circling trees
Etch the sky in gentle pomp.
Yet is Spring within the breeze,
Gay in heart of yonder fowl,
Screaming near a brooding owl
His *jay—jay—jay* !

Wicked dandy, have you come,
Dressed in suit of brightest blue,
Long among our hills to roam
Till the woods your presence rue?
Malice sure your notes betray
While you flirt about each gray
Brushy top and chestnut crest,
Jotting down in thievish brain
Just the lay of every nest?
So, when summer 's here again—
Suck the eggs—away you fly
With the parent-frighting cry
Of *jay—jay—jay* !

Ah the dainty rascal jay !
Now 's the time abroad to fling
With the heart and limbs of youth
Ere the fickle-minded Spring
All the land with lakes endu'th !
Now across the oak-swamp race,

LIFE AT COURT.

Fort.—For still in all the regions I have seen,
 I scorned to crowd among the muddy throng
 Of the rank multitude, whose thickened breath—
 Like to condensed fogs—do choke that beauty,
 Which else would dwell in every kingdom's cheek.
 No ; I still boldly stept into their courts :
 For there to live 'tis rare, O 'tis divine !
 There shall you see faces angelical :
 There shall you see troops of chaste goddesses,
 Whose starlike eyes have power—might they still
 shine—

To make night day, and day more crystalline.
 Near these you shall behold great heroes,
 White-headed councillors, and jovial spirits,
 Standing like fiery cherubim to guard
 The monarch, who in godlike glory sits
 In midst of these, as if this deity
 Had with a look created a new world.
 The standers-by being the fair workmanship.

And.—Oh, how my soul is rapt to a third
 heaven !

I'll travel sure, and live with none but kings.

Amp.—But tell me, father, have you in all courts
 Beheld such glory, so majestic,
 In all perfection, no way blemished ?

Fort.—In some courts shall you see Ambition
 Sit, piecing Dædalus's old waxen wings ;
 But being clapt on, and they about to fly,
 Even when their hopes are busied in the clouds,
 They melt against the sun of Majesty,
 And down they tumble to destruction.
 By travel, boys, I have seen all these things.
 Fantastic Compliment stalks up and down,
 Trickt in outlandish feathers ; all his words,
 His looks, his oaths, are all ridiculous,
 All apish, childish, and Italianate.

—*Fortunatus.*

Dekker was also an industrious prose
 writer. About twenty-five of his prose pieces,
 most of them mere pamphlets, are extant.
 The best of these is *The Gull's Hornbook*,
 which, says Drake, “exhibits a very curious,

minute, and interesting picture of the manners and habits of the middle class of society in his time."

ON SLEEP.

For do but consider what an excellent thing sleep is ! it is so inestimable a jewel, that, if a tyrant would give his crown for an hour's slumber, it cannot be bought : of so beautiful a shape is it, that, though a man live with an empress, his heart cannot be at quiet till he leaves her embracements to be at rest with the other : yea, so greatly are we indebted to this kinsman of death, that we owe the better tributary half of our life to him ; and there is good cause why we should do so ; for sleep is that golden chain that ties health and our bodies together. Who complains of want, of wounds, of cares, of great men's oppressions, of captivity, whilst he sleepeth ? Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as kings. Can we therefore surfeit on this delicate ambrosia ? Can we drink too much of that, whereof to taste too little, tumbles us into a churchyard ; and to use it but indifferently throws us into Bedlam ? No, no. Look upon Endymion, the moon's minion, who slept threescore and fifteen years : and was not a hair the worse for it !—*The Gull's Hornbook*.

DE LA RAMÉE, LOUISA, an English novelist, known under the pseudonym of "Ouida," was born at Bury St. Edmunds, in 1840. At an early age she began to write for periodicals ; her first novel *Granville de Vigne, a Tale of the Day*, being published in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*. This novel was subsequently republished in 1863 under the title of *Held in Bondage*. Since that time she has written *Strathmore, a Romance* (1865) ; *Chandos* (1866) ; *Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, and other Novelettes*, and *Idalia* (1867) ; *Tricotrin, a Story of a Waif and Stray*, and *Under Two Flags* (1868) ; *Puck* (1869) ; *Folle Farine* (1871) ; *A Dog of Flanders*, and *A*.

Leaf in the Storm (1872); *Pascarel* (1873); *Two Little Wooden Shoes* (1874); *Signa* (1875); *In a Winter City* (1876); *Ariadne: the Story of a Dream* (1877); *Friendship* (1878); *Pipistrello*, and *Moths* (1880); *The Village Commune* (1881); *In Maremma* (1882); *Wanda* (1883); *Othmar*, and *A House Party* (1886).

STRIVINGS AGAINST NATURE.

The son of an athlete can never rest quiet at home and at school like the children of cobblers, and coppersmiths, and vinedressers. All my life was beating in me, tumbling, palpitating, bubbling, panting in me, moving incessantly, like the wings of a swallow when the hour draws near for its flight, and the thirst for the South rises in it. With all my force I adored my pale, lovely, Madonna-like mother, but all the same as I trotted towards the priest with a satchel on my back, I used to think, would it be very wicked to throw the books into the river, and run away to the fields? And, in truth, I used to run away very often, scampering over the country around Orte like a mountain hare, climbing the belfries of the churches, pulling off their weathercocks or setting their bells a-ringing, doing a thousand and one mischievous antics; but I always returned at nightfall to my mother's side. It seemed to me it would be cruel and cowardly to leave her. For she had but me in the world.

"You promise to be sensible and quiet, Pippo?" the poor soul always murmured. And I used to say "Yes," and mean it. But can a bird promise not to fly when it feels in its instincts the coming of Spring? Can a colt promise not to fling out his limbs when he feels the yielding turf beneath his hoofs? I never wished to be disobedient, but somehow, ten minutes after I was out of her sight, I was high above on some tower or belfry with the martens and the pigeons circling about my curly head. I was so happy on high there!—And they spoke of making me into a monk, or, if I would not hear of that, of turning me into a clerk in the notary's office.

A Monk ? a Clerk ? when all the trees cried out to me to climb, and all the birds called to me to fly ! I used to cry about it with hot and stinging tears, that stung my face like lashes, lying with my head hidden on my arms in the grass by the old Tiber water. For I was not twelve years old, and to be shut up in Orte always, growing grey and wrinkled, as the notary had done over the wicked, crabbed, evil-looking skins that set the neighbors at war :—the thought broke my heart. Nevertheless I loved my mother, and I mended my quills, and tried to write my best, and said to the boys of the town, “ I cannot bend iron, or leap, or race any more. I am going to write for my bread in the notary’s office a year hence ; and my mother wishes it, and so it must be.” And I did my best not to look up to the jackdaws circling round the towers, or the old river running away to Rome. For all the waters cried to me to leap, and all the birds to fly.

And you cannot tell unless you had been born to do it, as I was, how good it is to climb, and climb, and climb, and see the green earth grow pale beneath you, and the people dwindle till they are small as dust, and the houses fade till they seem like heaps of sand, and the air gets so clear around you, and the great black wings flap close against your face, and you sit astride where the bells are, with some quaint stone face beside you that was carved on the pinnacle here a thousand years and more ago, and has hardly been seen of man ever since ; and the white clouds are so close to you that you seem to bathe in them, and the winds toss the mists and part them, and go by you, down to the world below to torment the trees, and the sea, the men that work, and the roofs that cover them, and the sails of their ships in the ocean ; men are so far from you, and heaven seems so near ; the fields and the plains are lost in the vapors that divide you from them, and all the noise of living multitudes comes only very faintly to your ear, and sweetly, like the low murmuring of bees in the white blossoms of an acacia in the month of May. But you do not understand this,

you poor toilers in cities, who pace the streets and watch the faces of the rich.

And I, to whom this life of the upper air was joy, was ecstasy, I was doomed to be a notary's clerk ; I—called *Pipistrello* (the bat)—because I was always whirling and wheeling in the air, was to be a clerk, so my mother and grandmother decided for me, with the old notary himself who lived at the corner, and made his daily bread by carrying fire and sword, where he could, through the affairs of his neighbors. He was an old rascal, but my mother did not know that ; he promised to be a safe and trustworthy guardian of my youth, and she believed he had power to keep me safe from all dangers of destiny. She wanted to be sure that I should never run the risks of my father's career ; she wanted to see me always before the plate of herb-soup on her table. Poor mother !

One day in Orte chance gave me another fate than this of her desires. One fine sunrise on the morning of Palm Sunday I heard the sharp sound of a screeching fife, the metallic clash of cymbals, the shouts of boys, the rattle of a little drum. It was the rataplan beating before a troop of wrestlers and jugglers who were traversing the Marche and Reggio-Emilia. The troop stationed themselves in a little square, burnt by the sun and surrounded by old crumbling houses ; I ran with the rest of the lads of Orte to see them. Orte was in holiday guise ; aged, wrinkled, deserted, forgotten by the world as she is, she made herself gay that day with palms and lilies and lilac, and the branches of willow ; and her people, honest, joyous, clad in their best, who filled the streets and the churches, and wine-houses, after mass flocked with one accord and pressure around the play-place of the strollers. It was in the month of April ; outside the walls and on the banks of Tiber, still swollen by the floods of winter, one could see the gold of a million daffodils and the bright crimson and yellow of tulips in the green corn. The scent of flowers and herbs came into the town and filled its dusky and narrow ways ; the boatmen had green branches fastened to their

masts ; in the stillness of evening one heard the song of crickets, and even a mosquito would come and blow his shrill little trumpet, and one was willing to say to him " welcome," because on his little horn he blew the good news, " Summer is here ! " Ah those bright summers of my youth ! I am old now ; aye, old ; though I have lived through only twenty-five years.

This afternoon on Palm Sunday I ran to see the athletes, as a moth flies to the candle ; in Italy all the world loves the Saltimbank, be he dumb or speaking, in wood or in flesh, and all Orte hastened, as I hastened, under the sunny skies of Easter. I saw, I trembled, I laughed, I sobbed with ecstasy. It was so many years that I had not seen my brothers ! Were they not my brothers all ? This day of Palm, when our Orte, so brown and so gray, was all full of foliage and blossom, like an old pitcher full of orange-flowers for a bridal, it was a somewhat brilliant troop of gymnasts who came to amuse the town ; the troop was composed of an old man and his five sons, handsome youths and very strong, of course. They climbed on each other's shoulders, building up a living pyramid ; they bent and broke bars of iron, they severed a sheep with one blow of a sword : in a word, they did what my father had done before them. As for me, I watched them stupefied, fascinated, dazzled, blind, drunk with delight, and almost crazy with a torrent of memories that seemed to rain on me like lava as I watched each exploit, as I heard each shout of the applauding multitudes.

It is a terrible thing, a horrible thing, those inherited memories that are born in you with the blood of others. I looked at them, I say, intoxicated with joy, and with recollection and with longing :—and my mother destined me to a notary's desk and wished me to be shut there all my life, pen in hand, sowing the seeds of all the hatreds, of all the crimes, of all the sorrows of mankind, lighting up the flames of rage and of greed in human souls for an acre of ground, for a roll of gold ! She wished me to be a notary's clerk ! I

gazed at these men who seemed to me so happy ; these slender, agile, vigorous creatures in their skins that shone like the skin of green snakes, in their brodered, glittering, spangled vests, in their little velvet caps with the white plume in each—“Take me ! take me !” I shrieked to them ; and the old king of the troop looked hard at me, and when their games were finished, crossed the cord that marked their arena, and threw his strong arms about me and cried, “You are the little Pippo !” For he had been my father’s mate. To be brief, when the little band left Orte I went with them.—*Pipistrello*.

THE FOUNTAINS OF ROME.

A Faun lives in this Ponte Liso water. Often in these days I heard him laughing, and under the splashing of the spouts caught the tinkle of his pipe. In every one of the fountains of my Rome a naiad, or a satyr, a god, or a genius, has taken refuge, and in its depths dreams of the ruined temples and the leveled woods, and hides in its cool, green, moss-growing nest all day long, and, when the night falls, wakes and calls aloud.

Water is the living joy of Rome. When the sky is yellow as brass, and the air sickly with the fever-mists, and the faces of men are all livid and seared, and all the beasts lie faint with the drought, it is the song of the water that keeps our life in us, sounding all through the daylight and the darkness across the desert of brick and stone. Men here in Rome have “written their names in water,” and it has kept them longer than bronze or marble. When one is far away across the mountains, and can no more see the golden wings of the archangel against the setting sun, it is not of statues and palaces, not of Cæsars or senators, not even of the statues, that you think with wistful longing remembrance and desire : it is of the water that is everywhere in Rome, floating, falling, shining, splashing, with the clouds mirrored on its surface, and the swallows skimming its foam.

I wonder to hear them say that Rome is sad, with all that mirth and music of its water laughing through all its streets, till the steepest and stoniest ways are murmurous with it as any brook-fed forest-depths. Here water is Protean; sovereign and slave, sorcerer and servant; slaking the mule's thirst, and shining in porphyry on the prince's terrace; filling the well in the cabbage-garden, and leaping aloft against the Pope's palace; first called to fill the baths of the Agrippines and serve the Naumachia of Augustus, it bubbles from a griffin's jaws or a wolf's teeth, or any other of the thousand quaint things set in the masonry at the street-corners, and washes the people's herbs and carrots, and is lapped by the tongues of dogs, and thrashed by the bare brown arms of washing-women; first brought from the hills to flood the green Numidian marble of the thermæ and lave the limbs of the patricians between the cool mosaic walls of the tepidarium, it contentedly becomes a household thing, twinkling like a star at the bottom of deep old wells in dusky courts, its rest broken a dozen times a day by the clash of the chain on the copper pail, above it the carnations of the kitchen balcony and the caged black-bird of the cook.

One grows to love the Roman fountains as sea-born men the sea. Go where you will, there is the water: whether it foams by Trevi, where the green moss grows in it like ocean-weed about the feet of the ocean god, or whether it rushes, reddened by the evening light, from the mouth of an old lion that once saw Cleopatra; whether it leaps high in air trying to reach the gold cross on St. Peter's, or pours its triple cascade over the Pauline granite, or spouts out of a great barrel in a wall in old Trastevere, or throws up into the air a gossamer as fine as Arachne's web in a green garden-way where the lizards run, or in a crowded corner where the fruit-sellers sit against the wall;—in all its shapes one grows to love the water that fills Rome with an unchanging melody all through the year.—*Ariadne*.

DELA VIGNE, JEAN FRANÇOIS CASIMIR, a French lyric and dramatic poet, born in 1793, died in 1843. He was the son of a merchant, and was educated at the Napoleon Lyceum in Paris. He early showed a marked taste for poetry. Andrieux, to whom some of his pieces were shown, at first endeavored to dissuade him from writing; but on seeing his dithyramb *On the Birth of the King of Rome*, written in 1811, encouraged him to continue poetical effort. This poem also procured for Delavigne the patronage of the Count of Nantes. In 1814 the young poet competed for a prize offered by the French Academy. His poem, *Charles XII. à Narva*, received honorable mention, and a poem presented the next year, *Sur la Découverte de la Vaccine*, obtained a secondary prize. The humiliation of France in 1815 gave Delavigne a stirring subject. He wrote two poems, *Waterloo*, and *La Dérastation du Musée*, to which he added a third poem, *Sur le Besoin de s'unir après le Départ des Étrangers*, and published the three in 1818 under the title of *Trois Messéniennes*, in allusion to the songs of the Messenians. In these poems he bewailed the misfortunes and humiliation of France, and exhorted his countrymen to patriotism and union. They had an immense success, and their author received an appointment as Librarian of the Chancery. He next wrote two *Elegies sur la Vie et la Morte de Jeanne d'Arc*; and in 1819 produced his tragedy *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, which was received with great favor. This was followed in 1820 by *Les Comédiens*, and in 1821 by *La Paria*. Several new *Messéniennes* appeared between 1821 and 1823, and in the latter year, *L'École des Vieillards*. For this drama he was awarded a place in the French Academy (1825). He produced *La Princesse Aurélie* (1828) *Marino*

Faliero (1829); during the Revolution of 1830, *La Parisienne*, a lyric, was as enthusiastically received as the *Marsellaise* had been. Another tragedy, *Les Enfants d'Edouard*, was produced in 1833; *Don Juan d'Autriche*, in 1835; *Une Famille au Temps de Luther*, in 1836; *La Popularité*, a comedy, in 1838; *La Fille du Cid*, a tragedy, in 1839; and *Le Conseiller rapporteur*, a comedy in prose, in 1841. Delavigne was engaged upon a tragedy, *Mélu-sine*, when failing health obliged him to leave Paris. He reached Lyons, where he died after a few days' illness.

WATERLOO.

They breathe no longer : let their ashes rest !

Clamor unjust and calumny

They stooped not to confute : but flung their
breast

Against the legions of your enemy,

And thus avenged themselves : for you they die;

Woe to you, woe ! if those inhuman eyes

Can spare no drops to mourn your country's
weal ;

Shrinking before your selfish miseries :

Against the common sorrow hard as steel ;

Tremble ! the hand of death upon you lies ;

You may be forced yourselves to feel.

But no,—what son of France has spared his tears

For her defenders, dying in their fame ?

Though kings return, desired through lengthening
years,

What old man's cheek is tinged not with her
shame ?

What veteran, who their fortune's treason hears,

Feels not the quickening spark of his old youth-
ful flame ?

Great Heaven ? what lessons mark that one day's
page !

What ghastly figures that might crowd an age !

How shall the historic Muse record the day,

Nor, starting, cast the trembling pen away ?

Hide from me, hide those soldiers overborne,
Broken with toil, with death-bolts crushed and
torn—

Those quivering limbs with dust defiled,
And bloody corses upon corses piled ;
Veil from mine eyes that monument
Of nation against nation spent
In struggling rage that pants for breath ;
Spare us the bands thou sparedst, Death !
O Varus ! where the warriors thou has led ?
Restore our Legions !—give us back the dead !

I see the broken squadrons reel ;
The steeds plunge wild with spurning heel ;
Our eagles trod in miry gore ;
The leopard standards swooping o'er ;
The wounded on their slow cars dying,
The rout disordered, wavering, flying ;
Tortured with struggles vain, the throng
Sway, shock, and drag their shattered mass along,
And leave behind their long array
Wrecks, corses, blood—the foot-marks of their
way.

Through whirlwind smoke and flashing flame—
O grief !—what sight appalls mine eye ?
The sacred band, with generous shame,
Sole 'gainst an army pause—to die !

Struck with the rare devotion, 't is in vain,
The foes at gaze their blades restrain,
And, proud to conquer, hem them round : the cry
Returns, " The guard surrender not !—they die ! "

'Tis said, that, when in dust they saw them lie,
A reverend sorrow for their brave career
Smote on the foe : they fixed the pensive eye,
And first beheld them undisturbed with fear.

See, then, these heroes, long invincible,
Whose threatening features still their con-
querors brave ;
Frozen in death, those eyes are terrible ;
Feats of the past their deep-scarred brows
engrave :

For these are they who bore Italia's sun,
Who o'er Castilia's mountain-barrier passed ;
'The North beheld them o'er the rampart run,
Which frosts of ages round her Russia cast :
All sank subdued before them, and the date
Of combats owed this guerdon to their glory,
Seldom to Franks denied—to fall elate
On some proud day that should survive in story.

Let us no longer mourn them : for the palm
Unwithering shades their features stern and calm :
Franks ! mourn we for ourselves—our land's
disgrace—

The proud, mean passions that divide her race.
What age so rank in treasons ? to our blood
The love is alien of the common good ;
Friendship, no more unbosomed, hides her tears,
And man shuns man, and each his fellow fears ;
Scared from her sanctuary. Faith shuddering flies
The din of oaths, the vaunt of perjuries.

O cursed delirium ! jars deplored
That yield our home-hearths to the stranger's
sword !

Our faithless hands but draw the gleaming blade
To wound the bosom which its point should aid.

The strangers raze our fenced walls ;
The castle stoops, the city falls ;
Insulting foes their truce forget ;
The unsparing war-bolt thunders yet ;
Flames glare our ravaged hamlets o'er,
And funerals darken every door ;
Drained provinces their greedy prefects rue,
Beneath the lily or the triple hue ;
And Franks, disputing for the choice of power,
Dethrone a banner, or proscribe a flower.
France ! to our fierce intolerance we owe
The ills that from these sad divisions flow ;
'Tis time the sacrifice were made to thee
Of our suspicious pride, our civic enmity :
Haste—quench the torches of intestine war ;
Heaven points the lily as our army's star ;
Hoist, then, the banner of the white—some tears
May bathe the thrice-dyed flag which Austerlitz
endears.

France ! France ! awake, with one indignant
mind !

With new-born hosts the throne's dread precinct
bind !

Disarmed, divided, conquerors o'er us stand ;
Present the olive, but the sword in hand.

And thou, O people, flushed with our defeat,
To whom the mourning of our land is sweet,
Thou witness of the death-blow of our brave !

Dream not that France is vanquished to a slave ;

Gall not with pride the avengers yet to come :

Heaven may remit the chastening of our doom ;

A new Germanicus may yet demand

Those eagles wrested from our Varus's hand.

—*Trois Messéniennes.*

DELILLE. or DE LILLE, JACQUES, a French didactic poet, born in 1738, died in 1813. He was educated in Paris, and became professor of the Humanities at the College of Amiens. In 1769 he published a translation of the *Georgics* of Virgil, with which Voltaire was so well pleased that he recommended Delille to the French Academy, to which he was admitted in 1774. His next poem, *The Gardens* (1780), was received with great favor, and has been translated into several languages. Previous to the Revolution Delille was a professor of belles-lettres in the University of Paris, and of Latin poetry in the College of France. In 1789 he lost his property. His name was put up on the list of the proscribed, but was effaced, it is said, at the request of a workman, a mason, who begged his blood-thirsty colleagues not to kill all the poets; it might be well to preserve some of them, "if only to celebrate our victories." In 1793, when it was decided to reinstate a belief in the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul, Delille was appointed by Robespierre to celebrate those subjects in verse. The poet appeared before the President with the following verses :

"O ye who seize the thunders of Olympus,
 Of law eternal overthrow the altars,
 Ye cowards, of the earth the base oppressors,
 Tremble ! ye are immortal !
 O ye who suffer, victims of oppression,
 O'er whom God watches with an eye paternal,
 To stranger shores the pilgrims of a moment,
 Rejoice ? ye are immortal !"

"That is well," said Robespierre to the poet, who expected punishment. "The time, however, has not come for the publication of these verses. You will be apprised of a suitable day." No message came; the silence was ominous; Delille withdrew from Paris to Saint Dié, and after the lapse of a year to Basel. He did not return to France until 1801. He had published in 1800 *L'Homme des Champs*. In 1803 he put forth another poem *Malheur et Pitié*, in 1804 a translation of the *Æneid* into French verse, and in 1805 a translation of *Paradise Lost*. His *Æneid* is regarded as the best French version of that poem. In the *Paradise Lost* he sacrificed many a beauty to the thralldom of rhyming verse, and gave Milton credit for sentiments not to be found in the English poem. In 1806 he published *Imagination*, a poem containing many beauties; in 1808 *The Three Kingdoms of Nature*, and in 1812 *La Conversation*.

TO THE SEA.

And thou, dread sea, tempestuous abode,
 Already have I sung thy space sublime,
 But of thy charms, immeasurable flood,
 What son of man can drain the exhaustless
 source ?
 Thy might and thine immensity I sing :
 Have I thy wealth, thy fruitfulness, half told ?
 Those countless nations, fluctuating hosts,
 Like thy vast billows ever newly born ?
 Thine opulent bed encloses in its breast
 A thousand empires, half the universe,

Their laws, their customs, chiefs, and colonies,
All hold, and move together, one vast throng.
Earth vainly nourishes the countless host
Of beasts, of nations scattered o'er her breast.
The earth is jealous of thy wide domain :
The elephants her lofty forests range,
And in thy dark abysses glides the whale.
Above us, from thy waves rise other seas
God from this ocean makes the sea of air
And who beside fills up those watery clouds
Outpoured in fertile vapors by the storm,
Upon the mountain shed, and o'er the field,
Ceaseless renewing and restoring all?
Girdled by earth, thy waves the earth enrich :
To heavenly force respond their ebb and flow,
The sun-god rules thy floods : they follow him,
And always threatening, they obey him ever.
Thou hollowest out the vales, the mountain's head
Thou raisest heavenward, and, turn by turn,
Now dost thou swallow up, now yield the plain :
And man to whom at times the records old
Of earth are opened, reads, with awe-struck soul,
On mountain-tops the writing of the seas.

—*Imagination.*

DE MILLE, JAMES, a Canadian novelist, born at St. John's, New Brunswick, in 1833, died in 1880. In 1860 he went to Acadia College as Professor of the Classical Languages, retained this position until 1865, when he became Professor of History and Rhetoric in Dalhousie College, Halifax, where he remained until his death. He published *Helena's Household, a Tale of Rome in the First Century* (1858); *The Dodge Club*, a story of a party of Americans traveling in Italy (1866); *Cord and Creese, or the Brandon Myth* (1869); *The Lady of the Ice* (1870); *The Cryptogram*, and *A Comedy of Terrors* (1871); *The American Baron* (1872). *An Open Question* (1873), *Babes in the Wood* (1874), and *The Living Link*. He also published two series of stories for boys, among which are *The Boys of Grand*

Pré School, Lost in the Fog, Fire in the Woods, Picked up Adrift, Among the Brigands, The Seven Hills of Rome, and The Winged Lion, or Stories of Venice.

ARRIVAL IN NAPLES.

At last their voyage ended, and they entered the harbor of Naples. Glorious Naples! Naples the captivating! "*Vede Napoli, e poi mori!*" There was the Bay of Naples—the matchless, the peerless, the indescribable! There the rock of Ischia, the Isle of Capri, there the slopes of Sorrento, where never-ending spring abides; there the long sweep of Naples and her sister cities; there Vesuvius, with its thin volume of smoke floating like a pennon in the air!

About forty or fifty lazaroni surrounded the Dodge Club when they landed, but to their intense disgust the latter ignored them altogether, and carried their own umbrellas and carpet-bags. But the lazaroni revenged themselves. As the Doctor stooped to pick up his cane, which had fallen, a number of articles dropped from his breast-pocket, and among them was a revolver, a thing which was tabooed in Naples. A ragged rascal eagerly snatched it and handed it to a gendarm, and it was only after paying a piastre that the Doctor was permitted to retain it. Even after the travelers had started off on foot in search of lodgings the lazaroni did not desert them. Ten of them followed everywhere. At intervals they respectfully offered to carry their baggage, or show them to a hotel, whichever was most agreeable to their Noble Excellencies. Their Noble Excellencies were in despair. At length, stumbling upon the Café dell' Europa, they rushed in and passed three hours over their breakfast. This done, they congratulated themselves on having got rid of their followers. In vain! Scarcely had they emerged from the café than Dick uttered a cry of horror. From behind a corner advanced their ten friends, with the same calm demeanor, the same unruffled and even cheerful patience, and the same respectful offer of their humble services.—*The Dodge Club.*

THE GROTTA OF THE SIBYL.

It was in this neighborhood that they found the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl. They followed the intelligent cicerone, armed with torches, into a gloomy tunnel. The intelligent cicerone walked before them with the air of one who had something to show. Seven stout peasants followed after. The cavern was as dark as possible, and extended apparently for an endless distance. After walking a distance of about two miles, according to the Senator's calculation, they came to the centre of interest. It was a hole in the wall of the tunnel. The Americans were given to understand that they must enter here. "But how?"

"How? Why, on the broad backs of the stout peasants, who all stood politely offering their humble services." The guide went first. Buttons, without more ado, got on the back of the nearest Italian and followed. Dick came next; then the Doctor. Mr. Figgs and the Senator followed in the same dignified manner. They descended for some distance, and finally came to water about three feet deep. As the roof was low, and only rose three feet above the water, the party had some difficulty, not only in keeping their feet out of the water, but also in breathing. At length they came to a chamber about twelve feet square. From this they passed on to another of the same size. Thence to another. And so on. Arriving at the last, Bearer No. 1 quietly deposited Buttons on a stone platform, which fortunately rose about half an inch above the water. Three other bearers did the same. Mr. Figgs looked forlornly about him, and, being a fat man, seemed to grow somewhat apoplectic. Dick beguiled the time by lighting his pipe.

"So this is the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, is it?" said Buttons. "Then all I can say is that—"

What he was going to say was lost by a loud cry which interrupted him and startled all. It came from the other chamber.

"The Senator!" said Dick.

It was indeed his well-known voice. There was a splash and a groan. Immediately afterward a

man staggered into the room. He was deathly pale, and tottered feebly under the tremendous weight of the Senator. The latter looked as anxious as his trembling bearer.

"Darn it ! I say," he cried. "Darn it ! Don't ! Don't !"

"Diavo—lo !" muttered the Italian.

And in the next instant, plump went the Senator into the water. A scene then followed that baffles description. The Senator, rising from his unexpected bath, foaming and sputtering ; the Italian praying for forgiveness ; the loud voices of all the others shouting, calling and laughing. The end of it was that they all left as soon as possible, and the Senator indignantly waded back through the water himself.—*The Dodge Club.*

DEMOSTHENES, an Athenian statesman and orator, born about 384, died in 322 B.C. His father, who bore the same name, was a thriving citizen, who carried on manufactories of cutlery and furniture, in which some sixty slaves were employed. He also loaned money ; and as the current rate of interest upon good security was from 12 to 20 per cent., his income must have been considerable. He died—apparently in middle life, when his son was six years old, leaving an estate valued at 14 talents: equivalent to \$90,000 in our time.* Besides Demosthenes he left a widow and a young daughter. By his will, the widow was to marry one of his nephews, and another nephew was to marry the daughter when she grew up. These nephews, and another person, were made administrators of the estate and guardians of the son during his minority. When Demos-

*The bullion value of the Attic talent was about \$1,250 ; but the actual purchasing power of coin was much greater than it now is :—from various indicia we estimate it at five or six times greater. Moreover, there were in Athens only a few citizens of very large fortunes. Callias, the wealthiest Athenian, was rated at 200 talents ; and there were perhaps half a dozen held to be worth 100 talents.

thenes, at the age of sixteen, attained his legal majority, he found that the greater part of his fortune had been wasted or stolen by his guardians, and there was left only the sum of two talents. He brought suit against them, and obtained a verdict for ten talents; but it is not known whether the money was ever paid to him. He had, however, been carefully educated for the profession of a "Rhetorician," or, as we should say, an Advocate. He labored under some great disadvantages for the exercise of this profession. His constitution was delicate; his chest was weak; and he had a marked impediment in his speech. But gradually he overcame this disability; and though his early efforts met with slight success, before he had reached the age of thirty he had become one of the leading members of what we may call the Athenian "bar," with a large and lucrative practice.

Among the most important duties of an Athenian Advocate, was that of preparing pleas for his clients. If the client had sufficient confidence in himself—which seems to have been usually the case—he would commit this speech to memory, and deliver it to the "jury." An Athenian jury was composed of a large body of citizens. The usual number was 500; but there were sometimes two or even three times as many. A skilful advocate would therefore so frame his plea that it might be supposed to come directly from the client himself. There are extant about thirty pleas of this sort written by Demosthenes. From them one may learn many of the lights and shades of every-day life in Athens. We have the merchant and the manufacturer, the ship-owner and the farmer, the rogue and swindler, the rough and his victim, each speaking of himself or of his opponent as he

wished his "fellow citizens" to look upon them. Among the most characteristic of these pleas by Demosthenes, is one in a case of ordinary "assault and battery." The plaintiff, a respectable young Athenian, had been set upon and violently maltreated by a disreputable gang, to whom he had somehow become obnoxious. He brought suit against one Conon, a ringleader of the gang, and employed Demosthenes, as his counsel. A portion of the speech delivered by the plaintiff, but composed by Demosthenes, runs thus:

SPEECH AGAINST CONON *et al.*

I was taking a walk one evening in the market-place, with a friend of my own age, when Ctesias, Conon's son, passed us, very much under the influence of wine. Seeing us, he made an exclamation like a drunken fellow muttering something indistinctly to himself, and went on his way. There was a drinking party near by, at the house of Pamphilus, the fuller; Conon and a lot of others were there. Ctesias got them to go with him to the market-place. We were near the temple Leocorium when we encountered them. As we came up, one of them rushed on my friend and held him. Conon and another tripped up my heels, and threw me into the mud, and jumped on to me, and knocked me so violently that my lip was cut through, and my eye bunged up. In this plight they left me, unable to rise or speak. As I lay I heard them use shocking language, some of which I should be sorry to repeat to you. One thing you shall hear. It proves Conon's malice, and that he was the ringleader in the affair: He crowed, mimicking fighting cocks when they have won a battle; and his companions bade him clap his elbows against his sides, like wings. I was afterwards found by some persons who came that way and carried home without my cloak, which these fellows had carried off.

When they got to the door, my mother and the maid-servants began crying and bewailing. I was

carried with some difficulty to a bath : they washed me all over, and then showed me to the doctor. . . . Will you laugh and let Conon off because he says, " We are a band of merry fellows who, in our adventures and amours, strike and break the neck of any one we please ? " I trust not. None of you would have laughed if you had been present when I was dragged and stripped and kicked, and carried to the home which I had left strong and well ; and my mother rushed out, and the women cried and wailed as if a man had died in the house, so that some of the neighbors sent to ask what was the matter. . . .

Many of you know that gang. There's the grey-headed fellow, who all day long has a solemn frown on his brows, and wears a coarse mantle and single-soled shoes. But when they get together, they stick at no wickedness or disgraceful conduct. These are their nice and spirited sayings : " Shan't we bear witness for one another ? doesn't it become friends and comrades ? " " What will he bring against you that you're afraid of ? " " Some men say they saw him beaten. We'll say, you never touched him. " " ' Stripped off his coat. ' We'll say, ' They began. ' " " ' His lip was sewed up. ' We'll say, ' Your head was broken. ' "—Remember, I produce medical evidence ; thy do not : for they can get no evidence against me but what is furnished by themselves.

Up to his thirtieth year Demosthenes was busied simply as a lawyer. He now began to speak in the agora upon public matters, and more especially upon the foreign affairs of the commonwealth, which had begun to assume a critical aspect. The most ominous feature was the growing power of Philip of Macedon, that threatened to acquire a supremacy over all the States of Greece, which were rent and torn by intestine quarrels. Demosthenes, who grew more and more into political consequence, took every occasion to

warn his countrymen against the designs of Philip, and to urge a stricter union between the Grecian States in opposition to Philip. In 351 B.C., Demosthenes, being then thirty-three years of age, delivered the first of the great speeches known as the "Philippics," from their being specially directed against Philip; the third Philippic was delivered ten years later, but between these dates he delivered several other speeches, such as the "Olynthiacs"—of hardly less importance. Matters came to a crisis in 338 B.C., when the combined forces of Athens and Thebes were routed at Chæroneia by Philip and his young son Alexander. Demosthenes was one of the Athenian commanders, and fled back to Athens with the remnant of the forces.

He met at home with a reception which was hardly to have been expected. He was chosen to deliver the funeral oration over those who had fallen at Chæroneia, and was charged with the duty of superintending the fortifications of the city, upon which an immediate attack was apprehended. But there was a strong faction by which he was bitterly assailed. The leader of this faction was Æschines, the professional rival, and personal and political enemy of Demosthenes. To bring the question between Demosthenes and Æschines to an issue, several months after the defeat at Chæroneia, one Ctesiphon introduced into the Senate a proposition for giving to Demosthenes a public testimonial in the form of a golden crown, or rather wreath; and that this should take place in the theatre. The resolution passed the Senate, but it had to be submitted to the popular Assembly. Æschines denounced this as an illegal proposition, and brought an indictment to that effect against Ctesiphon. Technically, the proposition was an illegal one; for it was

contrary to the laws of Athens to confer such an honor upon any public officer while his accounts were yet unaudited; and moreover the honor must be proclaimed, not in the theatre, but in the Pnyx, or open-air meeting-place of the people.

For some unexplained reason the trial of Ctesiphon was delayed for eight years. It at length came on in 330 B.C. The defendant was nominally Ctesiphon, but was actually Demosthenes; the real question at issue being whether the official conduct of Demosthenes had been such as to entitle him to the proposed public honor. The prosecution was conducted by Æschines; Demosthenes, though nominally appearing as the counsel for Ctesiphon, conducting his own defense. The speeches on both sides have come down to us, and are by common consent pronounced to be the most notable examples of Grecian oratory. The result of the trial was the utter discomfiture of Æschines. The jury consisted of 1,500 members. Of these less than 500 voted for Æschines. According to Athenian law a prosecutor who failed to gain the votes of one-fifth of the jury, was himself liable to punishment for malicious prosecution. Æschines fled from Athens, and took refuge in Rhodes, where he taught oratory with great success for more than fifteen years.

For six years after his triumph over Æschines, Demosthenes took no part in public affairs—indeed, strictly speaking, there were no public affairs to be conducted in Athens. In 324 B.C., Alexander of Macedon came back to Babylonia after his great expedition to India. He had left one Harpalus as satrap in Babylonia. This man heaped up immense riches by every kind of extortion; he had also made favor with the Athenians, to whom

he fled, dreading the vengeance of Alexander. It is said that he brought with him treasure to the amount of 5,000 talents. He soon found it advisable to quit Athens, leaving, it is said, 720 talents, which was deposited in the public treasury. When the money came to be counted there were only 350 talents to be found. It was believed that much if not all of the missing money had found its way as bribes into the hands of public men and orators, among whom Demosthenes was named. The Areopagus instituted an investigation, one result of which was that 20 talents were reported to have been received by Demosthenes, who was sentenced to pay a fine of 50 talents—equivalent to some \$300,000 in our day. It is impossible at this day to decide with any reasonable certainty as to the guilt or innocence of Demosthenes in this matter. Eminent historians, like Thirlwall and Grote, think that the weight of evidence is in favor of his innocence. Not paying his fine, he was imprisoned, but soon made his escape and took refuge in the territory of Argos, whence he was recalled a few months after upon the death of Alexander.

Demosthenes met with an enthusiastic reception at his return to Athens. An attempt, in which he bore a leading part, was made to unite the Grecian States into a great confederacy against Antipater, who had succeeded to the government of Macedonia. The confederates were defeated at the battle of Cranon, in 322 B.C. Antipater took possession of Athens, and demanded the rendition of Demosthenes, who had taken refuge in the temple of Poseidon, on the little island of Calauria. Feeling assured that the inviolability of this sanctuary would not be respected, he took poison which he carried about on his person. He then dragged himself outside the

sacred inclosure, so that it might not be polluted by a death within its walls. He thus died at the age of sixty-two.

There are extant sixty orations attributed to Demosthenes ; though the authenticity of several of them has been questioned from very early times. The greatest of these is that " Upon the Crown," delivered in his fiftieth year. This oration has been translated into English by many persons—among whom are Leland, Kennedy, Collier, Brandt, and Brougham. Our extracts are taken from the translation of Brougham—himself, like Demosthenes, famous as a lawyer, a statesman, and an orator.

EXORDIUM TO THE ORATION ON THE CROWN.

Let me begin, Men of Athens, by imploring of all the Heavenly Powers that the same kindly sentiments which I have throughout my public life cherished towards this country and each of you, may now be shown towards me in the present contest. Next, I beseech them to grant, what so nearly concerns yourselves, your religion, and your reputation, that you may not take counsel of my adversary touching the course to be pursued in hearing my defence—that would indeed be hard !—but that you may regard the laws and your oaths, which, among so many other just rules, lay down this—that both sides shall be equally heard. Nor does this merely import that no one shall be prejudiced, or that equal favor shall be extended to both parties : it also implies that each antagonist shall have free scope in pursuing whatever method and line of procedure he may be pleased to prefer.

Upon the present occasion, Athenians, as in many things, so especially in two of great moment, Æschines has the advantage of me. One is, that we have not the same interests at stake ; it is by no means the same thing for me to forfeit your esteem, and for him to fail in his impeachment. That to me indeed—but I would fain

not take so gloomy a view in the outset—Yet he certainly brings his charge, an unprovoked volunteer. My other disadvantage is, that all men are naturally prone to take pleasure in listening to invective and accusation, and to be disgusted with those who praise themselves. To him, therefore, falls the part which ministers to your gratification, while to myself is only left that which, I may say, is distasteful to all. And yet, if from such apprehensions I were to avoid the subject of my own conduct, I should appear to be without defense against his charges, and without proof that my honors were well earned ; although I cannot go over the ground of my councils and my measures without speaking oftentimes of myself. This, therefore, I shall endeavor to do with all moderation ; while the blame of my dwelling on topics indispensable to my defense must justly rest upon him who has instituted an impeachment of such a kind. But at least I think I may reckon upon all of you, my judges, admitting that this question concerns me as much as Ctesiphon, and justifies on my part an equal anxiety ; for to be stripped of any possession, and more especially by an enemy, is grievous and hard to bear, but worst of all thus to lose your confidence and esteem—of all my possessions the most precious. . . .

PERSONAL AND PUBLIC CHARACTER.

To all the invectives of Æschines, then, and the calumnies cast upon my private life, hear my honest and plain reply. If you know me to be such as he has described—and I have never lived anywhere but among you—then let me not be suffered to utter a word, be the merits of my administration ever so perfect, but rise up this instant and condemn me. If, on the contrary, you know and believe that I am far better than him, and sprung from better men : that I and mine are in no way inferior to any others of moderate pretensions (I would speak without offense)—then give him no credit for his other statements, which are all manifestly fictions of the same mould, but continue to me henceforth the

same confidence which you have.—But you, Æschines, with all your crafty malice, have been simple enough to believe, in good sooth, that I should turn away from the subject of my conduct and policy in order to deal with your calumnies. I shall do no such thing ; I shall proceed instantly to the most sifting discussion of those measures which you have been distorting and running down : and afterwards I shall advert to the ribaldry you have so shamelessly poured forth, if indeed there be any wish to hear that exposed.

WHAT ÆSCHINES SHOULD HAVE DONE.

The crimes laid to my charge are many and grave ; they are such as the laws visit with heavy, nay with the severest punishments. . . . If Æschines saw me acting injuriously towards the State, especially if I were doing the things he has been declaiming and ranting about, it was his duty to enforce the penal laws against me while the facts were recent ; if he saw me committing an impeachable offense, he ought to have impeached me, and thus dragged me before you to justice ; if he saw me illegally propounding, he should have proceeded against me for Illegal Proposition ; for never can he with any justice assail Ctesiphon through me ; and yet it is plain that, had he any hope of convicting me, he never would have accused Ctesiphon. But if he saw me doing any of those other things which he is now attacking and running down, or saw me in any way whatever injuring your interests, there are statutes for all such cases, and penalties, and sentences condemning to heavy and bitter punishments. All these he might have enforced against me ; and had he done so, and pursued this course against me, then, indeed, his charges would have been consistent with his conduct. But now, departing from the straightforward and the just path, and shunning all accusation at the time, he trumps up, after so long an interval, his collected complaints, and invectives, and scurrilities. Then he accuses *me*, but he prosecutes *him* ; he envelops his whole proceedings with the fiercest hatred

of me, and, without even meeting me fairly, endeavors to rob another of his good name. . . . It is easy, then, to see that all the charges against me are as little founded in justice and in truth as those. Nevertheless I am desirous of examining them each and all, especially his falsehoods touching the Peace and the Embassy, respecting which he has transferred to me his own delinquencies and those of his associate, Philocrates. . . .

THE PEACE WITH PHILIP.

After the Phocian war broke out, not through me, for I had not then entered into public life, you were at first inclined to save the Phocians, although well aware of their misconduct, and to rejoice at the loss of the Thebans, with whom you were offended, and not unreasonably or unjustly, for they had not borne their good fortune at Leuctra with moderation. Then the whole Peloponnesus was rent in divisions, and neither the enemies of the Spartans were powerful enough to overthrow them, nor were those who, through Spartan influence, had been formerly placed at the head of the peninsular cities, any longer in possession of them; but there prevailed, both among them and the other Greek States, an unexplained strife and perturbation. Philip perceiving this—for it was not difficult to see—lavished his bribes among the traitors everywhere, and put all the States in collision and conflict with one another: then, as they all fell into a mistaken or a profligate policy, he took advantage of it, and grew in strength at their expense. But when it became evident that the Thebans, worn out with the length of the war, after all their insolence, must be under the necessity, in their present reverses, of flying to you for refuge, Philip, to prevent this, and obstruct the union of those States, proffered peace to you, succor to them. What, then, enabled him thus to overreach you, who were, I might almost say, wilfully deceiving yourselves? It must be admitted that the other Greek States, either from cowardice or infatuation, or both, would give no assistance,

either in money or in men, or in any other way, to you, who were carrying on a long and uninterrupted war for the common benefit of all, as the facts plainly showed : and you, not unfairly or unnaturally angry at this, lent a willing ear to Philip's offers. The peace, then, which you granted to him was the consequence of these circumstances, and not of my efforts, as *Æschines* has falsely alleged. . . .

THE OFFICIAL CONDUCT OF DEMOSTHENES.

Those possessions which Philip seized and kept before I entered into public life, before I began to debate, I say nothing of : for I do not consider them as concerning me at all. But those which ever since I came forward he has been prevented from seizing upon, of them I shall remind you, and shall render my account by a single observation. A prospect of great advantage opened to Philip. In the Greek States, not one or two, but all, there shot up a crop of traitors, mercenary and abandoned, men hateful to the gods, such as no one's memory served him to recollect at any former period of time. Engaging these supporters and fellow-laborers, Philip seduced the Greeks, already ill-disposed and seditiously inclined, to a worse disposition, deceiving some, bribing others, corrupting the rest in every way : and split into many factions those who ought to have had all one only common interest—that of preventing his aggrandizement. But in this state of things, and in the prevailing ignorance of all the Greeks as to the mischief which really existed and was growing apace, your duty, Athenians, is to examine what course it was expedient for the country to choose and pursue, while you call me to account for what was done. For the man who then assumed the conduct of affairs—that man am I. . .

I would now ask whosoever most blames our policy, what part he would rather the country had taken : that of those who have contributed so largely to the disasters and disgraces which have befallen Greece—among whom may be reckoned the Thessalians and their associates ; or the

part of those who suffered all that happened, in the hope of working their own individual aggrandizement—among whom may be classed the Arcadians, Argives, and Messenians? But many, or rather all of them have fared worse than ourselves: and indeed had Philip, as soon as his object was attained, gone straightway home, and remained thenceforward at peace, offering no kind of injury either to his allies or to the other Greek states, still they who had done nothing to resist his aggressions would have been exposed to complaint and to blame. But if he stripped all alike of their dignity, their sovereignty, their freedom, nay, of their form of government, whenever he had the power, did you not follow the most glorious of all counsels when you listened to me?

I come back to this point: What ought the country to have done, Æschines, when it saw Philip preparing to assume the dominion and government of all Greece? Or what was I to urge or to propound in the Councils of Athens?—(for the very place is material)—I who knew that from all the time up to the very day when I first mounted the rostrum, my country had ever struggled for supremacy, and honor, and glory, and had lavished more blood and more treasure for her own renown and the interests of all Greece, than any other state had ever risked for its individual benefit; I, who saw that very Philip, with whom our conflict for command and sovereignty was maintained, have his eye torn out, his collar-bone fractured, his hand and his leg mutilated, abandoning to Fortune whatever part of his body she chose to take, so that the rest might survive to honor and glory?

Yet even then no one would have dared to say that in a man bred at an obscure and paltry town like Pella, such magnanimity could be engendered as to make him entertain the desire of subjugating Greece, or form in his mind such a plan, while in you, who are of Athens, and day by day contemplate the achievements of your ancestors in speeches and spectacles, such poorness of spirit could be bred, that willingly and of your own ac-

cord you should surrender to him the liberties of Greece. That is what no one would have dared to say. It remains then to confess as a necessary consequence, that whatever he attempted of injury to you, you might justly resist. This, therefore, you did from the first, naturally and properly. This I advised and propounded all the time I was in public life. I admit it. But what ought I to have done? That I earnestly demand of you?

He who siezes on Eubœa, and rears a fortress over against Attica, and lays his hands on Megara, and occupies Oreum, and destroys Porthmus, and establishes Philistides as tyrant of Oreum, and Clitarchus of Eretria, and takes possession of the Hellespont, and besieges Byzantium, and razes to the ground some of the Greek cities, while he sends back their exiles to others—is he, I demand, who does all this a wrong-doer, a breaker of treaties, a disturber of the peace, or is he not? For if not, and if Greece must be what we proverbially call a “Mysian prey,” while the Athenians yet had life and being, assuredly I was undertaking a bootless task in making these statements, and the country was doing a bootless thing in listening to my counsels—and then let all the faults committed, and all the errors be mine! But if some one was required to oppose Philip, who, save the people of Athens, could be found fit for the task? Such, then, was my course of policy; and seeing that he threatened the freedom of all mankind, I opposed him, and persevered in foretelling and in forewarning you against yielding to him. And he it was, Æschines, who broke the peace by the capture of our ships—not this country. Produce the Decrees and his letter, and read the documents in their order. For by attending to them, it will appear clearly to whom each event must be ascribed.

INVECTIVE AGAINST ÆSCHINES.

Having, then, made it clear to all what is the righteous and just vote to give, it seems incumbent upon me, however little given to invective my nature may be, in consequence of the slanders which Æschines has vented—not indeed like him

to bring forward a multitude of falsehoods—but to state what is most necessary to be known respecting him, and to show what he is, and from what sort of race sprung, who is so prone to evil speaking, and who carps at some of my expressions, after himself saying such things as no decent person would have dared to utter. For if Æacus, or Rhadamanthus, or Minos, were my accuser instead of this word-monger, this hack of the courts, this pestilent scribe, I don't much think they would have spoken, nor should we have heard them delivering themselves like ranting stage-players—"O Earth! O Sun! O Virtue!" and so forth; and then invoking. "Intellect and Education, whereby Right and Wrong are distinguished," as we just now heard him declaiming. Why, what had ever you or yours—you abomination—to do with Virtue, or what discrimination of Right and Wrong? Whence did you get it? or how attain to anything so respectable? How should you be permitted to name the name of Education, which they who are really well-educated never allude to—nay, blush if another so much as mentions it? But those who, like you, are without it, make pretense to it, from sheer want of sense, till they sicken their hearers while they speak, without at all making their own education appear. . . .

The matter stands thus: I am in possession of many proofs that he was in those times employed in serving the enemy and calumniating me. . . . All the other things which he clandestinely did, the country might possibly have been able to bear. But one thing, men of Athens, he worked out besides, which gave the finishing stroke to all the rest—one on which he bestowed a great part of his speech, dwelling upon the decrees of the Locrion Amphissians, to pervert the whole truth. But it will not do. How should it? Quite the reverse. Never will you be able to expiate that passage of your life, speak you ever so long!

But here in your presence, Athenians! I invoke all the heavenly powers which have the Attic regions under their protection; and the Pythian

Apollo—the hereditary deity of this State, I supplicate them all, if I now am speaking the truth before you—if I constantly spoke out before the people when I perceived this infamous man attempting the wicked act (for I was aware of it—I was quickly aware of it) then that they would vouchsafe me their favor and protection. But if, through personal enmity, or mere contentiousness of spirit, I falsely press this charge, may they bereave me of every blessing. . .

If to you alone of all others, Æschines, the future had been revealed at the time of our public deliberations on these matters, you were bound to disclose it. If you did not foresee it, you were responsible for being as ignorant as the rest of us. How dare you then accuse me on this score than I am to accuse you? So much better a citizen was I then than you, in the circumstances of which I am speaking, that I devoted myself to what all men deemed the best interests of the State, shrinking from no personal danger—nor so much as throwing away a thought upon it—while you gave no better advice—(if you had, mine would not have been followed)—nor did you lend your aid in executing mine; but whatever the meanest and most disaffected person could do, that you are found throughout these transactions to have done. . . . You prove this by all the life you lead, and all the things you do, and all the measures you propound, and all the measures you do not propound. Is there anything in agitation for the interests of the country: Æschines is mute. Does anything go wrong: forth comes Æschines; as old fractures and sprains annoy us afresh, the moment the body is stricken by disease.

DEMOSTHENES AND THE PEOPLE.

Æschines—impeaching my whole conduct, and bidding you hold me cheap, as the cause of the country's alarms and perils, would fain strip me of the credit at this moment, and thus deprive you of the glory ever after. For if you condemn

Ctesiphon on account of my policy having been wrong, you will be proved to have yourselves done wrong, instead of merely suffering under the dispensations of fortune. But it is not true. It is not true that you have done wrong, Men of Athens, in fighting the battle of all Greece for her freedom and salvation. No! By your forefathers, who for that cause rushed upon destruction at Marathon, and by those who stood in battle array at Plataea, and those who fought the sea-fight at Salamis, and by the warriors of Artemisium, and by all the others who now repose in the sepulchres of the nation—gallant men, and to all of whom, Æschines, the State decreed a public funeral, deeming that they too had earned such honors—not those only who had combated fortunately, and had come off victorious: and with strict justice—for the duty of the brave had been done by all—but what fortune Providence bestows on each, that they had shared. And such—execrable pedagogue—such being the case—is it that you would fain strip me of the respect and love of those very countrymen, and for this purpose dwell upon the trophies and battles, and the great deeds of old, with what tittle of which has this trial the least connection? And when I came forward—thou third-rate actor—to counsel the State touching her claim of sovereignty, with what sentiments did it become me to be inspired on mounting this Bema? Should I have spoken things unworthy of these proud recollections? Then would I have deserved to die. For yourselves, Athenians, ought not to hear private and public causes in the same temper of mind; but as the daily transactions of life should be judged strictly, and according to the rules and practices of society, so should measures of State be considered with a view to the dignity of our ancestors: and each of you, in coming to decide upon State prosecutions, should, together with the staff and badge of justice, take upon himself the impression of the country's greatness, if you feel that you should act up to those worthy recollections.

DEMOSTHENES NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEFEAT.

Nor yet, will you find that our very defeat befell the country in anywise through my policy. Consider only, Athenians : Never from any embassy upon which you sent me did I come off worsted by Philip's ambassadors : not from Thessaly, not from Ambracia, not from Illyria, not from the Thracian kings, not from the Byzantines, nor from any other quarter whatever ; nor, finally, of late, from Thebes. But wheresoever his negotiators were overcome in debate, thither he marched, and carried the day by his arms. Do you, Æschines, require this of me, and are you not ashamed—at the moment you are upbraiding me for weakness, to require that I should defy him single-handed, and by force of words alone ? For what other weapons had I ? Certainly not the lives of men, nor the fortune of warriors, nor the military operations of which you are so blundering as to demand an account at my hands.

But whatever a Minister can be accountable for, make of that the strictest scrutiny, and I do not object. What, then, falls within this description ? To descry events in their first beginnings, to cast his look forward, and to warn others of their approach : all this I have done. Then to confine within the narrowest bounds all delays and backwardness and ignorance and contentiousness—faults which are inherent and unavoidable in all states ; and, on the other hand, to promote unanimity, and friendly dispositions, and zeal in the performance of public duty :—and all these things I likewise did ; nor can any man point out any of them that, so far as depended on me, was left undone.

If, then, it should be asked by what means Philip for the most part succeeded in his operations, every one would answer, “ By his army, by his largesses, by corrupting those at the head of affairs. Well, then, I neither had armies, nor did I command them ; and therefore the argument respecting military operations cannot touch me. Nay, in so far as I was inaccessible to his bribes, there I conquered Philip ! For, as he who buys

up anyone overcomes him who has received the price and sold himself, so he who will not take the money, nor consent to be bribed, has conquered the bidder. Thus, as far as I am concerned, this country stands unconquered. These, and such as these—besides many others—are the grounds which I furnished in justification of Ctesiphon's Decree in my favor.

SUMMATION OF DEMOSTHENES'S ADMINISTRATION.

This repair of the walls and the fosses which you revile, I deem to merit favor and commendation: wherefore should I not? Yet, I certainly place this far below my administration of public affairs. For I have not fortified Athens with stone walls and tiled roofs: no, not I! Neither is it on deeds like these that I plume myself. But would you justly estimate my outworks, you will find armaments, and cities, and settlements, and harbors, and fleets, and cavalry, and armies to defend us. These are the defenses that I drew around Attica, as far as human prudence could defend her; and with such outworks as these I fortified the country at large—not the mere circuit of the arsenal and city.

Nor was it I that succumbed to Philip's policy and his arms: very far otherwise! but the captains and forces of your allies yielded to his fortune. What are the proofs of it? They are manifest and plain, and you shall see them. For what was the part of a patriotic citizen? What the part of him who would serve his country with all earnestness, and zeal, and honesty of purpose? Was it not to cover Attica—on the seaboard with Eubœa, inland with Bœotia, on the Peloponnesus with the adjoining territories? Was it not to provide for making the corn-trade secure, that every coast our ships sailed along, till they reached the Piræus, might be friendly to us? Was it not to save some points of our dominion—such as Preconnesus, the Chersonese, Tenedos—by dispatching succors, and making the necessary statements, and proposing the fit decrees? Was it not to secure from the first the co-operation and alli-

ance of other States? Was it not to wrest from the enemy his principal forces? Was it not to supply what this country most wanted? Then all these things were effected by my decrees and my measures. All these things, Athenians—if anyone chooses to examine the matter without prejudice—he will find both correctly advised by me, and executed with perfect integrity; and that no opportunity was lost by me, through carelessness, or through ignorance, or through treachery; nor anything neglected which it could fall within the power and the wisdom of one man to do.

But if the favor of some Deity, or of Fortune, or the remissness of commanders, or the wickedness of traitors—like you, *Æschines*—in different States, or if all these causes together, have embarrassed our whole affairs, and brought them to ruin—wherein has Demosthenes been to blame. But if there had been found in any Greek State one man such as I have been in my sphere among you—rather, if *Thessaly* had only possessed a single man, and if *Arcadia* had possessed anyone of the same principles with me—none of all the Greeks, whether within *Thermopylæ* or without, would have been suffering their present miseries; but all remaining free and independent, and secure from alarm, would in perfect tranquillity and prosperity have dwelt in their native land, rendering thanks to you and the rest of the Athenian People for so many and such signal blessings conferred on them through me.

THE PERORATION OF THE ORATION ON THE CROWN.

Two qualities, Men of Athens, every citizen of ordinary worth ought to possess: He should both maintain in office the purpose of a firm mind and the course suited to his country's pre-eminence; and on all occasions, and in all his actions, the spirit of patriotism. This belongs to our nature; victory and might are under the dominion of another power.

These dispositions you will find to have been absolutely inherent in me. For observe: neither when my head was demanded, nor when they

dragged me before the Amphictyons, nor when they threatened, nor when they promised, nor when they let loose on me these wretches like wild beasts, did I ever abate in any particular my affection for you. This straightforward and honest path of policy, from the very first, I chose : the honor, the power, the glory of my country to promote—these to augment—in these to have my being. Never was I seen going about the streets elated and exulting when the enemy was victorious ; stretching out my hand, and congratulating such as I thought would tell it elsewhere, but hearing with alarm any success of our own armies, moaning and bent to the earth, like those impious men who rail at this country, as if they could do so without also stigmatizing themselves ; and who, turning their eyes abroad, and seeing the prosperity of the enemy in the calamities of Greece, rejoice in them, and maintain that we should labor to make them last forever.

Let not, O gracious God—let not such conduct receive any manner of sanction from thee ! Rather plant even in these men a better spirit and better feelings ! But if they are wholly incurable, then pursue them—yea, themselves by themselves—to utter and untimely perdition by land and by sea ; and to us who are spared, vouchsafe to grant the speediest rescue from our impending alarms, and an unshaken security.

DENHAM, SIR JOHN, an English poet, born at Dublin in 1615, died at London in 1668. His father was Chief-baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. Denham was educated at Oxford, and during the civil war was actively engaged on the royalist side. After the triumph of the Parliament, his estates were confiscated by the victorious party ; but he recovered them upon the restoration of Charles II., by whom he was made a Knight of the Bath, and surveyor of the royal buildings. Denham's place in literature rests mainly upon his descriptive poem *Cooper's Hill*, published in

1642, of which Dryden said, "For majesty of the style it is, and will ever be, the exact standard of good writing." Denham wrote a tragedy entitled *Sophy*, which had a temporary success upon the stage, and *An Elegy on Mr. Abraham Cowley* :

· DESCRIPTION OF THE RIVER THAMES.

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
 Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays ;
 Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity. [hold,
 Though with those streams he no remembrance
 Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
 His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring,
 And then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay ;
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil [toil,
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's
 But Godlike his unwearied bounty flows ;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
 But free and common, as the sea or wind.
 When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying tours
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours :
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it
 wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants :
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme ! [dull :
 Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not
 Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing, full.
 —Cooper's Hill.

ELEGY UPON COWLEY.

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far.
His light those mists and clouds dissolved
Which our dark nation long involved ;
But he, descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades ;
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows ;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires :
By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines.
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They lived to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays :
But cursed be the fatal hour
That plucked the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst withered laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother-wit and nature gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have :
In Spenser and in Jonson, art
Of slower nature got the start ;
But both in him so equal are.
None knows which bears the happiest share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own :
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators :
Horace his wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate ;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear :
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the golden fleece ;
To him that language—though to none
Of th' others—as his own was known.

On a stiff gale, as Flaccus sings,
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' ethereal clouds he flies
To the same pitch our swan doth rise ;
Old Pindar's heights by him are reached,
When on that gale his wings are stretched ;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to t' other seemed too much :
His severe judgment giving law,
His modest fancy kept in awe.

DENNIE, JOSEPH, an American litterateur, born at Boston in 1768, died at Philadelphia in 1812. He graduated at Harvard in 1790; studied law at Charlestown, N. H., where he was admitted to the bar. In 1795 he removed to Walpole, N. H., where he became editor of *The Farmer's Weekly Magazine*, which he conducted very ably for three years, when the publisher became bankrupt. In 1799 he went to Philadelphia, then the national capital, as private secretary to Mr. Pickering, the Secretary of State. On January 1, 1801, he commenced, in conjunction with Asbury Dickens, *The Portfolio*, a weekly Journal, which was soon changed to a monthly. He was connected until his death with *The Portfolio*, which contained contributions from John Quincy Adams, Francis Hopkinson, Robert Walsh, Horace Binney, Charles Brockden Brown, and other prominent men. His best writings, published under the title of "The Lay Preacher," appeared in *The Farmer's Weekly*.

THE PLEASURES OF BOOKS.

Whenever I reflect upon my habitual attachment to books, I feel a new glow of gratitude towards that Power who gave me a mind thus disposed, and to those liberal friends who have allowed the utmost latitude of indulgence to my propensity. In sickness, in sorrow, in the most doleful days of dejection, or in the most gloomy

seasons of the calendar, study is the sweetest solace and the surest refuge. . . . The utility and delight of a taste for books are as demonstrable as any axiom of the severest science. The most prosperous fortune is often harassed by various vexations. The sturdiest son of strength is sometimes the victim of disease. Melancholy will sometimes involve the merriest in her shade, and the fairest month in the year will have its cloudy days. In those dreary seasons from which no man may hope to escape, sensual delights will fill scarcely a nook in the gloomy void of the troubled time. Brief as the lightning in the darksome night, this pleasure may flash before the giddy eyes, but then merely for a moment, and the twinkling radiance is still surrounded with the merriest glow. Eating, drinking, and sleeping; the song and the dance, the tabret and viol, the hurry of dissipation, the agitation of play—these resources, however husbanded, are inadequate to the claims of life.

On the other hand, the studious and contemplative man has always a scheme of wisdom by which he can either endure or forget the sorrows of the heaviest day. Though he may be cursed with care, yet he is surely blessed while he readeth. Study is the *dulce lenimen laborum* of the Sabine bard. It is sorrow's sweet assuager. By the aid of a book he can transport himself to the vale of Tempé or the gardens of Armida. He may visit Pliny at his villa, or Pope at Twickenham. He may meet Plato on the banks of Ilissus, or Petrarch among the groves of Avignon. He may make philosophical experiments with Bacon, or enjoy the eloquence of Bolingbroke. He may speculate with Addison, moralize with Johnson, read tragedies and comedies with Shakespeare, and be raptured by the eloquence of Burke. . . . A book produces a delightful abstraction from the cares and sorrows of this world. They may press upon us, but when we are engrossed by study we do not very acutely feel them. Nay, by the magic illusion of a fascinating author, we are transported from the couch of anguish, or the gripe of in-

digence, to Milton's Paradise, or the Elysium of Virgil.—*The Lay Preacher*.

DE QUINCEY, THOMAS, an English author, born at Manchester, in 1785, died at Edinburgh in 1859, at the age of seventy-four years and four months. Among the adventurers who came over with William the Conqueror, was one who hailed from the village of Quincé, in Normandy, and was styled Richard de Quincé. The family flourished in England, and in the thirteenth century there were several of them who were Earls of Winchester. In the course of time the family declined from the rank of the nobility, dropped the *de* from their names which they wrote indifferently Quincie, Quincy, and Quincey. The subject of this sketch appears to have been among the first who resumed the *de*; he however, wrote his name Thomas de Quincey. His father, Thomas Quincey, published in 1775 a little book, entitled *A Short Tour in the Middle Counties of England*, the substance of which had appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, the year before. He was then about twenty-three years of age. Five years later we find him a flourishing merchant of Manchester, trading with the Levant and some of the West India Islands, having an establishment at Manchester, and a little country house, known as "the Farm," not far off. He married a Miss Penson, a lady of good family, of noble manners, and of strict religious character; a friend of Hannah More, and sympathizing with the so-called "Clapham Evangelical Sect." The affairs of Thomas Quincey prospered so that about 1791 he purchased a considerable piece of land, upon which he put up a villa, called Greenhay, at the cost of about £6,000. Our Thomas de Quincey was the fifth child, and second son, of his father. Thomas Quincy

died at the age of forty, when his son was about seven years old. For several years he was afflicted with a pulmonary affection, which compelled him to reside at Lisbon or in some West India Island, still conducting his business, and making only occasional visits to England, so that the son saw but little of his father, until a few weeks before his death, when he came home to die with his kinsfolk. He left to his family well-invested property, bringing in a clear income of £1,600 a year—equivalent to some \$20,000 in our day. Half of this was left absolutely to his wife; to each of the four sons was left £150 a year, to each of the two surviving daughters £100 a year.

Thomas de Quincey was of slight frame. When he had attained his full growth his height was barely five feet. He was sent to good schools, and at an early age manifested unusual talents, and attained high proficiency in all studies. Finally, at the age of fifteen, he was placed at the Grammar School in his native Manchester. Among the inducements for this was the fact that this school had several "exhibitions," which entitled the pupils who had attended for three years to be sent to Brazenose College, Oxford, with £50 a year guaranteed to them for seven years. With this £50, and his patrimonial inheritance of £150 a year, De Quincey could live at Oxford in a style befitting a gentleman. He, however, took a dislike to the Manchester School, and after a year and a half begged his mother and his guardians to remove him. To his mother he wrote a long letter, setting forth his grounds of complaint, and summing them all up as follows: "How could a person be happy, or even easy, in a situation which deprives him of *health*, of *society*, of *amusement*, of *liberty*, of *congeniality of pursuits*,

and which, to complete the precious picture, admits of no variety?" His petition being refused, he resolved to run away from school. To get the necessary money, he wrote to Lady Carbery, a friend of his mother, and with whom he was a special favorite, asking for £5; the lady, not suspecting his object, sent him £10. So one July morning in 1802, he slipped away from school, with a volume of Euripides in one pocket, and a book of English poems in another.

His intention was to go to the Lake Region where Wordsworth had his home, and some of whose poems he had read, and greatly admired. His mother was then residing near Chester, forty miles from Manchester; thither the lad went on foot. The good lady was, says De Quincey, "startled, much as she would have been upon the opening of the seventh seal in the Revelation." But it happened that her brother, who had made a fortune in India, and was now at home upon a three years' furlough, viewed the matter in a different light; and at his suggestion it was decided that if the boy wanted to ramble about for a while, he should have a guinea a week, with liberty to go where he chose.

From July to November he rambled from village to village in North Wales, living at good inns when he had money, and doing the best he could when he had none. Then an impulse seized him to go to London, without letting his friends know what had become of him. This involved the giving up of his guinea a week; but he believed that in London he could find money-lenders who would advance him a couple of hundred pounds upon his very considerable expectations. In his *Confessions of an Opium-eater* he has told some of his experiences in London—perhaps somewhat idealized. But it is certain that he

suffered extreme privations, was often upon the verge of actual starvation, and walked the streets night after night because he had no lodging-place. Some accident made his whereabouts known to his family and he was brought home. His guardians looked askance at his escapade. They would send him to Oxford, if he wished; but he should have an allowance of only £100 a year. To Worcester College, Oxford, he accordingly went in the Autumn of 1803.

De Quincey's residence at Oxford continued nominally for about six years, though much of the later period was passed in London. He was known as a quiet, studious young man. For some reason or other, he did not present himself for examination for his degree of B.A. During the latter part of this time, notwithstanding his small allowance, he was in possession of a good deal of money. Where it came from can only be conjectured; perhaps it may have come, in part at least, from his wealthy uncle, who certainly purchased an estate for De Quincey's mother, at a cost of £12,000; and from some circumstances it has been not improbably thought that he had transactions with money-lenders, converting the whole futurity of his inheritance into present cash. He had become acquainted with Coleridge, and learning that he was in great pecuniary distress, De Quincey went to the good Joseph Cottle of Bristol, and asked him to forward £500 to Coleridge, as coming from "a young man of fortune who admired his talents," and wanted to make him a present. Cottle induced him to reduce the sum to £300, which was sent to Coleridge. This was in the Autumn of 1807.

In the Autumn of 1809, Wordsworth, for whom De Quincey's admiration had been constantly increasing, removed from the little

cottage at Grassinere to a larger one a mile distant. De Quincey, now in his twenty-fourth year, leased this cottage, which became his nominal home for the ensuing twenty-seven years. He kept up a bachelor's establishment for seven years, when he married Margaret Simpson, the beautiful and excellent daughter of a small farmer living near by. In his *Autobiographic Sketches*, written late in life, he gives some pictures of his life at Grassinere. One of these sketches relates to the year 1812 :—

DE QUINCEY AT TWENTY-EIGHT.

And what am I doing among the mountains? Taking opium? Yes, but what else? Why, reader, in 1812, the year we are now arrived at, as well as for some years previous, I have been chiefly studying German metaphysicians, or the writings of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, etc. And how, and in what manner do I live? In short, what class or description of men do I belong to? I am at this period—viz., in 1812—living in a cottage; and with a single female servant (*honi soit qui mal y pense*), who amongst my neighbors passes by the name of my “housekeeper.” And, as a scholar and a man of learned education, I may presume to class myself as an unworthy member of that indefinite body called *gentlemen*. Partly on the ground I have assigned—partly because, from having no visible calling or business, it is rightly judged that I must be living on my private fortune—I am so classed by my neighbors; and, by the courtesy of modern England, I am usually addressed on letters, etc., *Esquire*. . . .

Am I married? Not yet. And I still take opium? On Saturday nights. And, perhaps, have taken it unblushingly ever since “the rainy Sunday,” and “the stately Pantheon,” and the “Scientific druggist” of 1804? Even so. And how do I find my health after all this opium-taking? In short, how do I do? Why, pretty well, I thank you, reader. In fact, if I dared to say the real

and simple truth (though, in order to satisfy the theories of some medical men, I ought to be ill), I was never better in my life than in the year 1812: and I hope since, by that the quantity of claret, port, or ‘London particular Madeira,’ which, in all probability, you, good reader, have taken and design to take, for every term of eight years during your natural life, may as little disorder your health as mine was disordered by all the opium I had taken (though in quantity such that I might well have bathed and swum in it) for the eight years between 1804 and 1812.—*Autobiographic Sketches*.

The next sketch which we present relates to the year 1816, very soon after the marriage of De Quincey :

DE QUINCEY AT TWO-AND-THIRTY.

Let there be a cottage standing in a valley eighteen miles from any town, no spacious valley, but about two miles long by three-quarters of a mile in average width: the benefit of which provision is that all families resident within its circuit will comprise, as it were, one large household, personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains be real mountains, between 3,000 and 4,000 feet high, and the cottage a real cottage, not (as a witty author has it) “a cottage with a double coach-house;” let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene) a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls, and clustering around the windows, through all the months of Spring, Summer, and Autumn, beginning, in fact, with May roses, and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, *not* be Spring, nor Summer, nor Autumn, but Winter in its sternest shape. . . .

But here, to save myself the trouble of too much verbal description, I will introduce a painter, and give him directions for the rest of the picture. Painters do not like white cottages, unless a good deal weather-stained; but as the reader now un-

derstands that it is a Winter night, his services will not be required except for the inside of the house.

Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high. This, reader, is somewhat ambitiously styled, in my family, the "drawing-room;" but being contrived "a double debt to pay," it is also, and more justly termed "the library;" for it happens that books are the only article of property in which I am richer than my neighbors. Of these I have about five thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year. Therefore, painter, put as many as you can into this room. Make it populous with books: and furthermore paint me a good fire, and furniture plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And near the fire paint me a tea-table; and (as it is clear that no creature can come to see me on such a stormy night) place only two cups and saucers upon the tea-tray; and if you know how to paint such a thing, symbolically or otherwise, paint me an eternal teapot—eternal *à parte ante* and *à parte post*; for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four in the morning. And as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for oneself, paint me a lovely young woman sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's:—but no, dear M——! not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty, or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil.

Pass, then, my good painter, to something more within its power; and the next article brought forward should naturally be myself—a picture of the Opium-eater, with his "little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug" lying beside him on the table. As to the opium, I have no objection to see a picture of *that*; you may paint it if you choose; but I apprise you that no "little" receptacle would even in 1816, answer my purpose, who was at a distance from the "stately Pantheon"

and all druggists (mortal or otherwise). No, you may as well paint the real receptacle, which was not of gold, but of glass, and as much like a sublimary wine-decanter as possible. In fact, one day, by a series of happily conceived experiments, I discovered that it was a decanter. Into this you may put a quart of ruby-colored laudanum; that and a book of German metaphysics placed by its side, will sufficiently attest my being in the neighborhood.—*Autobiographic Sketches*.

De Quincey began the use of opium in 1804, he being then in his nineteenth year. He had come up from Oxford to London. For a week or two he had suffered from neuralgia, and a friend advised him to take laudanum to allay the intense pain; so one rainy Sunday he entered a druggist's shop in Oxford Street, "near the stately Pantheon," purchased a vial of the drug, and carried it to his lodgings. The effect of the first dose was something magical; not only was the pain removed, but it acted upon him as an intellectual stimulant and exhilarant. From that day to his death—fifty-five years—there were probably few days in which he did not use opium in some form; at first habitually in moderate doses; only on Saturdays he was wont to shut himself up for what he calls a "opium debauch." This appears to have been his condition up to 1812. "It was then," he writes, "that I became a regular and confirmed (no longer an intermitting) opium-eater." From this time the quantity consumed grew larger and larger until it rose to 320 grains of solid opium, or 8,000 drops of laudanum a day—that is to about seven wine-glasses. Not long before his marriage, in 1816, he reduced the quantity by seven-eighths—taking for a year or more only 1,000 drops of laudanum instead of 8,000 a day. "That was," he says, "a year of brilliant water (to

speak after the manner of jewellers) set, as it were, and insulated in the gloomy umbrage of opium." But the reformation was brief; during the following two years he not only resumed his former rate of consumption, but increased it to sometimes 12,000 drops a day.

He had long meditated a great philosophical work, to be entitled *De Emendatione Humani Intellectus*, but the opium-habit had rendered him incapable of any continuous use of his intellectual powers, and the idea was tacitly abandoned. At this time he happened to receive a copy of Ricardo's *Principles of Political Economy*. The author, he said, was the first man who has shot light into what had hitherto been a dark chaos of materials." He wrote, or dictated to his gentle wife thoughts which grew out of his reading; and in time the manuscript for a book to be called *Prolegomena to all Future Systems of Political Economy* was completed all but a few pages. Arrangements had been made for printing it; but when a thing *must* be done, De Quincey found himself unable to do it; the arrangements were countermanded, and the work was left unfinished.

Early in 1819 De Quincey found himself in great pecuniary straits. This seems to have enabled him partially to shake off the fetters of opium, and to do something. He gladly accepted the offer of the editorship of the *Westmoreland Gazette*, a journal which had been set up by some gentlemen who called themselves "Friends of the Constitution," to oppose the "infamous leveling doctrines" of Mr. Brougham and the Whigs. The salary was to be three guineas a week; but as the paper was published at Kendal, some leagues from his home, De Quincey acceded to an arrangement by which two guineas a week was to be paid to a sub-editor on the spot, he him-

self receiving only one guinea. His career as editor was not a very successful one, and lasted only about a year. He had, however, made some kind of arrangement to write for *Blackwood* and *The Quarterly Review*—engagements which would bring him £180 a year; at least so he wrote to his wealthy uncle, who had returned to India, concluding with a request to be allowed to draw upon him for £500, “say £150 now, and the other £350 in six or eight months hence.” It was his purpose, he added, to remove to London, and resume his training for the profession of the law. But his destiny was to shape itself quite otherwise.

The leading metropolitan Magazine was then *The London Magazine*, which had a brilliant corps of contributors, among whom were Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, Henry Francis Cary, and “Barry Cornwall.” The booksellers, Taylor and Hessey, who were the publishers, were also the nominal editors; but for assistant editor there was a young man of twenty-three, named Thomas Hood. In this Magazine for September, 1821, appeared an article of twenty pages entitled *Confessions of an Opium-eater, being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar*; to which was appended an editorial note stating that “the remainder of this very interesting article will be given in the next Number.” The Second Part of the *Confessions* appeared in October. These papers excited no little attention, and a continuation of them was strongly urged. This was promised by the author; but the matter was never furnished, and in September, 1822, the two parts of the *Confessions* were published in a small volume, with an apology from the publishers for the failure to supply the continuation. Among the most striking

passages in the *Confessions*, are those in which De Quincey describes his later dreams while under the influence of opium. Two of these may be taken as exemplars of many:

DREAMS OF THE ORIENT.

Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race it would have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect in the way that he is affected by the ancient monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Hindostan, etc. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, history, modes of faith, etc., is so impressive that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of castes that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time, nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates.

It contributes much to these feelings that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the world most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast gives a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all oriental names or images. In China over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia—I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and by the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals.

All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he

can comprehend the unimaginable horrors with which these dreams of oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feelings of tropical heat and vertical sunlights I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts and reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are to be found in all tropical regions, and assembled them in China or Hindostan. From kindred feelings I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshiped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama, through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Siva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the Ibis and the Crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with Mummies and Sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and was laid, confounded with all unutterable abortions amongst weeds and Nilotic mud. . . . Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a killing sense of Eternity and Infinity.

Into these dreams only it was, with one or two exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles—especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than all the rest. I was compelled to live with him, and (as always the case in my dreams) for centuries. Sometimes I escaped, and found myself in Chinese houses. All the feet of the tables, sofas, etc., soon became instinct with life. The abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied

into ten thousand repetitions, and I stood loathing and fascinated. So often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke; it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside, come to show me their colored shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. No experience was so awful to me, and at the same time so pathetic, as this abrupt translation from the darkness of the infinite to the gaudy summer air of highest noon, and from the unutterable abortions of miscreated gigantic vermin to the sight of infancy and innocent *human* creatures.—*Opium-eater*.

DREAMS OF STRUGGLE.

Suddenly would come a dream of far different character—a tumultuous dream—commencing with a music such as now I often heard in sleep—music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem; and, like *that*, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where—somehow, but I knew not how—by some beings, but I knew not by whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was traveling through all its stages—was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable, from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams, where of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power—and yet not the power—to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had *not* the

power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms ; hurrys to and fro, trepidations of innumerable fugitives—I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad ; darkness and lights ; tempest and human faces ; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms and the features that were worth all the world to me ; and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings ; and then everlasting farewells ! and with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells ! And again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells !—And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, "I will sleep no more !"—*Opium-eater*.

Although the promised continuation of the *Confessions* was not written, De Quincey contributed papers on many subjects, all bearing the signature of "The English Opium-eater." His connection with the *London Magazine* lasted from his thirty-seventh to his forty-first year. During these four years he lived in humble lodgings in London, his family remaining at the cottage in Grassmere, where he visited them rarely, if ever. He intimates that the days of his opium-eating were past. But this must be taken in the qualified sense that he used smaller quantities upon the whole. To John Wilson he wrote in February, 1825:

DE QUINCEY AT FORTY.

At this time I am quite free from opium ; but it has left the liver—the Achilles's heel of almost every human fabric—subject to affections which

are tremendous for the weight of wretchedness attached to them. To fence with these on the one hand, and with the other to maintain the war with the wretched business of hack-author, with all its horrible degradation, is more than I am able to bear. At this moment I have not a place to hide my head in. Something I meditate—I know not what. . . . With a good publisher, and leisure to premeditate what I write, I might yet liberate myself: after which, having paid everybody, I would slink into some dark corner, educate my children, and show my face no more.

It is certain that during this residence in London De Quincey was miserably poor. Near the close of that year, as we learn quite incidentally, he received a considerable remittance from his mother, so that he was able to return to his family at Grassmere. John Wilson, with whom De Quincey had formed a close friendship while both resided in the Lake Region, was now the “Christopher North” of *Blackwood’s Edinburgh Magazine*; and through his interest De Quincey was formally engaged as a contributor to that publication. His first paper, upon *Lessing’s Laocoon*, was printed in January, 1827; next month appeared the famous essay *On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts*; and this was followed in March by the paper on *The Toilette of a Hebrew Lady*. This connection with *Blackwood* naturally drew De Quincey to Edinburgh, where for the next three years he passed his time much as he did at Grassmere. Finally it was decided by, or rather for De Quincey, that his wife and children should come to him at Edinburgh. They accordingly left Grassmere in 1830, although De Quincey was nominally the tenant of the cottage there for several years longer. When the family was reunited at Edinburgh, De Quincey was forty-five years

of age; his wife about thirty-two. During the next four years he was a frequent contributor to *Blackwood*. Then there was an unexplained interruption of his papers in that periodical. But the connection was resumed in 1837, when appeared a narrative article entitled *The Revolt of the Tartars*; followed in succeeding years by many others, among which is the essay on *The Essenes*.

De Quincey had begun to write for *Tait's Magazine*, in which for several years appeared some of his most notable papers, prominent among which are the series entitled *Sketches of Life and Manners from the Autobiography of an English Opium-eater*. During these years at Edinburgh De Quincey developed those marked eccentricities in personal conduct of which his biographers have made so much. Domestic bereavements followed one after another. His youngest son died in 1833 at the age of five. Two years after, at the age of eighteen, died his eldest son, William, "my first-born child, the crown and glory of my life" wrote De Quincey long afterwards. Two years later—that is in 1837—died his wife to whom he had been married twenty-one years before.

De Quincey, at the age of fifty-six was left a widower, with six children, Margaret the eldest being a girl yet in her teens. For a couple of years, De Quincey lived in lodgings by himself, which he had taken so that he might have a place for his books where he could carry on his literary labors. Then Margaret and her younger brother Horace took household matters into their own hands. Not without the consent of their father—who in all practical affairs was as helpless as an infant—they took a pretty cottage at Lasswade, seven miles from Edinburgh. That, of course, required money; but this was not

wanting. Where it came from we can only guess; certainly not from De Quincey's own scanty earnings as a Magazinish; most likely from his mother and her wealthy brother, now far advanced in years. This Lasswade cottage, known yet as "De Quincey's Villa," was his nominal home during the twenty remaining years of his life, though much of it was spent in obscure lodgings at Edinburgh, where he did his work. He shifted these from time to time, as they became filled up with his accumulated books and papers. At one time, as we are told, he was paying rent for four or five such obscure lodging-places; but whenever he walked out to Lasswade, there was a cheerful home ready for his reception. In a letter to Mary Russell Mitford he gives a pleasant description of his daughters and of their life at Lasswade, after his sons, now grown up, had gone to follow their respective avocations; one with the army in China; another in India; the third, as a physician, to Brazil.

DE QUINCEY'S DAUGHTERS.

They live in the most absolute harmony I have ever witnessed. Such a sound as that of dissension in any shade or degree, I have not once heard issuing from their lips. And it gladdens me beyond measure that all day long I hear from their little drawing-room intermitting sounds of gaiety and laughter, the most natural and spontaneous. Three sisters more entirely loving to each other, and more unaffectedly drawing their daily pleasures from sources that will always continue to lie in their power, viz., books and music, I have not either known or heard of.

One of these sisters furnishes a picture of De Quincey when at home in the Lasswade cottage. One room was set apart for him, where he could work day and night to his heart's

content. The evenings, or the intervals between his daily working time and his nightly working time or stroll, were spent in the drawing-room, with his children and any of his friends or theirs who happened to be present. Of this time his daughter says:

DE QUINCEY AT LASSWADE.

The newspaper was brought out, and he, telling in his own delightful way, rather than reading the news, would on questions from this one or that one of the party, often including young friends of his children, neighbors, or visitors from distant places, illuminate the subject with such a wealth of memories, of old stories, of past or present experiences, of humor, of suggestions, even of prophecy, as by its very wealth makes it impossible to give any taste of it. . . . He was not a re-assuring man for nervous people to live with, as those nights were exceptions on which he did not set something on fire; the commonest incident being for some one to look up from book or work to say casually, "Papa, your hair is on fire;" of which a calm "Is it, my love?" and a hand rubbing out the blaze was all the notice taken.

This idyllic way of life was brought to a close in the most natural way. In 1853 Margaret, the eldest daughter, was married to Robert Craig, the son of a neighbor, and the young couple took up their residence in Ireland. Two years afterwards, Florence the second daughter went out to India to become the wife of Colonel Baird Smith, a distinguished officer of Engineers, whose name appears often in the history of the Sepoy mutiny. Emily, the youngest daughter, was thereafter much away visiting her sister in Ireland or other friends. After this De Quincey lived mainly in his modest lodgings in Edinburgh, where he could best perform his literary work which now assumed a new direction. The Boston house of Ticknor and

Fields had already undertaken, with De Quincey's approbation and assistance, to bring out a collected edition of his Works, Mr. James T. Fields undertaking the labor of collecting the writings from the various periodicals in which they had from time to time appeared. This American edition begun in 1851, and completed in 1855, is in twenty volumes. In 1853 Mr. Hogg, the Edinburgh publisher arranged with De Quincey to prepare another edition of his Works. The two editions differ in this: The American edition comprises all the writings of De Quincey (with the exception of *Klosterheim*, a very poor novel, published in 1832, and never formally acknowledged by him) as they were originally written. The Edinburgh edition, not only omits many of the writings entirely, but also in many cases several papers are fused into one. The Edinburgh Edition in fourteen volumes (to which two more were added after the death of De Quincey) bore the title *Selections, Grave and Gay, from writings, published and unpublished, by Thomas De Quincey*.

During the later years of his life De Quincey had carefully ascertained the least quantity of opium which would render life endurable, and he limited himself to that quantity—a very considerable one indeed. Up to the autumn of 1859, when he had entered upon his seventy-fifth year, his mental power was unabated. He indeed meditated writing a *History of England* in twelve volumes, which he thought he could complete in four years. His physical health also was better than it had been at any period during the last half century. But late in October he took to his bed. There was no definite malady; only the physical machine had run to the full time for which it had been wound up. His youngest daughter, who was upon a visit to her sis-

ter in Ireland, was hastily summoned to his lodgings in Edinburgh, and found him too weak to bear removal to Lasswade. On the 4th of December, his daughter, Mrs. Craig, was summoned from Ireland. She arrived just in time to be recognized and welcomed by her dying father. He passed away in the morning of the 8th, having been in a doze for several hours, occasionally murmuring some words about his father and his mother. All at once he threw up his arms, and exclaimed, as if in surprised recognition, "Sister ! Sister ! Sister !" That sister was the one best-beloved of all, who had died seventy years before at the age of ten. That apparent recognition was his last act upon earth.

Though De Quincey's career was distinctively that of a man of letters, he entered upon it at a later period of his life than did any great English author, with the single exception of Cowper. The *Confessions of an Opium-eater*, his first, and perhaps his most notable work, was written at the age of thirty-six. That and all the rest of the twenty volumes of his collected Works, were written as Magazine articles, and for the mere sake of earning his daily bread—and his daily opium. Except from necessity he would most likely never have written a page for publication. Yet from the reading of his works no one would imagine that any of them were written except because he had something which he must say to the world. For amplitude of learning, subtlety of thought, and magnificence of diction, he has few equals in all our literature. Our citations are from the Edinburgh edition, which contains De Quincey's final emendations.

TWO ERAS IN THE HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE.

There were two groups or clusters of Grecian wits, two deposits or stratifications of the national

genius ; and these were about a century apart. What makes them specially rememberable is the fact that each of these brilliant clusters had gathered separately about that man as their central pivot who, even apart from this relation to the literature, was otherwise the leading spirit of his age. The one was Pericles, the other was Alexander of Macedon. Except Themistocles, who may be ranked as senior to Pericles by one generation (or thirty-three years), in the whole deduction of Grecian annals no other public man—statesman, captain-general, administrator of the national resources—can be mentioned as approaching to these two men in splendor of reputation, or even in real merit. No man can pretend to forget two such centres as Pericles for the elder group, or Alexander of Macedon (the “strong he-goat” of Jewish prophecy) for the junior. Round these two *foci*, in two different but adjacent centuries, gathered the total starry heavens, the galaxy, the Pantheon of Grecian intellect. . . .

That we may still more severely search the relations in all points between the two systems, let us assign the chronological *locus* of each, because that will furnish another element towards the exact distribution of the chart representing the motion and the oscillations of human genius. Pericles had a very long administration. He was Prime-Minister of Athens for upwards of one entire generation. He died in the year 429 before Christ, and in a very early stage of that great Peloponnesian war, which was the one sole intestine war for Greece, affecting every nook and angle of the land. Now, in this long public life of Pericles we are at liberty to fix upon any year as his chronological *locus*. On good reasons, not called for in this place, we fix on the year 444 before Christ. This is too remarkable to be forgotten. *Four, four, four*, what in some games of cards is called a *prial* (we presume, by an elision of the first vowel, for “parial”), forms an era which no man can forget. It was the fifteenth year before the death of Pericles, and not far from the bisecting year of his political life.

Now, passing to the other system, the *locus* of Alexander is quite as remarkable, as little liable to be forgotten when once indicated, and more easily determined, because selected from a narrower range of choice. The exact chronological *locus* of Alexander is 333 years before Christ. Everybody knows how brief was the career of this great man: it terminated in the year 325 before Christ. But the *annus mirabilis*, of his public life, the most effective and productive year throughout his oriental annals, was the year 333 before Christ. Here we have another *prial*, a period of *threes* for the *locus* of Alexander, if properly corrected. Thus far the elements are settled, the chronological longitude and latitude of the two great planetary systems into which Greek literature breaks up and distributes itself: 444 and 333 are the two central years for the two systems; allowing therefore, an interspace of 111 years between the *foci* of each. . . .

Passing onwards from Pericles, you find that all the rest of *his* system were men in the highest sense creative, absolutely setting the very first example, each in his particular walk of composition; themselves without previous models, and yet destined, every man of them, to become models for all after generations; themselves without fathers or mothers, and yet having all posterity for their children. First came the three *divini spiritus* under a heavenly afflatus—Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, the creators of Tragedy out of a village mummerly; next comes Aristophanes, who breathed the breath of life into Comedy; then comes the great philosopher, Anaxagoras, who first theorized successfully on man and the world. Next come—whether *great* or not—the still more *famous* philosophers, Socrates, Plato, Xenophon; then comes, leaning upon Pericles, as sometimes Pericles leaned upon him, the divine artist Phidias; and behind this immortal man walk Herodotus and Thucydides. What a procession to Eleusis would these men have formed! what a frieze, if some great artist could arrange

it as dramatically as Chaucer has arranged the Pilgrimage to Canterbury !

Now let us step on a hundred years forward. We are now within hail of Alexander ; and a brilliant consistory of Grecian men is that by which *he* is surrounded. There are now exquisite masters of the more refined comedy ; there are again great philosophers, for all the great schools are represented by able successors : and, above all others, there is the one philosopher who played with men's minds (according to Lord Bacon's comparison) as freely as ever his princely pupil did with their persons—there is Aristotle. There are great orators ; and, above all others, that great orator whom succeeding generations (wisely or not) have adopted as the representative name for what is conceivable as oratorical perfection—there is Demosthenes. Aristotle and Demosthenes are in themselves bulwarks of power ; many hosts lie in those two names. For artists, again, to range against Phidias, there is Lysippus the sculptor, and there is Apelles the painter. For great captains and masters of strategic art, there is Alexander himself, with a glittering cortège of general officers, well qualified to wear the crowns which they will win, and to head the dynasties which they will found. Historians there are now, as in the former age, and upon the whole it cannot be denied that the “turn-out” is showy and imposing. . . .

Before comparing the second “deposit” (geologically speaking) of Grecian genius with the first, let us consider what it was (if anything) that connected them. Here reader, we would wish to put a question. Saving your presence, did you ever see what is called a dumb-bell ? We have, and know it by more painful evidence than that of sight. You, therefore, O reader ! if personally cognizant of dumb-bells, we will remind, if not, we will inform, that it is a cylindrical bar of iron or lead, issuing at each end in a globe of the same metal and usually it is sheathed in green baize. . .

Now, reader, it is under this image of a dumb-bell that we couch our allegory. Those globes at

each end are the two systems or separate clusters of Greek literature ; and that cylinder which connects them is the long man that ran into each system, binding the two together. Who was that? It was Isocrates. *Great* we cannot call him in conscience, and therefore by way of compromise we call him *long*, which in one sense he certainly was ; for he lived through four-and-twenty Olympiads, each containing four solar years. He narrowly escaped being a hundred years old ; and though that did not carry him from centre to centre, yet as each system might be supposed to pretend a radius each way of twenty years, he had, in fact, full personal cognizance (and pretty equally) of the two systems, remote as they are, which composed the total world of Grecian genius. . . .

Now then, Reader, you have arrived at that station from which you overlook the whole world of Greek literature, as a few explanations will soon convince you. Where is Homer? where is Hesiod? you ask ; where is Pindar? Homer and Hesiod lived 1,000 years before Christ, or, by the lowest computation, near 900. For anything that we know, they may have lived with Tubal Cain. At all events, they belong to no power or agency that set in motion the age of Pericles, or that operated on that age. Pindar, again, was a solitary emanation of some unknown influences at Thebes, more than five hundred years before Christ. These are all that can be cited *before* Pericles.

Next, for the ages *after* Alexander, it is certain that Greece Proper was so much broken in spirit by the loss of her autonomy, dating from that era, as never again to have rallied sufficiently to produce a single man of genius—not one solitary writer who acted as a power upon the national mind. Callimachus was nobody, and not decidedly Grecian. Theocritus, a man of real genius in a limited way, is a Grecian in that sense only according to which an Anglo-American is an Englishman. Besides that, one swallow does not make a summer. Of any other writers—above all

others of Menander, apparently a man of divine genius—we possess only a few wrecks; and of Anacreon, who must have been a poet of original power, we do not certainly know that we have even any wrecks: of those which pass under his name not merely the authorship, but the era, is very questionable indeed. Plutarch and Lucian, the unlearned reader must understand, both belong to post-Christian ages. And for all the Greek emigrants who may have written histories, such as we value for their matter more than for their execution, one and all, they belong too much to Roman civilization that we should ever think of connecting them with native Greek literature. Polybius, in the days of the second Scipio, Dion Cassius, and Appian in the acme of Roman civility, are no more Grecian authors because they wrote in Greek than the emperors Marcus Antoninus and Julian were other than Romans because, from monstrous coxcombry, they chose to write in Greek their barren memoranda.

JOAN OF ARC.

What is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to a more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious act such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender: but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them from a station of good-will, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and a noon-day prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records

of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years. The poor forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with them the songs that rose from her native Domrémy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust.

Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from the earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honors from man. Coronets for thee! O no. Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of the king shall awaken, thou shalt be sleeping with the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her, by thy apparitors, to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country—thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in life; to *do*—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own: that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. “Life,” thou saidst, “is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long; let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long.”

This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her

death ; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the ærial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation ; the surging smoke, the volleying flames ; the hostile faces all around ; the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints :—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

THE THREE LADIES OF SORROW.

I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household, and their paths are wide apart ; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana,* and sometimes about myself. Do they talk then ? Oh, no ! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man, when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves there is no voice nor sound ; eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. They spake not, as they talked with Levana ; they whispered not ; they sang not ; though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung : for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure, not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, heraldries painted in darkness, and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes ; *I* spelled their steps. *They* telegraphed from afar ; *I* read the signals. *They* composed together : and on the mirror of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. Theirs were the symbols ; *mine* are the words. What is it the sisters are ? What is it that they do ? Let me

* *Levana* (the “lifter-up”) was the Roman Goddess of Education, who was supposed to “lift up” every new-born human being from the earth, in token that it should live ; and to rule the influences to which it should be subject thenceforth till its character should be fully formed.

describe their form and their presence : if Form it were that still fluctuated in the outline, or Presence it were that for ever advanced to the front, or forever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, "Our Lady of Tears." She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of innocents, and the little feet were stiffened forever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven. Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns ; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard the sobbing of litanies or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds.

This sister, the eldest, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar—him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the Spring time of the year, and whilst her own Spring was budding, He took her to Himself. But her blind father mourns for ever over *her* ; still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own ; and still he awakens to a darkness that is now within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844-5 within the bed-chamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter not less pious, that vanished to God not

less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of the keys it is that our Lady of Tears glides, a ghostly intruder, into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honor with the title of Madonna.

The second sister is called *Mater-Suspiriorum*, "Our Lady of Sighs." She neither scales the clouds nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever, for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not, she groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But our Lady of Sighs never clamors, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities and when the sun has gone down to his rest.

This Sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the

earth, our general mother, but for *him* a step-mother—as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against him sealed and sequestered; every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every nun defrauded of her unreturning Maytime by wicked kinsmen, whom God will judge: all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected: outcasts by traditionary law, and children of hereditary disgrace—all of these walk with our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key, but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very walks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England are some that, to the world, carry their heads proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third sister, who is also the youngest! Hush! whisper whilst we speak of *her*! Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes, rising so high, *might* be hidden by distance. But being what they are, they cannot be hidden; through the treble veil of crape which she wears, the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground.

She is the defier of God. She is also the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power, but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions, in which the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempests

from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*, "Our Lady of Darkness."

DERBY (EDWARD GEOFFREY SMITH-STANLEY), EARL OF, an English statesman and scholar, born in 1799, died in 1869. He was educated at Eton and at Christchurch College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself in classical scholarship, gaining the prize for Latin verse in 1819. Up to 1835, he was styled simply Mr. Stanley; then, his father succeeding to the earldom of Derby, he was known by the "courtesy-title" of Lord Stanley; in 1844 he was summoned by writ to the House of Lords, as Baron Stanley of Bickerstaff; and upon the death of his father in 1851, he succeeded as fourteenth Earl to the earldom of Derby, and to the great ancestral estates of the family in England and Ireland. Under all of these names and titles Lord Derby was eminent as a statesman. He first entered Parliament in 1821, at the age of twenty-two, and soon took rank among the foremost orators of the time. From time to time he held various cabinet positions, the latest being that of Prime Minister (for the fourth time) in 1866-1868. He was succeeded in the earldom of Derby by his son, EDWARD HENRY SMITH-STANLEY (born in 1826), who has held several of the highest positions, under various Administrations, in the British Government. In Literature the Earl of Derby is known almost wholly by his translation of the *Iliad*, of which the first edition appeared in 1864,

and the sixth, with many corrections, in 1867. In the Preface to the first edition, Lord Derby says:

ON TRANSLATING HOMER.

Numerous as have been the translators of the *Iliad*, or parts of it, the metres which have been selected are almost as various: the ordinary couplet in rhyme, the Spenserian stanza, the Trochaic or Ballad metre, all have had their partisans, even to that "pestilent heresy" of the so-called English Hexameter; a metre wholly repugnant to the genius of our language; which can only be pressed into the service by a violation of every rule of prosody. . . . But in the progress of the work I have been more and more confirmed in the opinion that (whatever may be the extent of my own individual failure), if justice is ever to be done to the easy flow and majestic simplicity of the grand old Poet, it can only be in the Heroic blank verse. . . .

I have adopted, not without hesitation, the Latin rather than the Greek nomenclature for the heathen deities. I have been induced to do so from the manifest incongruity of confounding the two; and from the fact that though English readers may be familiar with the names of Zeus, or Aphrodite, or even Poseidon, those of Hera, or Ares, or Hephæstus, or Leto would hardly convey to them a definite signification. It has been my aim throughout to produce a translation, and not a paraphrase: not indeed such a translation as would satisfy, with regard to each word, the rigid requirements of accurate scholarship; but such as would fairly and honestly give the sense and meaning of every passage, and of every line; omitting nothing, and expanding nothing; and adhering, as closely as our language will allow, even to every epithet which is capable of being translated, and which has, in the particular passage, anything of a special and distinctive character.—*Preface to the Translation of the Iliad.*

VULCAN FORGES THE ARMOR OF ACHILLES.

He left her thus, and to his forge returned ;
The bellows then directing to the fire,
He bade them work ; through twenty pipes at
once [blasts ;
Forthwith they poured their diverse-tempered
Now briskly seconding his eager haste,
Now at his will and as the work required.
The stubborn brass, and tin, and precious gold,
And silver ; first he melted in the fire.
Then on its stand his weighty anvil placed ;
And with one hand the hammer's ponderous
weight
He wielded, while the other grasped the tongs.

And first a shield he fashioned, vast and strong,
With rich adornment ; circled with a rim,
Threefold, bright-gleaming, whence a silver belt
Depended ; of five folds the shield was formed ;
And on its surface many a fair design
Of curious art his practised skill had wrought.

Thereon were figured earth, and sky, and sea,
The ever-circling sun, and full-orbed moon,
And all the Signs that crown the vault of heaven ;
Pleiads, and Hyads, and Orion's might,
And Arctos, called the Wain, who wheels on high
His circling course, and on Orion waits ;
Sole star that never bathes in the ocean wave.

And two fair populous towns were sculptured
there ;

In one were marriage pomp and revelry,
And brides, in gay procession, through the streets
With blazing torches from their chambers borne,
While frequent rose the hymeneal song.
Youths whirled around in joyous dance, with
sound

Of flute and harp ; and, standing at their doors,
Admiring women on the pageant gazed.

Meanwhile a busy throng the forum filled :
There between two a fierce contention rose,
About a death-fine ; to the public one
Appealed, asserting to have paid the whole ;
While one denied that he had aught received.
Both were desirous that before the Judge
The issue should be tried ; with noisy shouts

Their several partisans encouraged each.
The heralds stilled the tumult of the crowd.
On polished chairs, in solemn circle, sat
The reverend Elders ; in their hands they held
The loud-voiced herald's sceptres ; waving these,
They heard the alternate pleadings ; in the midst
Two talents lay of gold, which he should take
Who should before them prove his righteous
cause.

Before the second town two armies lay,
In arms refulgent : to destroy the town
The assailants threatened, or among themselves
Of all the wealth within the city stored
An equal half as ransom to divide.
The terms rejecting, the defenders manned
A secret ambush ; on the walls they placed
Women and children mustered for defense,
And men by age enfeebled ; forth they went,
By Mars and Pallas led ; these wrought in gold,
In golden arms arrayed, above the crowd
For beauty and stature, as befitting gods,
Conspicuous shone ; of lesser height the rest.
But when the destined ambuscade was reached,
Beside the river, where the shepherds drove
Their flocks and herds to water, down they lay,
In glittering arms accoutred ; and apart
They placed two spies, to notify betimes
The approach of flocks of sheep and lowing herds.
These, in two shepherds' charge, ere long appeared,
Who, unsuspecting as they moved along,
Enjoyed the music of their pastoral pipes.
They on the booty, from afar discerned,
Sprang from their ambuscade ; and cutting off
The herds and fleecy flocks, their guardians slew.
Their comrades heard the tumult, where they sat
Before their sacred altars, and forthwith
Sprang on their cars, and with fast-stepping
steeds
Pursued the plunderers, and o'ertook them soon.
There on the river's bank they met in arms,
And at each other hurled their brazen spears.
And there were figured Strife and Tumult wild,
And deadly Fate, who in her iron grasp
One newly wounded, one unwounded bore,

While by the feet from out the press she dragged
Another slain : about her shoulders hung
A garment crimsoned with the blood of men.
Like living men they seemed to move, to fight,
To drag away the bodies of the slain.

And there was graven a wide-extended plain
Of fallow land, rich, fertile meadow-soil,
Thrice ploughed ; where many ploughmen up and
down

Their teams were driving ; and as each attained
The limit of the field, would one advance,
And tender him a cup of generous wine :
Then would he turn, and to the end again
Along the furrow cheerly drive his plough.
And still behind them darker showed the soil,
The true presentment of a new-ploughed field,
Though wrought in gold : a miracle of art.

There too was graven a cornfield, rich in grain,
Where with sharp sickles reapers plied their task,
And thick, in even swathe, the trusses fell ;
The binders, following close, the bundles tied :
Three were the binders ; and behind them boys
In close attendance waiting, in their arms
Gathered the bundles, and in order piled.
Amid them, staff in hand, in silence stood
The King, rejoicing in the plenteous swathe.
A little way removed, the heralds slew
A sturdy ox, and now beneath an oak
Prepared the feast ; while women mixed, hard by,
White barley porridge for the laborers' meal.

And with rich clusters laden, there was graven
A vineyard fair, all gold ; of glossy black
The bunches were, on silver poles sustained :
Around, a darksome trench ; beyond, a fence
Was wrought, of shining tin ; and through it led
One only path, by which the bearers passed,
Who gathered in the vineyard's bounteous store.
There maids and youths, in joyous spirits bright,
In woven baskets bore the luscious fruit.
A boy, amid them, from a clear-toned harp
Drew lovely music : well his liquid voice
The strings accompanied : they all with dance
And song harmonious joined, and joyous shouts,
As the gay bevy lightly tripped along.

Of straight-horned cattle too a herd was graven:
Of gold and tin the heifers all were wrought :
They to the pasture, from the cattle-yard,
With gentle lowings, by a babbling stream,
Where quivering reed-beds rustled, slowly moved.
Four golden shepherds walked beside the herd,
By nine swift dogs attended ; then amid
The foremost heifers sprang two lions fierce.
Upon the lordly bull : he, bellowing loud,
Was dragged along, by dogs and youths pursued.
The tough bull's-hide they tore, and gorging
lapped

The intestines and dark blood ; with vain attempt
The herdsmen following closely. to the attack
Cheered their swift dogs ; these shunned the
lion's jaws,

And close around them baying, held aloof.

And there the skilful artist's hand had traced
A pasture broad with fleecy flocks o'erspread,
In a fair glade, with folds, and tents, and pens.

There, too, the skilful artist's hand had wrought
With curious workmanship, a mazy dance,
Like that which Dædalus in Cnossus erst
At fair-haired Ariadne's bidding framed.
There, laying each on other's wrists their hand,
Bright youths and many-suited maidens danced :
In fair white linen these. in tunics those,
Well woven, shining soft with fragrant oils ;
These with fair coronets were crowned, while
those

With golden swords from silver belts were girt.
Now whirled they round with nimble practised
Easy, as when a potter, seated, turns [feet,
A wheel, new fashioned by his skilful hand,
And spins it round, to prove if true it run ;
Now featly moved in well-beseeming ranks,
A numerous crowd around, the lovely dance
Surveyed, delighted ; while an honored Bard
Sang, as he struck the lyre, and to the strain
Two tumblers, in the midst, were whirling round.

About the margin of the massive shield
Was wrought the mighty strength of the Ocean
Stream.

The shield completed, vast and strong, he forged

A breast-plate, dazzling bright as flame of fire ;
 And next, a weighty helmet for his head,
 Fair, richly wrought, with crest of gold above ;
 Then last, well-fitting greaves of pliant tin.

The skilled artificer his works complete
 Before Achilles's Goddess-mother laid :
 She, like a falcon, from the snow-clad heights
 Of huge Olympus, darted swiftly down,
 Charged with the glittering arms by Vulcan
 wrought.

—*Iliad* XX., 528–700.

DERZHAVIN, GABRIEL, (properly, DER-SHAWIN, GAVRIL ROMANOWITSCH), a Russian statesman and poet, born in 1743, died in 1816. He was of noble Tartar descent; entered the gymnasium at Kazan, his birth-place, in 1758; thence he went to St. Petersburg, entered the military, and subsequently the civil service. In 1791 the empress Catharine II. made him Secretary of State, and a few years afterwards President of the College of Commerce. Upon the accession, in 1766, of Paul to the imperial throne, Derzhavin was placed at the head of the Council of State. In 1800 he became Imperial Treasurer, and in 1802 Minister of Justice. A complete edition of his Works, in five volumes, was put forth at St. Petersburg in 1810–15. They comprise an Ode on the birth of the Emperor Alexander, one on Irreligion, and the magnificent one upon God, which has been translated into many Oriental and most Occidental languages.

ODE TO GOD.

O thou Eternal One ! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide ;
 Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
 Thou only God ;—there is no God beside !
 Being above all beings ! Mighty One !
 Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,

Who fillest existence with Thyself alone :
 Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er :
 Being, whom we call God—and know no more !

In its sublime research, Philosophy
 May measure out the ocean-deep, may count
 The sands or the sun's rays : but, God ! for Thee
 There is no weight nor measure, none can
 mount

Up to Thy mysteries : Reason's brightest spark,
 Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
 To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark ;
 And thought is lost ere thought can mount so
 high,
 E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
 First Chaos, then Existence :—Lord, on Thee
 Eternity had its foundation : all
 Sprang forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
 Sole origin : all life, all beauty Thine.
 Thy word created all, and doth create ;
 Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
 Thou art and wert, and shalt be ! glorious,
 great,
 Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
 Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath !
 Thou the beginning and the end has bound,
 And beautifully mingled life and death.
 As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from
 Thee ;
 And as the spangles in the sunny rays
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
 Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss ;
 They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
 What shall we call them ?—Piles of crystal light,
 A glorious company of golden streams,
 Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright,

Suns of lighting systems, with their joyous
beams?

But thou to those are as the noon to night.

Yes ! as a drop of water to the sea,

All this magnificence in Thee is lost :

What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee ?

And what am I, then ? Heaven's unnumbered
host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed

In all the glory of sublimest thought,

Is but an atom in the balance, weighed

Against Thy greatness ; is a cipher brought

Against infinity ! What am I, then ?—Naught !

Naught ! But the effluence of Thy light divine,

Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too :

Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,

As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

Naught ! But I live, and on Hope's pinions fly

Eager toward Thy presence : for in Thee

I live and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,

Even to the eternal throne of Thy divinity ;

I am, O God ! and surely Thou must be !

Thou art ! directing, guiding all, Thou art !

Direct my understanding, then, to Thee :

Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart.

Though but an atom 'mid immensity,

Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand ;

I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,

On the last verge of mortal being stand,

Close to the realm where angels have their
birth,

Just on the boundary of the spirit land !

The claim of being is complete in me ;

In me is matter's last gradation lost ;

And the next step is Spirit—Deity !

I can command the lightning, and am dust !

A monarch and a slave : a worm, a god !

Whence came I here, and how ? so marvelously
Constructed and conceived ? Unknown ? This
clod

Lives surely through some higher energy ;

From out itself alone it could not be.

Creator ! yes ! Thy wisdom and thy word
 Created *me*. Thou source of life and good !
 Thou, spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !
 Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,
 Filled me with an immortal soul to spring
 O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight, beyond this little sphere,
 E'en to its source—to Thee—its Author—there !

O thought ineffable ! O vision blest !
 Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
 Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
 God ! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar ;
 Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good—
 'Mid thy vast works, admire, obey, adore ;
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
 The soul shall speak in tears its gratitude.
 —*Transl. of BOWRING.*

MONODY ON PRINCE MESTCHASKY.

O iron tongue of Time, with thy sharp metallic
 tone,
 The terrible voice affrights me :
 Each beat of the clock summons me,
 Calls me, and hurries me to the grave.
 Scarcely have I opened my eyes upon the world,
 Ere Death grinds its teeth,
 And with his scythe that gleams like lightning,
 Cuts off my days, which are but grass.

Not one of the horned beasts of the field,
 Not a single blade of grass escapes,
 Monarch and beggar alike are food for the worm.
 The noxious elements feed the grave,
 And Time effaces all human glory ;
 As the swift waters rush towards the sea,
 So our days and years flow into Eternity,
 And Empires are swallowed up by greedy Death.

We crawl along the edge of the treacherous abyss,
 Into which we quickly fall headlong :
 With our first breath of life we inhale death,
 And are only born that we may die.

Stars are shivered by him,
And suns are momentarily quenched,
Each world trembles at his menace,
And Death unpityingly levels all.

The mortal scarcely thinks that he can die,
And idly dreams himself immortal,
When Death comes to him as a thief,
And in an instant robs him of his life,
Alas, where fondly we fear the least,
There will Death the sooner come ;
Nor does the lightning-bolt with swifter blast
Topple down the towering pinnacle.

Child of luxury, child of freshness and delight,
Mestchasky, where hast thou hidden thyself ?
Thou hast left the realms of light,
And withdrawn to the shores of the dead ;
Thy dust is here, but thy soul is no more with us.
Where is it ? It is there. Where is *there* ? We
know not.

We can only weep and sob forth,
Woe to us that we were ever born into the world !

They who are radiant with health,
Love joy and peace,
Feel their blood run cold
And their souls to be fretted with woe.
Where but now was spread a banquet, there stands
a coffin :
Where but now rose mad cries of revelry,
There resounds the bitter wailing of mourners ;
And over all keeps Death his watch :

Watches us one and all—the mighty Czar
Within whose hands are lodged the destinies of a
world :
Watches the sumptuous Dives,
Who makes of gold and silver his idol-gods ;
Watches the fair beauty rejoicing in her charms ;
Watches the sage, proud of his intellect :
Watches the strong man, confident in his strength:
And, even as he watches, sharpens the blade of
his scythe.

O Death, thou essence of fear and trembling !
 O Man, thou strange mixture of *grandeur* and of
 nothingness !

To-day a god, and to-morrow a patch of earth :
 To-day buoyed up with cheating hope,
 And to-morrow, where art thou, man ?
 Scarce an hour of triumph allowed thee,
 Ere thou hast taken thy flight to the realms of
 Chaos,
 And thy whole course of life, a dream, is run.

Like a dream, like some sweet vision,
 Already my youth has vanished quite.
 Beauty no longer enjoys her potent sway,
 Gladness no more, as once, entrances me,
 My mind is no longer free and fanciful,
 And all my happiness is changed.
 I am troubled for a longing for fame ;
 I listen ; the voice of fame now calls me.
 But even so will manhood pass away,
 And together with fame all my aspirations.
 The love of wealth will tarnish all,
 And each passion in its turn
 Will sway the soul and pass. [grasp !
 Avaunt happiness, that boasts to be within our
 All happiness is but evanescent and a lie :
 I stand at the gate of eternity.

—*Transl. of* CHARLES EDWARD TURNER.

DESCARTES, (or DESCARTES, Latinized into CARTESIUS), RENÉ, a French philosopher, born in 1596, died in 1650. He was of a noble family in Touraine; was trained in the Jesuit College of La Flèche, where he prosecuted his philosophical studies with great success. But in compliance with the wishes of his family he entered the army in 1616, and saw considerable military service during the ensuing five years. Leaving the army, he traveled for several years in various parts of Europe, devoting himself to a close observation of natural phenomena, and to the formulation of his theory of the principles of human knowledge. He acquired a high reputa-

tion among all learned men, and is justly placed by the side of Bacon, Newton, and Kant among the founders of modern philosophical research, which he pushed into every department of physical and metaphysical investigation. In 1644 he put forth his *Principia Philosophiæ*, and soon after received a pension of 3000 livres from the King of France. In 1648 Queen Christina of Sweden invited him to come to Stockholm as director of an Academy which she proposed to found, with a salary of 3000 crowns. He died in two years, and was buried at Stockholm; but sixteen years afterwards, Louis XIV. caused his remains to be brought to Paris, where they were re-interred in the church of Ste. Geneviève du Mont.—The writings of Descartes, some in Latin, some in French, are very numerous. The latest, and probably best edition, is that of Victor Cousin, *Œuvres Complètes de Descartes* (11 vols. 1824–1826). No entire translation into English of any of his works has been published; but Prof. Mahaffy's volume upon Descartes (London, 1885), contains a fair summary of his teachings, in the various departments of human knowledge, with translations of the important passages.

DO ANIMALS THINK?

As to the understanding conceded by Montaigne and others to brutes, I differ, not for the reason usually alleged that man possesses an absolute dominion over the brutes, which may not always be true, either as regards strength or cunning; but I consider that they imitate or surpass us only in those actions which are not directed by thought—such as walking, eating, and putting our hands out when we are falling. And people who walk in their sleep are said to have swum across rivers, in which they would have been drowned had they awaked. As regards the move-

ments of the passions, although they are accompanied in us by thought, because we possess that faculty, it is yet plain that they do not depend upon it, because they occur often in spite of it, so that even their more violent occurrence in the brutes can not prove to us that they have thoughts. In fine, there is no single external action which can convince those who examine it that our body is not merely a machine which moves of itself, but has in it a thinking mind, except the use of words, or other signs (such as those of mutes) made in relation to whatever presents itself, without any regard to the passions. This excludes the talking of parrots, and includes that of the insane, as the latter may be *à propos*, though it be absurd, while the former is not. It also excludes the cries of joy or pain, as well as all that can be taught to animals by acting on their hopes or fears of bodily pleasure or pain; which is the principle of all training of animals.

It is remarkable that language, so defined, applies to man only: for although Montaigne and Charron say there is more difference among men than between men and brutes, there has never yet been found a brute so perfect as to use some sign to inform other animals of things not relating to their passions; nor is there any man so imperfect who does not use such signs—even the deaf and dumb inventing them. This latter fact seems to prove that it is not from a want of organs that brutes do not speak. Nor can we argue that they talk among themselves, but that we do not understand them; for dogs express to us their passions so well that they could certainly express their thoughts if they had any.

I know that the beasts do many things better than we do, which only proves that they act by natural springs like a clock, which marks time better than we can determine it by our judgment. The habits of bees, the return of the swallows, and the order of flying cranes, and the supposed battle-order of monkeys, is of the same kind; and finally that of dogs and cats, which scratch the

earth to bury their excrements, though they hardly ever really do so ; which shows that they do it by instinct, without thinking. We can only say that though the beasts perform no acts which can prove to us that they think, still, because of the likeness of their organs to ours, we may conjecture that there is some thought joined to them, as we perceive in our own case, although theirs must be far less perfect. To this I have nothing to reply, except that, if they thought as we do, they must have an immortal soul, which is not likely, as we have no reason to extend it to some animals without extending it to all—such as worms, oysters, sponges, etc.

THE NATURE OF IDEAS.

Among our thoughts, some are as it were images of things, and to these only is properly applied the term *idea*, as when I have before me a man, a chimæra, heaven, an angel, or even God. Other thoughts have a different form, as when I wish or fear, affirm or deny ; then I conceive, indeed, something as the subject of my mental action, but I also add something else by this action to the idea in my mind ; and of this kind of thoughts, some are called *volitions* or *affections*, and the rest *judgments*. The mere perception of ideas cannot possibly contain any error ; it is in our judgments concerning them that error consists. Thus I infer from these ideas that they are produced by external objects like them, because I fancy that I am so taught by nature, and because they do not depend upon my will. And yet these inferences may be false. For being *taught by nature* means not only the evidence of that *natural light* which is the highest and most perfect guarantee of the truth of our simple intuitions—it may also mean a certain *spontaneous inclination*, a *blind and rash impulse*, which certainly deceives me, for example, in the choice between virtue and vice, and therefore cannot be trusted in the distinction of truth and falsehood. Thus our ideas might be produced by no external cause, but by some as yet undiscovered faculty within ourselves ; and even

if they were, this external cause need not resemble our ideas. Nay, in many cases we know that it does not. It is only by reflecting carefully on the truth revealed to us by natural light, that all ideas of mental objects must be derived from causes which contain formally all the reality possessed objectively by the ideas, that I am able to deduce this conclusion: All the ideas of body which are clear to my mind—viz., trinal extension, figure, place, movement, substance, duration, and number—are real and true; those of light, color, taste, heat, cold, etc., are so obscure and confused, that nature teaches me nothing about their reality or their causes. They may even proceed from non-being, or from some want in my nature. And so of many other ordinary prejudices, which have infected not only common life, but even philosophy.

BEING AND NON-BEING.

When I come to examine the cause of the many errors which are manifestly made by human nature, I find that together with the idea of a Being of sovereign perfection, I have as its opposite a negative idea of non-being (*le néant*)—that is, of what is infinitely removed from all perfection; and that I am, so to speak, intermediate between the sovereign Being and non-being, that there is nothing in me which can lead to error, in so far as the sovereign Being has produced me. But if I regard myself as participating to some extent in the *néant* or non-being—viz., in so far as I am not myself the sovereign Being, and that I am deficient in several things—I find myself exposed to an infinity of deficiencies. And thus I know that error, as such, is nothing real depending on God, but only a defect; and that to err I require no particular faculty given me by God for that purpose, but it merely happens that I am deceived because the power given me by God to discern truth from falsehood is not infinite.

DE VERE, SIR AUBREY, an Irish poet, born in 1788, died in 1846. He published three

dramatic poems, *Julian the Apostate* (1822), *The Duke of Mercia* (1823), and *Mary Tudor* (1847); and also, *A Song of Faith and Other Poems* (1842).

LADY JANE GREY IN PRISON.

A prison in the Tower. LADY JANE GRAY, alone, sewing a shroud. She turns an hour-glass.

Jane.—I nevermore shall turn that glass. For me

Time is fulfilled : and ere those sands run down,
My trembling fingers must complete their task—
Their final task—or not in work of mine
Shall his dear limbs, composed in death, be
wrapped. [heart

With what a speed they haste ! by mine own
I count the flying seconds of his life.

Oh what a task for wedded hands !—'Tis done,
And now I fold and lay thee to my bosom,
Which his espoused head so loved to press.

Enter the Duchess of Suffolk.

What noise is that ?—not time—it is not time ?

Oh my dear Mother. [Falls on her neck.

Duchess.— Wretched—wretched Mother !

Jane.—It is not much to die. Whoever faints
Has tasted death, waking in pain to sorrow.
Have comfort.—Desolate I leave you not :
My father near and other duteous daughters.

Duchess.—Thy father hath gone forth and
raised his banner [doom.
To dare the Queen. This act hath sealed thy
The father slays his child !

Jane.— God's will be done !
How dark so e'er his ways or blind our eyes !
My precious mother ! weep not—leave me some
strength !

Duchess.—Would I were dead !

Jane.— Live for my sister's sake.
She needs thy counsel, and my sad example :
For there is that in Herbert's father's heart,
May move him to attempt the crown for her.

Duchess.—O let her rather labor in the fields,
And spin for bread beside a cottage hearth,
Than step unto a throne ! Thou fatal Blood !

Predestinated race ! all who partake
 Thy veins must pour them forth on battle-fields,
 Or the foul scaffold ! Doomed Plantagenet !
 The Tudor follows in your steps.

Jane.— Our sands
 Have almost run. I must be quick. Will he
 See me once more ? one last, last kiss bestow ?

Duchess.—The malice of the Queen forbids.

Jane.— Say mercy—
 Else were our hearts left beggared of all firmness.
 'Tis best thus. We shall meet—yes, ere yon sun,
 Now high in heaven, shall from the zenith stoop,
 Together will they lay us in one coffin,
 Together our poor heads. Weep not, my mother !
 But hear me. Promise you will see this done.

Duchess.—I promise.

Jane.— So our bones shall intermingle ;
 And rise together, when the angelic trump
 Shall lift us to the footstool of our Judge !
 What shall I give thee ?—they have left me little—
 What slight memorial through soft tears to gaze
 on ?

This bridal ring—the symbol of past joy ?
 I cannot part with it : upon this finger
 It must go down into the grave. Perchance
 After long years some curious hand may find it,
 Bright like our better hopes, amid the dust,
 And piously, with a low sigh, replace it.
 Here—take this veil, and wear it for my sake.
 And take this winding-sheet to him ; and this
 Small handkerchief so wetted with my tears,
 To wipe the death-damp from his brow. This
 kiss—

And this—my last—print on his lips and bid him
 Think of me to the last and wait my spirit.
 Farewell, my Mother ! farewell, dear, dear, Mother
 These terrible moments I must pass in prayer—
 For the dying—for the dead ! farewell ! farewell !
 —*Mary Tudor.*

COLUMBUS.

He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
 Nor sophistry perplex. nor pain subdue ;
 A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,

And steeled the path of honor to pursue :
 So, when by all deserted, still he knew
 How best to soothe the heart-sick, or confront
 Sedition ; schooled with equal eye to view
 The frowns of grief, and the base pangs of want.
 But when he saw that promised land arise
 In all its rare and bright varieties,
 Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod,
 Then softening nature melted in his eyes :
 He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God ;
 And fell upon his face, and kissed the virgin sod !

DIOCLETIAN AT SALONA.

Take back these vain insignia of command,
 Crown, truncheon, golden eagle—baubles all—
 And robe of Tyrian dye, to me a pall ;
 And be forever alien to my hand,
 Though laurel-wreathed. War's desolating brand.
 I would have friends, not courtiers, in my hall ;
 Wise books, learned converse, beauty free from
 thrall,
 And leisure for good deeds, thoughtfully planned.
 Farewell, thou garish world ! thou Italy,
 False widow of departed Liberty !
 I scorn thy base caresses. Welcome the roll
 Between us of my own bright Adrian Sea !
 Welcome these wilds, from whose bold heights my
 Looks down on your degenerate Capitol ! [soul

TIME MISSPENT.

There is no remedy for time misspent ;
 No healing for the waste of idleness
 Whose very languor is a punishment
 Heavier than active souls can feel or guess :
 O hours of idleness and discontent,
 Not now to be redeemed ! ye sting not less
 Because I know this span of life was lent
 For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
 Not to be wiled away in aimless dreams,
 But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,
 Life and its choicest faculties were given.
 Man should be ever better than he seems,
 And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
 To walk adorning earth with hope of heaven.

DE VERE, MAXIMILIAN SCHELE, an American author, born near Wexio, Sweden, in 1820. After some time spent in military and diplomatic service in Prussia, he emigrated to the United States, and in 1844 was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia. Besides several textbooks for the study of the French language, he is the author of *Outlines of Comparative Philology* (1853), *Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature* (1856), *Studies of our English* (1867), *The Great Empress*, a novel, and *Wonders of the Deep* (1869), *Americanisms* (1871), and *The English of the New World* (1873). He has translated into English Spielhagen's *Problematic Characters*, *Through Night to Light*, and *The Hohensteins*.

THE MOORS.

On many a plain, on lofty table-lands, or close to the ocean's restless pulse, wherever water gathers from a thousand invisible sources, little pools and miniature lakes are formed, which the clayey ground or solid rock beneath prevents from reaching their great home in the sea. Upon these waters little tiny plants appear, hardly visible confervae; they come, man knows not whence, but they multiply in amazing haste, and soon cover the stagnant pool with living green. On a sudden, however, they are gone; they have sunk down to the bottom. There they form layer upon layer; slowly, indeed, for the naked eye measures them only by hundreds of generations; but as particles of sand and stone gather in their hidden folds, and as the bodies and shells of countless minute animals, who found a home in the waters above, are buried amidst them, they rise year after year. Gradually they afford a footing and food for numerous water-worts, in whose mouldering remains mosses and rushes begin to settle. These bind their roots firmly, they join hand in hand, and arm in arm, until at last they form a soft green cover of peaty mould, far and near,

over the dark, mysterious waters. The older the moor, the firmer and stronger is, of course, this turf-cover over the brownish pool, that gives out a faint, but piercing fragrance. Near the sea-shore, and in rainy regions, larger quantities of water frequently remain between the firm ground and the felt-like cover, so that the surface breathes and heaves like the waves of the great ocean. In drier countries, heath, hair-grass, and even bilberry-bushes, grow in the treacherous mould. But the moisture beneath gnaws constantly at their roots, so that they die off, whilst the herb above clings pertinaciously to life, and sends out ever new shoots—a faint, false resemblance of life, like the turf on the moor itself, in its restless, unstable suspension above the dark-brown water beneath.

This turf-cover, consisting of countless partly decayed plants, and their closely interwoven roots, is our peat: those vegetable masses that have accumulated at the bottom of the moor are bog-earth, and below them, as the oldest layer of all, lies the so-called black peat. . . . Dark and dismal the green turf stretches far away, as far as eye can reach. It knows neither spring nor summer. Below is the dark, unfathomed abyss. Here and there fierce gusts of wind, or strange powers from below, have torn the gloomy shroud asunder, and the dark, black waters stare at you. . . . Even the bright sun of heaven cannot light up the haunted mirror—its golden face looks pale and leaden. No fish swims in the inhospitable water; no boat passes swiftly from shore to shore. Whatever has life and dreads death, flees the treacherous moor. Woe to the unfortunate man who misses the narrow path! A single step amiss, and he sinks into the gulf; the green turf closes over him, and drowns the gurgling of the waters and the anxious cry of the victim.

Far, far down in the depths of the moor there lies many a secret of olden times. Below the grim, ghastly surface, below the waters, below the black remnants of countless plants, lie the sad memorials of ages unknown to the history of man.

Huge trees stand upright, and their gigantic roots rest upon the crowns of still older forest giants ! In the inverted oaks of Murten Moor, in Switzerland, many see the famous oak woods that Charlemagne caused to be cut down, now more than a thousand years ago. For centuries the moors have hid in their silent bosom the gigantic works of ancient Rome ; and posterity has gazed with awe and wonder at the masterly roads and massive bridges, like those built of perishable wood by Germanicus, when he passed from Holland into the valley of the Weser. Far, in the deep, lie buried the stone hatchets and flint arrow-heads of Frisians and Cheruski, by the side of the copper kettle and iron helmet of the Roman soldier. A Phœnician skiff was found of late, and alongside of it a boat laden with bricks. The skeletons of antediluvian animals rest there peaceably by the corpses of ancient races with sandals on their feet and the skins of animals around their naked bodies. Hundreds of brave English horsemen, who sought an honorable death in the battle of Solway, were swallowed up, horse and men, by the insatiable moor. . . .

Even in our day moors grasp with their death-hand at living nature around them. Here and there a lofty tree still rises from the dismal depth ; in mountain valleys even groves and forests sometimes break the sad monotony. But in the unequal struggle the moor is sure to win the battle. Like foul disease, the hungry moor-water gnaws at the roots of noble trees. It softens the ground, it changes it into morass, and the proud giants of the forest fall one by one before the dark invisible foe beneath them. They resist long and bravely ; but their roots are drowned with the abominable liquid : their hold is loosened, their leaves turn yellow and crisp ; the wintry storm comes in fury, and the noble tree sinks powerless into the grave at its feet. The struggle may be marked, even now, in all its stages. Thus, in the famous Black Forest of Germany, there rise on many a breezy hill glorious old fir trees, and graceful, silvery

birches. Only a few yards beyond, however, the eye meets with but sorry, stunted dwarfs, trees crippled before they reached their height, old before their time, and weak already in the days of their youth. Their crowns are withered, their branches hung with wierd, weeping mosses. Then the trees become still fewer and smaller ; low, deformed trunks with twisted branches, alone survive. At last these also disappear, and the dead quiet of the moor, with its humble heath, broken only here and there by a dying bush, or a lowly hillock, reigns alone and triumphant.—
Leaves from the Book of Nature.

DE VERE, THOMAS AUBREY, an Irish poet and political writer, third son of Sir Aubrey De Vere, born in 1814. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. His poetical works are *The Waldenses* (1842), *The Search after Proserpine*, and *Recollections of Greece and Other Poems* (1843), *Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred* (1853), *May Carols* (1857 and 1881), *The Sisters, Innisfail*, and other *Poems* (1861), *Irish Odes, and Other Poems* (1869), *The Legends of St. Patrick* (1872), *Alexander the Great, a Dramatic Poem* (1874), *St. Thomas of Canterbury, a Dramatic Poem* (1876), *Legends of the Saxon Saints* (1879), and *The Foray of Queen Meane, and Other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age* (1882). His prose works are *English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds* (1848), *Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey* (1850), *Ireland's Church Property and the right Use of it. Pleas for Secularization*, and *The Church Establishment of Ireland* (1867), *The Church Settlement of Ireland, or Hibernia Pacanda* (1868), and *Constitutional and Unconstitutional Political Action* (1881). In 1878 he edited *Proteus and Amadeus*, a correspondence on religious and philosophical subjects.

THE ASCENT OF THE ALPS.

Up to lonelier, narrower valleys
 Winds an intricate ravine
 Whence the latest snow-blast sallies
 Through black firs scarce seen.
 I hear through clouds the hunter's hollo—
 I hear, but scarcely dare to follow
 'Mid chaotic rocks and woods,
 Such as in her lyric moods
 Nature, like a Bacchante, flings
 From half-shaped imaginings.
 There lie two prostrate trunks entangled
 Like intertwined dragons strangled :
 Yon glacier seems a prophet's robes
 • While broken sceptres, thrones, and globes
 Are strewn, as left by rival States
 Of elemental Potentates.
 Pale floats the mist, a wizard's shroud :
 There looms the broad crag from the cloud :—
 A thunder-graven Sphinx's head, half blind,
 Gazing on far lands through the freezing wind. . .

Mount higher, mount higher !
 With rock-girdled gyre
 • Behind each gray ridge
 And pine-feathered ledge
 A vale is suspended ; mount higher, mount higher !

From rock to rock leaping
 The wild goats, they bound ;
 The resinous odors
 Are wafted around ;
 The clouds disentangled,
 With blue gaps are spangled ;
 Green isles of the valley with sunshine are crowned.

The birches new-budded
 Make pink the green copse ;
 From briar and hazel
 The golden rain drops :
 As he climbs, the boughs shaking,
 Nest-seeking, branch-breaking,
 Beneath the white ash-boughs the shepherd-boy
 stops.

How happy that shepherd !
How happy the lass !
How freshly beside them
The pure zephyrs pass !
Sing, sing ! From the soil
Springs bubble and boil,
And sun-smitten torrents fall soft on the grass. . .

Mount higher, mount higher,
To the cloudland nigher ;
To the regions we climb
Of our long-buried prime—
In the skies it awaits us—Up higher up higher !

Loud Hymn and clear Pæan
From caverns are rolled :
Far below is Summer—
We have slipped from her fold ;
We have passed, like a breath,
To new life without death—
The Spring and our Childhood all round we behold.

What are toils to men who scorn them ?
Peril what to men who dare ?
Chains to hands that once have torn them
Thenceforth are chains of air !
The winds above the snow-plains fleet—
Like them I race with wingèd feet ;
My bonds are dropped ; my spirit thrills,
A freeman of the Eternal Hills !
Each cloud by turns I make my tent ;
I run before the radiance sent
From every mountain's silver mail
Across dark gulfs from vale to vale :
The curdling mist in smooth career,
A lovely phantom fleeting by,
As silent sails through yon pale mere
That shrines its own blue sky. . . .

Lo like the foam of wintry ocean,
The clouds beneath my feet are curled ;
Dividing now with solemn motion
They give me back the world.
No veil I fear, no visual bond
In this aërial diamond :

My head o'er crystal bastions bent,
'Twixt star-crowned spire and battlement
I see the river of green ice,
From precipice to precipice,
Wind earthward slow, with blighting breath
Blackening the vales below like death.
Far, far beneath in sealike reach,
 Receding to the horizon's rim,
I see the woods of pine and beech,
 By their own breath made dim :
I see the land which heroes trod ;
 I see the land where Virtue chose
To live alone, and live to God ;
 The land she gave to those
Who know that on the hearth alone
True Freedom rears her fort and throne.

Lift up, not only hand and eye,
Life up, O Man, thy heart on high :
Or downward gaze once more ; and see
How spiritual dust can be !
Then far into the Future dive,
And ask if there indeed survive,
When fade the worlds, no primal shapes
Of disembodied hills and capes,
Types meet to shadow Godhead forth ;
Dread antetypes of shapes on earth ?
O Earth ! thou shalt not wholly die,
 Of some " new Earth " the chrysalis
Predestined from Eternity.

Nor seldom seen through this ;
On which, in glory gazing, we
Perchance shall oft remember thee,
And trace through it thine ancient frame
Distinct, like flame espied through flame,
Or like our earliest friends, above,
Not lost, though merged in heavenlier love—
How changed, yet still the same ! . . .

The sun is set—but upwards without end
Two mighty beams, diverging,
Like hands in benediction raised, extend ;
From the great deep a crimson mist is surging . . .
 Strange gleams, each moment ten times bright,
 Shoot round, transfiguring as they smite

All spaces of the empyreal height—
Deep gleams, high Words which God to man
doth speak,

From peak to solemn peak, in order driven,
They speed.—A loftier vision dost thou seek?
Rise then—to Heaven!

SORROW.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him: rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast: Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness: Grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to command
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts last-
ing to the end.

A CHURCHYARD.

I.

It stands a grove of cedars vast and green,
Cathedral-wise disposed, with nave and choir,
And cross-shaped transept lofty and serene;
And altar decked in festival attire
With flowers like urns of white and crimson fire;
And chancel girt with vine-trailed laurel screen;
And aisles high arched with cypresses between;
Retreats of mournful love, and vain desire.
Within the porch a silver fount is breathing
Its pure, cold dews upon the summer air:
Round it are blooming herbs, and flowers, the
care
Of all the angels of the Seasons, wreathing
Successively their unbought garniture
Round the low graves of the beloved poor.

II.

But when the winds of night begin to move
Along the murmuring roofs, deep music rolls

Through all the vaults of this Cathedral grove ;
A midnight service for departed souls.
Piercing the fan-like branches stretched above
Each chapel, oratory, shrine, and stall ;
Then a pale moonshine falls or seems to fall
On those cold grave-stones—altars reared by love
For a betrothal never to be ended ;
And on the slender plants above them swinging ;
And on the dewy lamps from these suspended ;
And sometimes on dark forms in anguish clinging,
As if their bosoms to the senseless mould
Some vital warmth would add—or borrow of its
cold.

THE TRUE BLESSEDNESS.

Blessèd is he who hath not trod the ways
Of secular delights, nor learned the lore
Which loftier minds are studious to abhor :
Blessèd is he who hath not sought the praise
That perishes, the rapture that betrays ;
Who hath not spent in Time's vainglorious war
His youth ; and found—a schoolboy at four-
score !—
How fatal are those victories that raise
Their iron trophies to a temple's height
On trampled Justice ; who desires not bliss,
But peace ; and yet, when summoned to the
fight
Combats as one who combats in the sight
Of God and of His angels : seeking this
Alone—how best to glorify the right.

DEWEY, ORVILLE, an American clergyman, born at Sheffield, Mass., in 1794. He graduated at Williams College in 1814, and studied theology at Andover. Having embraced Unitarian views, he became an assistant to Dr. Channing in Boston ; was subsequently pastor of a Unitarian church in New Bedford, and in 1835 was called to the pastorate of the Church of the Messiah in New York. Protracted ill health compelled him to resign this position in 1848, and retire to

his farm in his native town. He made several visits to Europe; the first, beginning in 1833, lasted for two years. Of this he published an account under the title *The Old World and the New* (2 vols., 1836). Subsequent to his retirement from the pastorate of the Church of the Messiah, he occupied pulpits in Albany and Washington; and for four years (1858-1862) he was pastor of The "New South" Unitarian Church, in Boston. Besides numerous separate sermons and discourses, he has published several volumes of *Sermons* entitled respectively *Discourses on Human Nature*, on *Human Life*, on *Commerce and Business*, on *The Nature of Religion*, and on *The Unitarian Belief*. In 1859 he delivered in Boston, a series of "Lowell Lectures," which were published under the title, *Problem of Human Life and Destiny*.

THE PROBLEM OF PHYSICAL PAIN.

The law is that of pain: of pain, not usually severe nor perpetual, but general, moderate, occasional. And the main question is: Is it useful? Now, in general, we find no difficulty in answering this question in the affirmative. Pain is a sentinel that warns us of danger. And therefore it stands upon the outposts of this citadel, the body; for pain is keenest, the surgeon's knife is felt keenest, on the surface. Now, be it granted that pain does us some harm; but it saves us from worse harm. If cold did not pain us, it might freeze us to death. If disease did not pain us, we might die before we knew that we were sick. If contacts, of all sorts, with surrounding objects—the woodman's axe, the carpenter's saw, the farmer's harrow—did not hurt us, they might cut and tear us all to pieces. Think of it. A knife, held by a careless hand, approaches us; it touches the skin. We start back. Why? Because there is pain. But for this it might have entered the body, and cut some vital organ. An old Greek verse says, "The gods *sell* us the blessings they

bestow." These are the best terms for us. They make us careful and prudent. Unconditional giving might lead to reckless squandering. Pain, then, is a teacher of prudence and self-care. Nay, and if happiness alone were considered, it might be argued that an occasional bitter drop gives a zest to the cup of enjoyment; as hunger does to the feast, or sharp cold to the winter's fire.

But in moral relations, the argument is still stronger. Here is a human soul clothed with a body, to be trained to virtue, to self-command, to spiritual strength and nobleness. Would perpetual ease and pleasure, a perpetual luxury of sensation, best do that? We know that it would not. Every wise and thoughtful man, at least, knows that some pain, some sickness, some rebuke of the senses, is good for him. Such a man often feels, in long-continued states of ease and comfort, that it is time that something should come to try, to discipline, to inure and ennoble his nature. He is afraid of uninterrupted enjoyment. Pain, patiently and nobly endured, peculiarly strengthens and spiritualizes the soul. Heinrich Heine says, "Only the man who has known bodily sufferings, is truly a *man*." The loftiest states of mind, and, compared with mere sensual indulgence, the happiest, are those of courageous endurance; and the martyr is often happier than the voluptuary. . . .

But now, it may be asked, Could not the same end have been gained, the same nobleness, the same constancy have been achieved without pain? Which is, I think, as if one should ask, whether the wood could not have been cut into shape without the axe, or the marble without the chisel, or the gold purified without the furnace. But let us answer: and we say, Not in any way that we can conceive of. First, it may have been absolutely inevitable in the nature of things, that a frame sensitive to pleasure should be liable to pain. This may be the explanation of that long-continued and severe pain, which presents the hardest problem in our physical life. With such causes foregoing, such a train of influences, mental, moral,

and physical, as produced this terrible suffering, it may have been impossible without a miracle, to prevent it. Ordinarily, indeed, such pain is not long continued. It destroys life, or life destroys it. "If severe, brief—if long, light"—is the old adage ; and it is true. But if it fail, and the terrible case of protracted anguish is before us, we may be obliged to leave it under some great law of the human constitution, which makes prevention impossible. I may be told that such pain does *no* good ; that it breaks down mind and body together ; and therefore that it *cannot*, in any way be useful. But we do not know that. In the great cycle of eternity, all may come right. How much happier the sufferer may be forever for this present pain, we know not. All experience, all known analogies, favor the idea of that immense remuneration.—*Lowell Lectures.*

THE PROBLEM OF DEATH.

By the unreflecting mass of men, death is regarded simply as the greatest of evils. They survey its ravages with dread and horror. They see no beneficent agencies in the appointment ; they scarcely see it as an appointment at all. They behold its approach to their own dwelling, not in the spirit of calm philosophy or resignation, but simply with a desire to resist its entrance. To "deliver those who all their lifetime are in bondage through fear of death," was one express design of Christianity ; but only in a few minds has this design been fulfilled. Death is still regarded, not as an ordinance, but as a catastrophe. It is like the earthquake to the material world ; that which whelms all. It is the one calamity ; that which strikes a deeper shaft into the world than any other. It is the fixed doom which makes all other calamity light and phenomenal. The world trembles at it, grows pale before it, as it trembles and grows pale before nothing else. Nay, and with reflecting persons, I think, the feeling that they *must die* is usually the feeling of some stern necessity. "Now let me depart : it is good for me to go hence." is a language sometimes heard ;

but it is rare. That dark veil at the view, there forever suspended, casts a shade over the whole of life.

Can it have been meant, is it reasonable, that an event so necessary, so universal, and appointed doubtless in wisdom, should be thus regarded? For death, it is evident, in fact, if not in form, is a part of the original world-plan. I know that it is commonly looked upon as the consequence of sin—the consequence of the fall. But observe the language in which this doom, supposed to have been consequent upon the fall of man, is pronounced. It is in the third chapter of Genesis. It is a doom, in general, of toil and pain and sorrow; and when death is mentioned, it is in these terms: “In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread *till* thou return unto the ground; *for* out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” “*Till* thou return unto the ground.” This, then, is represented as a part of the already appointed ordination of nature. “*For* out of it wast thou taken.” The reason assigned has no reference to the fall, but to the constitution of human nature. “For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” That is, thou shalt die, for thou art naturally mortal; earth has part in thee, and shall reclaim her own. . . .

All this is but saying that each generation must die. In this sense, therefore, death was a part of the original plan; the departure from this world, that is to say, was a part of it; even as that most ancient Scripture record of it implies. But still, doubtless, this departure may have assumed a particular character in consequence of sin. It may be, I repeat, a death dark and fearful—distressful both to body and mind. Vice, for instance, brings on disease; and disease produces death; and *this* death, thus premature and agonizing, is the fruit of sin. And doubtless in many ways, and in every way, departure from this world must be a more afflictive event, both to the sufferer and to survivors, in consequence of our moral darkness, wanderings, and weakness. Nevertheless—for I must insist upon this point, the departure, in *some* way, is

inevitable. The over-crowded dwelling must dismiss some of its inmates : the over-populous nation must send out colonies. Thus must the world so to speak, colonize its inhabitants, translate them to another country. Else death would come amidst horrors now unknown : amidst the agonies of famine and the suffocation of fullness. . .

Yet not with terror only, but with tenderness does death touch the human heart—touches it with a gracious sympathy and sorrow. One may know the house where death has set his mark, long after the time. Traces are left in its affections that are never worn out. Traces are left in *memoriam*, in poetry, in all human sentiment. Death is not the sundering, but the consecration of friendship. It strengthens that holy bond. It makes the departed dearer. It gives new power and sanctity to their example. It invests their virtues with the radiance of angel beauty. It canonizes them as patron saints and guardian angels of the household.

Nor could it fulfill its high mission if men departed from the world in families, in tribes, in generations. Then indeed were we spared the sorrows of bereavement : but at the expense of much that is most sacred in life. If families were dismissed from life together, they would inevitably become selfish ; contracting their thoughts and affections within those domestic spheres in which all their destinies were bound up. If generations were mowed down at once, like the ripened harvests, then had there been no history of public deeds, nor record of private worth. The invisible presence of virtue that now pervades and hallows the earth, that consecrates our dwellings, and makes them far more than the abodes of life, would be withdrawn from the fellowship of men ; and the signal lights of heroic example that are now shining through the ages, would all go out in utter darkness. . . .

Nay, in another respect the grandeur of death imparts a reflected dignity to life. God puts honor on the being to whom he says “Thou shalt

die !”—to whom he does not veil the event as he does to animal natures, but unfolds the clear prospect. He to whom the grandest achievement of courage and heroism should be proposed, could not be a mean creature. But every man is to meet the grandeur of death. In these mortal lists he stands—aye, the youth, the child, the frailest spirit that ever was clothed with the habiliments of mortality ; and he knows that he is to meet a crisis more sublime and mysterious than any other that ever challenged mortal courage. The meanest man lives with that prospect before him. More than that which makes heroism sublime, it is his to encounter.

Yes, and in the bosom of death are powers greater than itself. I have *seen* them. I have seen them triumph, when death was nearest and mightiest ; and I believe in them—I *believe* in those unborn powers of life and immortality, more than I believe in death. They will bear me up more than death will weigh me down. I live : and this living conscious being which I am to-day, is a greater wonder to me than it is that I should go on and on. How I came to be astonishes me far more than how I should *continue* to be. And if I am to continue, if I am to live forever, I must have a realm fitted for such life. Eternity of being must have infinitude of space for its range. I would visit other worlds ; and especially does the desire grow intense as the boundless splendors of the starry heavens are unfolded wider and wider. But I cannot go to them—I cannot skirt the coasts of Sirius and the Pleiades with this body. Then—sometime—in God’s good time—let it drop. Let my spirit wander free. Let this body drop ; as when one leaves the vehicle that had borne him on a journey—to ascend some lofty mountain—to lift his gaze to wider heavens and a vaster horizon. So let my spirit wander free, and far. Let it wander through the realms of infinite good ; its range as unconfined as its nature ; its faith, the faith of Christ ; its hope, a hope full of immortality.—*Lowell Lectures.*

DIAZ, ABBY (MORTON), an American author, born at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1821. She was educated at the Bridgewater Normal School. Among her numerous stories for the young are *The King's Lily and Rosebud*, the *William Henry Letters*, *William Henry and his Friends*, *Polly Cologne*, *The School-master's Trunk*, *The Jimmyjohns*, and *Chronicles of the Stimpsett Family*.

AN OLD-TIME "SCHOOL-MARM."

Marm Cobb had a full round face, and her double cap-ruffle made it look fuller and rounder. Above that double-ruffle was a wide black ribbon, made up into a bow in front, and above the ribbon was the cap-crown. . . .

The school-marm sat with her feet on a block, or sometimes on a foot-stove, and seldom rose from her chair. A very long stick, which was always at hand, saved her the trouble of rising. I know not from what kind of a tree that stick was cut, but it had the farthest reach and the most tingle in its end of any stick I ever felt. Every afternoon just before the time for closing school, marm would lift the great Bible into her lap, and, with her thimble, give three raps on its cover. At that signal, we gathered around her in a semi-circle, and, folding our hands, stood while she read a chapter aloud. She read in a kind of sing-song way, now and then pausing to say, in a deep, hollow tone of voice, "Selah!"

When the other scholars were gone, those of us who had to "stay" after school, helped to carry out the crickets and pile them up in the back room. Then we looked on while marm set her little three-legged table, and made herself a cup of tea. . . . Sometimes, while waiting for the teakettle to boil, she would drop her school-marm manners, and tell us about the blue pictures on the tiles around the fireplace. Every Saturday noon, she gave the floor a thorough sweeping, scattered clean sand over it, and by drawing her broom over the sand this way and that, made

what was called the "herring-bone pattern." Then she would put on her great black silk bonnet, and her red broadcloth cloak, take an umbrella for a cane, and walk off with a slow, measured tread, to eat her Saturday dinner with her son.—*Chronicles of the Stimpceet Family.*

DIBDIN, CHARLES, an English dramatist and writer of songs, born in 1745, died in 1814. He was destined for the Church; but manifesting a talent for music, he went to London at the age of sixteen, and for a while supported himself by composing ballads for music-dealers and tuning pianos. He was engaged in several unsuccessful theatrical enterprises until, at the age of forty-five, he instituted a species of musical entertainment, which he called *The Whim of the Moment*, in which he was the sole author, composer, and performer. This proved successful, and he kept up this and similar entertainments until 1805, when he retired from professional life, having received a Government pension of £200. But his improvidence kept him in continual poverty. He wrote nearly fifty dramatic pieces, none of which attained a permanent success. His place in literature rests mainly upon his sea-songs, the number of which exceeds 1,000. The best-known of these are *Poor Jack*, and *Tom Bowling*, written upon the death of his brother, Thomas Dibdin, a sea-captain.

POOR JACK.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
 A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
 And it ain't to a little I'll strike.
 Though the tempest top-gallant mast smack
 smooth should smite
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse every-
 thing tight,

And under reef foresail we 'll scud :
 Avast ! nor don't think me a milksop so soft,
 To be taken for trifles aback ;
 For they say-there 's a Providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heaven, mercy and such ;
 And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay ;
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch ;
 For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d 'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below ;
 And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
 That Providence takes us in tow : [oft
 For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so
 Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I said to our Poll (for d 'ye see she would cry
 When last we weighed anchor for sea),
 What argufies snivelling and piping your eye ?
 Why, what a young fool you must be !
 Can't you see the world 's wide, and there 's room
 for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ?
 And so if to Old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
 Why, you never will hear of me more.
 What then ? all 's a hazard : come, don't be so soft,
 Perhaps I may, laughing, come back ;
 For, d 'ye see ? there 's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D 'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
 All as one as a piece of the ship, [flinch,
 And with her brave the world, without offering to
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip. [ends,
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and
 Naught's a trouble from duty that springs ;
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my
 friend's,

And as for my life, 'tis the King's.
 Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 As for griet to be taken aback ;
 For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare ;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair ;
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly ;
Ah, many's the time and oft !
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed ;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

CHARLES DIBDIN, JR., (died in 1833) was, like his father, an actor and dramatist.—THOMAS DIBDIN, another son of Charles (born in 1771, died in 1841), wrote numerous songs and dramatic pieces; he also wrote a *Metrical History of England* (1813), and two volumes of *Reminiscences* (1828); at the time of his death he was engaged in compiling an edition of the sea-songs of his father, for performing this work he received a small allowance from the British Lords of the Admiralty.—THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN, nephew of Charles, and son of "Tom Bowling," was born in Calcutta in 1776, and died in 1847. He was educated at Oxford, studied law, but afterwards entered

the Church, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and became Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, London. He was the author of several volumes of *Travels*, at home and in France and Germany; and of numerous learned bibliographical and antiquarian works. The most important of these are *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, an account of the rare books collected by Earl Spencer (7 vols.); *Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain* (4 vols.); and *Bibliographical Decameron* (3 vols.). He also put forth *Reminiscences of a Literary Life* (2 vols., 1836).

DICK, THOMAS, a Scottish author, born in 1775, died in 1857. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, for the ministry of the Secession church of Scotland, and was ordained in 1803. After brief pastoral service, he became a teacher in Perth. His book, *The Christian Philosopher*, published in 1824, attained great popularity, and enabled him to give up teaching and devote himself to literary and scientific studies. He published several popular works; among them, *The Philosophy of Religion* (1825), *The Philosophy of a Future State* (1828), *The Improvement of Society by a Diffusion of Knowledge* (1833), *Celestial Scenery* (1837), *The Sideral Heavens* (1840), *The Practical Astronomer* (1845), and *Telescope and Microscope* (1851).

THE IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

Of this universe we can only form an approximate idea by comparing one small portion of it with another, and by allowing the mind to dwell for a considerable time on every scene we contemplate. We must first endeavor to acquire a comprehensive conception of the magnitude of the globe on which we dwell, and the numerous diversity of objects it contains; we must next

stretch our view to some of the planetary globes, which are a thousand times greater in magnitude; and to such an orb as the sun, which fills a space thirteen hundred thousand times more expansive. Ranging through the whole of the planetary system, we must fix our attention upon every particular scene and object, imagine ourselves traversing the hills and plains, and immense regions of Jupiter, and surveying the expansive rings of Saturn in all their vast dimensions and rapid motions, till we have obtained the most ample idea which the mind can possibly grasp of the extent and grandeur of the planetary system. Leaving this vast system, and proceeding through boundless space till all its planets have entirely disappeared, and its sun has dwindled to the size of a small twinkling star, we must next survey the thousand stars that deck the visible firmament, every one of which must be considered as a sun, accompanied with a system of planets no less spacious and august than ours. Continuing our course through depths of space immeasurable by human art, we must penetrate into the centre of the Milky Way, where we are surrounded by suns, not only in thousands, but in *millions*. In a scene like this, the boldest imagination is overpowered and bewildered amid the number and magnitude, and feels utterly incompetent to grasp the ten thousandth part of the overwhelming idea presented before it. Winging our flight from the Milky Way, over unknown and immeasurable regions—regions where infinitude appears opening upon us in awful grandeur—we approach some of those immense starry clusters called *Nebulæ*, every one of which may be considered as another milky way, with its ten thousands and millions of suns. . . .

Soaring beyond all these objects, we behold, as it were, a new universe in the immense magnitude of the planetary and other *nebulæ*, where separate stars have never been perceived, and, besides all these, there may be thousands and ten thousands and millions, of opaque globes of prodigious size, existing throughout every region

of the universe, and even in that portion of it which is within the limit of our inspection, the faintness of whose light prevents it from ever reaching our eyes. But, far beyond all such objects as those we have been contemplating, a boundless region exists, of which no human eye has yet caught a glimpse, and which no finite intelligence has ever explored. What scenes of power, of goodness, of grandeur and magnificence may be displayed within this unapproachable and infinite expanse, neither men nor angels can describe, nor form the most rude conception. But we may rest assured that it is not an empty void, but displays the attributes of the Deity in a manner no less admirable and glorious, and perhaps much more so, than all the scenes of creation within the range of our vision.—*The Sidereal Heavens.*

DICKENS, CHARLES, an English novelist, born February 7, 1812, died June 9, 1870. He was the son of a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, a well-meaning but unpractical man, who could not adjust his means to his necessities, and was always in difficulties. His mother, a woman of some accomplishments, endeavored to assist in the maintenance of the family, by opening a school for young ladies, but she was unsuccessful in obtaining pupils. Mr. Dickens was at length confined in the Marshalsea prison and his family took up their residence in Camden Town, then a poverty-stricken suburb of London. When Charles was nine years old, he was placed in a blacking warehouse where he earned six shillings a week. In this neglected, uncongenial, irksome way of earning a scanty living he continued for two years. He had already made acquaintance with Tom Jones, Roderick Random and other heroes of Fielding and Smollett; with the Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quixote, and Robinson Crusoe, whose lives and ad-

ventures he had found among a small collection of books owned by his father. He beguiled many an hour by fancying himself one or another of the characters about whom he had read. Among his companions in the warehouse he was famous as a story-teller, and he wrote a tragedy, *Misnar, the Sultan of India*, founded on one of the *Tales of the Genii*. This life which to another boy might have been ruinous, was a part of his apprenticeship to fame. His uncommon powers of observation took note of everything that came before them. Many of the immortal characters in his novels are drawn from the men and women with whom he came in contact in these gloomy days. A quarrel between the elder Dickens and one of the partners in the blacking business released the boy from his slavery. A small legacy somewhat improved the condition of the family, and Charles was sent to school; but at the age of fifteen he was engaged as office-boy to an attorney in Gray's Inn. His father having become a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*, the son determined to follow the same calling, and after mastering the difficulties of shorthand, obtained employment first in Doctors' Commons, and after two years of practice there, in the parliamentary gallery, as reporter for *The True Sun*. He was then nineteen years of age. At twenty-three, he was engaged by the *Morning Chronicle*.

His first published sketch, *Mrs. Joseph Porter over the Way*, appeared in the *Old Monthly Magazine* for January, 1834. This was succeeded by other sketches, with the signature of "Boz," the shortened form of a name given in sport to a younger brother, in allusion to the son of the Vicar of Wakefield: first "Moses," it became "Boses," and then "Boz." The sketches were well received, but when at

the end of the year, the young author demanded payment for similar articles, it was refused. The editor of the *Chronicle* engaged him to continue them in that paper, where they attracted much attention. In 1836 they were published collectively in two volumes illustrated by Cruikshank.

About this time Chapman and Hall proposed to Dickens a work of fiction in monthly numbers, to be illustrated by Seymour, a comic artist. In agreement with this proposal Dickens began *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. On the death of Seymour, before the publication of the second number, Hablot Knight Browne, under the pseudonym of "Phiz," took his place. The first numbers were not successful, but the appearance of Sam Weller gained many readers, and the author was soon the most popular writer of the day. Before the completion of *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist* was begun in *Bentley's Magazine*. *Pickwick* appeared in book form in 1837, *Oliver Twist* in 1838, and *Nicholas Nickleby* in 1839. Under the general title of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge* were published in monthly numbers in 1840-41. In 1842 Dickens visited America, sailing for Boston in January, and returning to England in June. On his return he published *American Notes for General Circulation* (1842), and *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843).

The Christmas Carol (1843), was the first of his popular holiday stories. The others are *The Chimes* (1844), *The Cricket on the Hearth* (1845), *The Battle of Life* (1846), *The Haunted Man* (1848), *Dr. Marigold's Prescription* (1865), *Mugby Junction* (1866), and *No Thoroughfare* (1867), the last of which was written in conjunction with Wilkie Collins. *Pictures from Italy* first appeared in *The Daily News*, of

which Dickens was editor during four months of the year 1846. Next came *Dombey and Son* (1847-8) and *David Copperfield* (1849-50).

Dickens now established the weekly periodical, *Household Words*, in which his *Child's History of England* (1852) and *Hard Times* (1854) were published. *Bleak House* (1852-3) and *Little Dorrit* (1856-7) appeared serially. In consequence of a dispute with the publishers, *Household Words* was discontinued in 1859; and Dickens established another weekly publication *All the Year Round*, in which he published *A Tale of Two Cities* (1860), *Great Expectations* (1861), and *The Uncommercial Traveller*. *Our Mutual Friend* (1864-5) was his last completed work, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, begun in April, 1870, being interrupted by his death in June of that year. During the last years of his life Dickens gave frequent readings from his own works, visiting the United States for that purpose in 1867-8, and giving his last reading in England in March, 1870:

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent. "Vell, Sammy," said the father. "Vell, my Proosian Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a verry good night, but is uncommon perverse and unpleasant this mornin'. Signed upon oath, S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr.

Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that, you're a-doin' of—pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—eh Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam with slight embarrassment; "I've been a-writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why it's no use a-sayin' it a'n't," replied Sam, "It's a valentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A valentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I did n't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject: arter actiwallly seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I did n't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I did n't think you'd ha' done it!" . . .

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I a'n't a-goin' to get married, don't fret yourself about that. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter—there."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air: "'Lovely'"—

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl; who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur,'" repeated Sam.

"'Ta'n't in poetry, is it?" interposed his father.

"No no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a headle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin' or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never

let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin ag'in, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows: "'Lovely creetur i feel myself a dammed——'"

"That a'n't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it a'n't 'dammed,'" observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light. "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—'I feel myself ashamed.'"

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—— I forget what this here word is,'" said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a-lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot. Here's a *c* and a *i* and a *d*."

"Circumwented, p'r'aps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No it a'n't that," said Sam; "circumscribed; that's it."

"That a'n't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell p'r'aps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller. "is, that there a'n't no callin' names in it—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that

kind. Wot 's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a King's Arms at once, which is very well known to be a collection of fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows: "'Afore I see you I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,'" continued Sam, "'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been; for there a'n't nobody like you though I like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up. Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed. "'So I take the privilage of the day, Mary, my dear, to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my h'art in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by the profeel machine, altho' it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly to avoid contesting the point—" 'Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine, and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up a'n't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she 'll wish there was more, and that 's the great art o' letter-writin'." —*The Pickwick Club.*

MISS SALLY BRASS.

Miss Sally Brass, then, was a lady of thirty-five

or thereabouts, of a gaunt and bony figure, and a resolute bearing, which if it repressed the softer emotions of love, and kept admirers at a distance, certainly inspired a feeling akin to awe in the breasts of those male strangers who had the happiness to approach her. In face she bore a striking resemblance to her brother, Samson—so exact, indeed, was the likeness between them, that had it consorted with Miss Brass's maiden modesty and gentle womanhood to have assumed her brother's clothes in a frolic and sat down beside him, it would have been difficult for the oldest friend of the family to determine which was Samson and which Sally, especially as the lady carried upon her upper lip certain reddish demonstrations, which, if the imagination had been assisted by her attire, might have been mistaken for a beard. These were, however, in all probability, nothing more than eyelashes in a wrong place, as the eyes of Miss Brass, were quite free from any such natural impertinences. In complexion Miss Brass was sallow—rather a dirty sallow, so to speak—but this hue was agreeably relieved by the healthy glow which mantled in the extreme tip of her laughing nose. Her voice was exceedingly impressive—deep and rich in quality, and, once heard, not easily forgotten. Her usual dress was a green gown, in color not unlike the curtain of the office window, made tight to the figure, and terminating at the throat, where it was fastened behind by a peculiarly large and massive button. Feeling, no doubt, that simplicity and plainness are the soul of elegance, Miss Brass wore no collar or kerchief except upon her head, which was invariably ornamented with a brown gauze scarf, like the wing of the fabled vampire, and which, twisted into any form that happened to suggest itself, formed an easy and graceful head-dress.

Such was Miss Brass in person. In mind, she was of a strong and vigorous turn, having from her earliest youth devoted herself with uncommon ardor to the study of the law; not wasting her speculations upon its eagle flights, which are rare, but tracing it attentively through all the slippery

and eel-like crawlings in which it commonly pursues its way. Nor had she, like many persons of great intellect, confined herself to theory, or stopped short where practical usefulness begins; inasmuch as she could engross, fair-copy, fill up printed forms with perfect accuracy, and, in short, transact any ordinary duty of the office down to pouncing a skin of parchment or mending a pen. It is difficult to understand how, possessed of these combined attractions, she should remain Miss Brass; but whether she had steeled her heart against mankind, or whether those who might have wooed and won her, were deterred by fears that, being learned in the law, she might have too near her fingers' ends those particular statutes which regulate what are familiarly termed Actions for Breach, certain it is she was still in a state of celibacy, and still in daily occupation of her old stool opposite to that of her brother Samson. And equally certain it is, by the way, that between these two stools a great many people had come to the ground.—*Old Curiosity Shop*.

THE BROWN FORESTER OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

A thin-faced, spare-figured man of middle age and stature, dressed in a dusty drabbish-colored suit, such as I never saw before. He was perfectly quiet during the first part of the journey; indeed I don't remember having so much as seen him until he was brought out by circumstances, as great men often are. The canal extends to the foot of the mountain, and there of course it stops, the passengers being conveyed across it by land-carriage, and taken on afterwards by another canal-boat, the counterpart of the first, which awaits them on the other side. There are two canal lines of passage-boat; one is called the *Express*, and one—a cheaper one—the *Pioneer*. The *Pioneer* gets first to the mountain, and waits for the *Express* people to come up, both sets of passengers being conveyed across it at the same time. We were the *Express* company, but when we had crossed the mountain, and had come to the second boat, the proprietors took it into their

heads to draft all the Pioneers into it likewise, so that we were five-and-forty at least, and the accession of passengers was not all of that kind which improved the prospect of sleeping at night. Our people grumbled at this, as people do in such cases, but suffered the boat to be towed off with the whole freight aboard nevertheless; and away we went down the canal. At home I should have protested lustily, but, being a foreigner here, I held my peace. Not so this passenger. He cleft a path among the people on deck—we were nearly all on deck—and without addressing anybody whomsoever, soliloquised as follows:

“This may suit *you*, this may, but it don’t suit *me*. This may be all very well with down-easters and men of Boston raising, but it won’t suit my figure no how; and no two ways about *that*; and so I tell you. Now, I’m from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am, and when the sun shines on me, it does shine—a little. It don’t glimmer where *I* live, the sun don’t. No. I am a brown forester, I am. I ain’t a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth-skins where I live. We’re rough men there. Rather. If down-easters and men of Boston raising like this, I am glad of it, but I’m none of that raising, nor of that breed. No. This Company wants a little fixing, *it* does. I am the wrong sort of a man for ’em, *I* am. They won’t like me, *they* won’t. This is piling of it up, a little too mountainous, this is.”

At the end of every one of these short sentences, he turned upon his heel and walked the other way; checking himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again. It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of this brown forester, but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was put back to the wharf, and as many of the Pioneers as could be coaxed or bullied into going away were got rid of. When we started again some of the boldest spirits on board made bold to say to the obvious occasion of this improvement in our prospects, “Much

obliged to you, sir ;" whereunto the brown forester—waving his hand, and still walking up and down as before—replied :

"No, you an't. You 're none o' my raising. You may *act* for yourselves, *you* may. I have p'inted out the way. Down-easters and Johnny Cakes can follow if they please. I an't a Johnny Cake, *I* an't. I am from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am ;" and so on as before.

He was unanimously voted one of the tables for his bed at night—there is a great contest for the tables—in consideration of his public services, and he had the warmest corner by the stove throughout the rest of the journey. But I never could find out that he did anything except sit there ; nor did I hear him speak again until, in the midst of the bustle and turmoil of getting the luggage ashore in the dark at Pittsburgh, I stumbled over him as he sat smoking a cigar on the cabin steps, and heard him muttering to himself, with a short laugh of defiance : "*I* an't a Johnny Cake, *I* an't. I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi. *I* am !"

I am inclined to argue from this that he had never left off saying so.—*American Notes.*

DR. BLIMBER'S SCHOOL.

Whenever a young gentleman was taken in hand by Doctor Blimber, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. The Doctor only undertook the charge of ten young gentlemen, but he had, always ready, a supply of learning for a hundred, on the lowest estimate ; and it was at once the business and delight of his life to gorge the unhappy ten with it.

In fact, Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hot-house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time. Mental green peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. Mathematical gooseberries (very sour ones too) were common at untimely seasons, and from mere sprouts of bushes, under Doctor

Blimber's cultivation. Every description of Greek and Latin vegetable was got off the driest twigs of boys, under the frostiest circumstances. Nature was of no consequence at all. No matter what a young gentleman was intended to bear, Doctor Blimber made him bear to pattern, somehow or other.

This was all very pleasant and ingenious, but the system of forcing was attended with its usual disadvantages. There was not the right taste about the premature productions, and they didn't keep well. Moreover, one young gentleman, with a swollen nose and an excessively large head (the oldest of the ten, who had "gone through" everything), suddenly left off blowing one day, and remained in the establishment a mere stalk. And people did say that the Doctor had rather overdone it with young Toots, and that when he began to have whiskers he left off having brains. . . .

The Doctor was a portly gentleman in a suit of black, with strings at his knees, and stockings below them. He had a bald head, highly polished; a deep voice; and a chin so very double, that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases. He had likewise a pair of little eyes that were always half shut up, and a mouth that was always half expanded into a grin, as if he had, that moment, posed a boy, and were waiting to convict him from his own lips. Insomuch, that when the Doctor put his right hand into the breast of his coat, and with his other hand behind him, and a scarcely perceptible wag of his head, made the commonest observation to a nervous stranger, it was like a sentiment from the Sphinx, and settled his business. . . .

Miss Blimber, too, although a slim and graceful maid, did no soft violence to the gravity of the house. There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber. She kept her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead—stone dead—and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a Ghoul. Mrs. Blim-

ber, her mamma, was not learned herself, but she pretended to be, and that did quite as well. She said, at evening parties, that if she could have known Cicero, she thought she could have died contented. It was the steady joy of her life to see the Doctor's young gentlemen go out walking, unlike all other young gentlemen, in the largest possible shirt collars and the stiffest possible cravats. It was so classical, she said.

As to Mr. Feeder, B.A., Doctor Blimber's assistant, he was a kind of human barrel-organ, with a little list of tunes at which he was continually working, over and over again, without any variation. He might have been fitted up with a change of barrels, perhaps, in early life, if his destiny had been favorable; but it had not been; and he had only one, with which, in a monotonous round, it was his occupation to bewilder the ideas of Dr. Blimber's young gentlemen. The young gentlemen were prematurely full of carking anxieties. They knew no rest from the pursuit of stony-hearted verbs, savage noun substantives, inflexible syntactic passages, and ghosts of exercises that appeared to them in their dreams.

Under the forcing system, a young gentleman usually took leave of his spirits in three weeks. He had all the cares of the world on his head in three months. He conceived bitter sentiments against his parents or guardians in four; he was an old misanthrope in five; envied Curtius that blessed refuge in the earth in six: and at the end of the first twelvemonth had arrived at the conclusion, from which he never afterwards departed, that all the fancies of the poets, and lessons of the sages, were a mere collection of words and grammar, and had no other meaning in the world. But he went on, blow, blow, blowing, in the Doctor's hot-house, all the time: and the Doctor's glory and reputation were great when he took his wintry growth home to his relations and friends. —*Dombey and Son.*

PAUL AND MRS. PIPCHIN.

At this exemplary old lady, Paul would sit star-

ing in his little arm-chair by the fire, for any length of time. He never seemed to know what weariness was, when he was looking fixedly at Mrs. Pipchin. He was not fond of her, he was not afraid of her ; but in those old, old moods of his, she seemed to have a grotesque attraction for him. There he would sit, looking at her, and warming his hands, and looking at her, until he sometimes quite confounded Mrs. Pipchin, Ogress as she was. Once she asked him, when they were alone, what he was thinking about.

"You," said Paul, without the least reserve.

"And what are you thinking about me?" asked Mrs. Pipchin.

"I'm thinking how old you must be," said Paul.

"You mustn't say such things as that, young gentleman," returned the dame. "That'll never do."

"Why not?" asked Paul.

"Because it's not polite," said Mrs. Pipchin snappishly.

"Not polite?" said Paul.

"No."

"It's not polite," said Paul, innocently, "to eat all the mutton-chops and toast, Wickam says."

"Wickam," retorted Mrs. Pipchin, coloring, "is a wicked, impudent, bold-faced hussy."

"What's that?" inquired Paul.

"Never you mind, sir," retorted Mrs. Pipchin. "Remember the story of the little boy that was gored to death by a mad bull for asking questions."

"If the bull was mad," said Paul, "how did *he* know that the boy had asked questions? Nobody can go and whisper secrets to a mad bull. I don't believe that story."

"You don't believe it, sir?" repeated Mrs. Pipchin, amazed.

"No," said Paul.

"Not if it should happen to have been a tame bull, you little infidel?" said Mrs. Pipchin.

As Paul had not considered the subject in that light, and had founded his conclusions on the alleged lunacy of the bull, he allowed himself to be

put down for the present. But he sat turning it over in his mind, with such an obvious intention of fixing Mrs. Pipchin presently, that even that hardy old lady deemed it prudent to retreat until he should have forgotten the subject.

From that time, Mrs. Pipchin appeared to have something of the same odd kind of attraction toward Paul, as Paul had toward her. She would make him move his chair to her side of the fire, instead of sitting opposite; and there he would remain in a nook between Mrs. Pipchin and the fender, with all the light of his little face absorbed into the black bombazeen drapery, studying every line and wrinkle of her countenance, and peering at the hard gray eye until Mrs. Pipchin was sometimes fain to shut it on pretence of dozing.

Mrs. Pipchin had an old black cat, who generally lay coiled upon the centre foot of the fender, purring egotistically, and winking at the fire until the contracted pupils of his eyes were like two notes of admiration. The good old lady might have been—not to record it disrespectfully—a witch, and Paul and the cat her two familiars, as they all sat by the fire together. It would have been quite in keeping with the appearing of the party if they had all sprung up the chimney in a high wind one night, and never been heard of any more.—*Dombey and Son*.

THE VOICE OF THE WAVES.

But as Paul himself was no stronger than he had been on his first arrival, though he looked much healthier in the face, a little carriage was got for him, in which he could lie at his ease, with an alphabet and other elementary works of reference, and be wheeled down to the sea-side. Consistent in his odd tastes, the child set aside a ruddy-faced lad who was proposed as the drawer of this carriage, and selected, instead, his grandfather—a weazen, old, crab-faced man, in a suit of battered oilskin, who had got tough and stringy from long pickling in salt water, and who smelt like a weedy sea-beach when the tide is out.

With this notable attendant to pull him along,

and Florence always walking by his side, and the despondent Wickam bringing up the rear, he went down to the margin of the ocean every day ; and there he would sit or lie in his carriage for hours together ; never so distressed as by the company of children—Florence alone excepted, always.

“Go away, if you please,” he would say to any child who came to bear him company. “Thank you, but I don’t want you.”

Some small voice, near his ear, would ask him how he was, perhaps.

“I am very well, I thank you,” he would answer. “But you had better go and play, if you please.”

Then he would turn his head, and watch the child away, and say to Florence, “We don’t want any others, do we? Kiss me, Floy.”

He had even a dislike, at such times, to the company of Wickam, and was well pleased when she strolled away, as she generally did, to pick up shells and acquaintances. His favorite spot was quite a lonely one, far away from most loungers ; and with Florence sitting by his side at work, or reading to him, or talking to him, and the wind blowing on his face, and the water coming up among the wheels of his bed, he wanted nothing more.

“Floy,” he said one day, “where’s India, where that boy’s friends live?”

“Oh, it’s a long, long distance off,” said Florence, raising her eyes from her work.

“Weeks off?” asked Paul.

“Yes, dear. Many weeks’ journey, night and day.”

“If you were in India, Floy,” said Paul, after being silent for a minute, “I should—what is that Mamma did? I forget.”

“Loved me!” answered Florence.

“No, no. Don’t I love you now, Floy? What is it—Died. If you were in India, I should die, Floy.”

She hurriedly put her work aside, and laid her head down on his pillow, caressing him. And so

would she, she said, if he were there. He would be better soon.

“Oh! I am a great deal better now!” he answered. “I don’t mean that. I mean that I should die of being so sorry and so lonely, Floy!”

Another time, in the same place, he fell asleep, and slept quietly for a long time. Awaking suddenly, he listened, started up, and sat listening.

Florence asked him what he thought he heard.

“I want to know what it says,” he answered, looking steadily in her face. “The sea, Floy, what is it that it keeps on saying?”

She told him that it was only the noise of the rolling waves.

“Yes, yes,” he said. “But I know they are always saying something. Always the same thing. What place is over there?” He rose up, looking eagerly at the horizon.

She told him that there was another country opposite, but he said he didn’t mean that: he meant further away—further away!

Very often afterward, in the midst of their talk, he would break off, to try to understand what it was that the waves were always saying; and would rise up in his couch to look toward that invisible region, far away.—*Dombey and Son*.

AN ENCHANTED DWELLING.

Ham carrying me on his back and a small box of ours under his arm, and Peggotty carrying another small box of ours, we turned down lanes bestrewn with bits of chips and little hillocks of sand, and went past gas-works, rope-walks, boat-builders’ yards, ship-wrights’ yards, ship-breakers’ yards, caulkers’ yards, riggers’ lofts, smiths’ forges, and a great litter of such places, until we came out upon the dull waste I had already seen at a distance; when Ham said,

“Yon’s our house, Mas’r Davy!”

“I looked in all directions, as far as I could stare over the wilderness, and away at the sea, and away at the river, but no house could I make out. There was a black barge, or some other kind of superannuated boat, not far off, high and

dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney, and smoking very cosily ; but nothing else in the way of a habitation that was visible to *me*.

"That's not it?" said I. "That ship-looking thing?"

"That's it, Mas'r Davy," returned Ham.

If it had been Aladdin's palace, roc's egg and all, I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it ; but the wonderful charm of it was, that it was a real boat which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in, on dry land. That was the captivation of it to me. If it had ever been meant to be lived in, I might have thought it small, or inconvenient, or lonely : but never having been designed for any such use, it became a perfect abode.

It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table, and a Dutch clock, and a chest of drawers, and on the chest of drawers there was a tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military-looking child who was trundling a hoop. The tray was kept from tumbling down, by a Bible ; and the tray, if it had tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers and a teapot that were grouped around the book. On the walls there were some common colored pictures, framed and glazed, of scripture subjects ; such as I have never seen since in the hands of pedlars, without seeing the whole interior of Peggotty's brother's house again, at one view. Abraham in red going to sacrifice Isaac in blue, and Daniel in yellow cast into a den of green lions, were the most prominent of these. Over the little mantelshelf, was a picture of the *Sarah Jane* lugger, built at Sunderland, with a real little wooden stern stuck on to it ; a work of art, combining composition with carpentry, which I considered to be one of the most enviable possessions that the

world could afford. There were some hooks in the beams of the ceiling, the use of which I did not divine then ; and some lockers and boxes and conveniences of that sort, which served for seats and eked out the chairs.

All this, I saw in the first glance after I crossed the threshold—child-like, according to my theory—and then Peggotty opened a little door and showed me my bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen—in the stern of the vessel ; with a little window, where the rudder used to go through ; a little looking-glass, just the right height for me, nailed against the wall, and framed with oyster-shells ; a little bed, where there was just room enough to get into ; and a nosegay of sea-weed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were whitewashed as white as milk, and the patchwork counterpane made my eyes quite ache with its brightness. One thing I particularly noticed in this delightful house, was the smell of fish ; which was so searching that when I took out my pocket-handkerchief to wipe my nose, I found it smelt exactly as if it had wrapped up a lobster. On my imparting this discovery in confidence to Peggotty, she informed me that her brother dealt in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish ; and I afterwards found that a heap of these creatures, in a state of wonderful conglomeration with one another, and never leaving off pinching whatever they laid hold of, were usually to be found in a little wooden outhouse where the pots and kettles were kept. We were welcomed by a very civil woman in a white apron, whom I had seen curtsyng at the door when I was on Ham's back, about a quarter of a mile off. Likewise by a most beautiful little girl (or I thought her so), with a necklace of blue beads on, who wouldn't let me kiss her when I offered to, but ran away and hid herself.

By and by, when we had dined in a sumptuous manner off boiled dabs, melted butter, and potatoes, with a chop for me, a hairy man with a very good-natured face came home. As he called Peggotty "Lass," and gave her a hearty smack on the

cheek, I had no doubt, from the general propriety of her conduct, that he was her brother ; and so he turned out—being presently introduced to me as Mr. Peggotty, the master of the house. . . .

After tea, when the door was shut and all was made snug (the nights being cold and misty now), it seemed to me the most delicious retreat that the imagination of man could conceive. To hear the wind getting up out at sea, to know that the fog was creeping over the desolate flat outside, and to look at the fire and think that there was no house near but this one, and this one a boat, was like enchantment. Little Em'ly had overcome her shyness, and was sitting by my side upon the lowest and least of the lockers, which was just large enough for us two, and just fitted into the chimney corner. Mrs. Peggotty, with the white apron, was knitting on the opposite side of the fire. Peggotty at her needle-work was as much at home with St. Paul's and the bit of wax-candle, as if they had never known any other roof. Ham, who had been giving me my first lesson in all-fours, was trying to recollect a scheme of telling fortunes with the dirty cards, and was printing off fishy impressions of his thumb on all the cards he turned. Mr. Peggotty was smoking his pipe. I felt it was a time for conversation and confidence.

"Mr. Peggotty !" says I.

"Sir," says he.

"Did you give your son the name of Ham, because you lived in a sort of ark?"

Mr. Peggotty seemed to think it a deep idea, but answered :

"No, sir. I never giv him no name."

"Who gave him that name, then !" said I, putting question number two of the catechism to Mr. Peggotty.

"Why, sir, his father giv it him," said Mr. Peggotty.

"I thought you were his father !"

"My brother Joe was *his* father," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Dead, Mr. Peggotty ?" I hinted, after a respectful pause.

"Drowndead," said Mr. Peggotty.

I was very much surprised that Mr. Peggotty was not Ham's father, and began to wonder whether I was mistaken about his relationship to anybody else there. I was so curious to know, that I made up my mind to have it out with Mr. Peggotty.

"Little Em'ly," I said, glancing at her. "She is your daughter, isn't she, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No sir. My brother-in-law, Tom, was *her* father."

I couldn't help it—"Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" I hinted, after another respectful silence.

"Drowndead," said Mr. Peggotty.

I felt the difficulty of resuming the subject, but had not got to the bottom of it yet, and must get to the bottom somehow. So I said: "Haven't you *any* children, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, master," he answered, with a short laugh. "I'm a bachel-dore."

"A bachelor!" I said astonished. "Why, who's that, Mr. Peggotty?" pointing to the person in the apron, who was knitting.

"That's Missis Gummidge," said Mr. Peggotty. —*David Copperfield.*

THROUGH THE STORM.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattoo'd arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made, to cut

this portion of the wreck away ; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But, a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment ; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge. The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach ; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast ; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board ; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang ; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands ; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes. They were making out to me, in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat had been bravely

manned an hour ago, and could do nothing ; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try ; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him—as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea—exactly the same look as I remembered in connection with the morning after Emily's flight—awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms ; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking, not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand !

Another cry arose on shore ; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. “ Mas'r Davy,” he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, “ if my time is come, 'tis come. If't an't I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all ! Mates, make me ready ! I'm a-going off ! ”

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay ; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined ; but, I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then, I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trowsers : a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist : another round his

body ; and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpracticed eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still, he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on—not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer color ; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water : rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam : then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood : but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it—when, a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving in shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone !

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the

spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house ; and—no one prevented me now—I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried ; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever.

As I sat beside the bed when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

“Sir,” said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, “will you come over yonder?”

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me, was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me :

“Has a body come ashore?”

He said “Yes.”

“Do I know it?” I asked then.

He answered nothing.

But he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind—among the ruins of the home he had wronged—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

No need, O Steerforth, to have said, when we last spoke together, in that hour which I so little deemed to be our parting hour—no need to have said, “Think of me at my best !” I had done that ever ; and could I change now, looking on this sight ! They brought a hand-bier, and laid him on it, and covered him with a flag, and took him up and bore him on towards the houses. All the men who carried him had known him, and gone sailing with him, and seen him merry and bold. They carried him through the wild roar, a hush in the midst of all the tumult ; and took him to the cottage where Death was already. But when they

set the bier down on the threshold, they looked at one another, and at me, and whispered. I know why. They felt as if it were not right to lay him down in the same quiet room.—*David Copperfield.*

THE CHILD OF THE MARSHALSEA.

At what period of her early life, the little creature began to perceive that it was not the habit of all the world to live locked up in narrow yards surrounded by high walls with spikes at the top, would be a difficult question to settle. But she was a very, very little creature indeed, when she had somehow gained the knowledge, that her clasp of her father's hand was to be always loosened at the door which the great key opened; and that while her own light steps were free to pass beyond it, his feet must never cross that line. A pitiful and plaintive look, with which she had begun to regard him when she was still extremely young, was perhaps a part of this discovery.

With a pitiful and plaintive look for everything indeed, but with something in it for only him that was like protection, this Child of the Marshalsea and child of the Father of the Marshalsea, sat by her friend the turnkey in the lodge, kept the family room, or wandered about the prison-yard, for the first eight years of her life. With a pitiful and plaintive look for her wayward sister; for her idle brother; for the high blank walls; for the faded crowd they shut in; for the game of the prison children as they whooped and ran, and played at hide-and-seek, and made the iron bars of the inner gateway "Home."

The first half of sixteen years of her life was only just accomplished, when her pitiful and plaintive look saw her father a widower. From that time the protection that her wondering eyes had expressed towards him, became embodied in action, and the Child of the Marshalsea took upon herself a new relation towards the Father.

At first, such a baby could do little more than sit with him, deserting her livelier place by the high fender, and quietly watching him. But this made her so far necessary to him that he became

accustomed to her, and began to be sensible of missing her when she was not there. Through this little gate, she passed out of childhood into the care-laden world.

What her pitiful look saw, at that early time, in her father, in her sister, in her brother, in the jail ; how much, or how little of the wretched truth it pleased God to make visible to her ; lies hidden with many mysteries. It is enough that she was inspired to be something which was not what the rest were, and to be that something, different and laborious, for the sake of the rest. Inspired? Yes. Shall we speak of the inspiration of a poet or a priest, and not of the heart impelled by love and self-devotion to the lowliest work in the lowliest way of life !

With no earthly friend to help her, or so much as to see her, but the one so strangely assorted ; with no knowledge even of the common daily tone and habits of the common members of the free community who are not shut up in prisons ; born and bred, in a social condition, false even with a reference to the falsest condition outside the walls ; drinking from infancy of a well whose waters had their own peculiar stain, their own unwholesome and unnatural taste ; the Child of the Marshalsea began her womanly life.

No matter through what mistakes and discouragements, what ridicule (not unkindly meant, but deeply felt) of her youth and her little figure, what humble consciousness of her own babyhood and want of strength, even in the matter of lifting and carrying ; through how much weariness and hopelessness, and how many secret tears ; she trudged on, until recognized as useful, even indispensable. That time came. She took the place of eldest of the three, in all things but precedence ; was the head of the fallen family ; and bore, in her own heart, its anxieties and shames.

At thirteen she could read and keep accounts—that is, could put down in words and figures how much the bare necessities that they wanted would cost, and how much less they had to buy them with. She had been, by snatches of a few weeks

at a time, to an evening school outside, and got her sister and brother sent to day-schools by desultory starts, during three or four years. There was no instruction for any of them at home ; but she knew well—no one better—that a man so broken as to be the Father of the Marshalsea, could be no father to his own children.

To these scanty means of improvement, she added another of her own contriving. Once, among the heterogeneous crowd of inmates there appeared a dancing-master. Her sister had a great desire to know the dancing-master's art, and seemed to have a taste that way. At thirteen years old, the Child of the Marshalsea presented herself to the dancing-master, with a little bag in her hand, and preferred her humble petition.

"If you please, I was born here, sir."

"Oh ! You are the young lady, are you?" said the dancing-master, surveying the small figure and uplifted face.

"Yes, sir."

"And what can I do for you?" said the dancing-master.

"Nothing for me, sir, thank you," anxiously undrawing the strings of the little bag, "but if, while you stay here, you could be so kind as to teach my sister cheap—"

"My child, I'll teach her for nothing," said the dancing-master, shutting up the bag. He was as good-natured a dancing-master as ever danced to the Insolvent Court, and he kept his word. . . .

The success of this beginning, which led to the dancing-master's continuing his instruction after his release, emboldened the poor child to try again. She waited and watched months for a seamstress. In the fulness of time a milliner came in, and to her she repaired on her own behalf. The milliner took her in hand in good will, found her the most patient and earnest of pupils, and made her a cunning work-woman in course of time.

In course of time, and in the very self-same course of time, the Father of the Marshalsea gradually developed a new flower of character. The more Fatherly he grew as to the Marshalsea,

and the more dependent he grew on the contributions of his changing family, the greater stand he made by his forlorn gentility. With the same hand that he pocketed a collegian's half-crown half an hour ago, he would wipe away the tears that streamed over his cheeks if any reference were made to his daughters' earning their bread. So, over and above her other daily cares, the Child of the Marshalsea had always upon her the care of preserving the genteel fiction that they were all idle beggars together. The sister became a dancer. There was a ruined uncle in the family group—ruined by his brother, the Father of the Marshalsea, and knowing no more how, than his ruiner did, but accepting the fact as an inevitable certainty—on whom her protection devolved. . . .

To enable this girl to earn her few weekly shillings, it was necessary for the Child of the Marshalsea to go through an elaborate form with the Father. "Fanny is not going to live with us just now, father. She will be here a good deal in the day, but she is going to live outside with uncle."

"You surprise me. Why?"

"I think uncle wants a companion, father. He should be attended to, and looked after."

"A companion? He passes much of his time here. And you attend to him and look after him, Amy, a great deal more than ever your sister will. You all go out so much; you all go out so much."

This was to keep up the ceremony and pretence of his having no idea that Amy herself went out by the day to work.

"But we are always very glad to come home, father; now, are we not? And as to Fanny, perhaps besides keeping uncle company and taking care of him, it may be as well for her not quite to live here, always. She was not born here as I was, you know, father."

"Well, Amy, well. I don't quite follow you, but it's natural I suppose that Fanny should prefer to be outside, and even that you often should, too. So, you and Fanny and your uncle, my dear, shall

have your own way. Good, good. I'll not meddle ; don't mind me."

To get her brother out of the prison ; out of the succession to Mrs. Bangham in executing commissions, and out of the slang interchange with very doubtful companions, consequent upon both, was her hardest task. At eighteen he would have dragged on from hand to mouth, from hour to hour, from penny to penny, until eighty. Nobody got into the prison from whom he derived anything useful or good, and she could find no patron for him but her old friend and godfather.

"Dear Bob," said she, "what is to become of poor Tip?" His name was Edward, and Ted had been transformed into Tip within the walls.

The turnkey had strong private opinions as to what would become of poor Tip, and had even gone so far, with the view of averting their fulfilment, as to sound Tip in reference to the expediency of running away and going to serve his country. But Tip had thanked him, and said he didn't seem to care for his country.

"Well, my dear," said the turnkey, "something ought to be done with him. Suppose I try and get him into the law?"

"That would be so good of you, Bob!"

The turnkey had now two points to put to the professional gentlemen as they passed in and out. He put this second one so perseveringly, that a stool and twelve shillings a week were at last found for Tip in the office of an attorney in a great National Palladium called the Palace Court; at that time one of a considerable list of everlasting bulwarks to the dignity and safety of Albion, whose places know them no more.

Tip languished at Clifford's Inn for six months, and at the expiration of that term, sauntered back one evening with his hands in his pockets, and incidentally observed to his sister that he was not going back again.

"Not going back again?" said the poor little anxious Child of the Marshalsea, always calculating and planning for Tip, in the front rank of her charges.

“I am so tired of it,” said Tip, “that I have cut it.”

Tip tired of everything. With intervals of Marshalsea lounging, and Mrs. Bangham succession, his small second mother, aided by her trusty friend, got him into a warehouse, into a market garden, into the hop trade, into the law again, into an auctioneer's, into a brewery, into a stock-broker's, into the law again, into a coach office, into a wagon office, into the law again, into a general dealer's, into a distillery, into the law again, into a wool house, into a dry goods house, into the Billingsgate trade, into the foreign fruit trade, and into the docks. But whatever Tip went into, he came out of tired, announcing that he had cut it. Wherever he went, this foredoomed Tip appeared to take the prison walls with him, and to set them up in such trade or calling; and to prow! about within their narrow limits in the old slipshod, purposeless, down-at-heel way; until the real immovable Marshalsea walls asserted their fascination over him, and brought him back.

Nevertheless, the brave little creature did so fix her heart on her brother's rescue, that while he was ringing out those doleful changes, she pinched and scraped enough together to ship him for Canada. When he was tired of nothing to do, and disposed in its turn to cut even that, he graciously consented to go to Canada. And there was grief in her bosom over parting with him, and joy in the hope of his being put in a straight course at last.

“God bless you, dear Tip. Don't be too proud to come and see us, when you have made your fortune.”

“All right!” said Tip, and went.

But not all the way to Canada; in fact, not further than Liverpool. After making the voyage to that port from London, he found himself so strongly impelled to cut the vessel, that he resolved to walk back again. Carrying out which intention, he presented himself before her at the ex-

piration of a month, in rags, without shoes, and much more tired than ever. . . .

This was the life, and this the history, of the Child of the Marshalsea, at twenty-two. With a still surviving attachment to the one miserable yard and block of houses as her birth-place and home, she passed to and fro in it shrinkingly now, with a womanly consciousness that she was pointed out to every one. Since she had begun to work beyond the walls, she had found it necessary to conceal where she lived, and to come and go as secretly as she could, between the free city and the iron gates, outside of which she had never slept in her life. Her original timidity had grown with this concealment, and her light step and her little figure shunned the thronged streets while they passed along them.

Worldly wise in hard and poor necessities, she was innocent in all things else. Innocent, in the mist through which she saw her father, and the prison, and the turbid living river that flowed through it and flowed on.—*Little Dorrit*.

MRS. BAGNET'S BIRTHDAY.

It is the old girl's birthday; and that is the greatest holiday and reddest letter day in Mr. Bagnet's calendar. The auspicious event is always commemorated according to certain forms, settled and prescribed by Mr. Bagnet some years since. Mr. Bagnet, being deeply convinced that to have a pair of fowls for dinner is to attain the highest pitch of imperial luxury, invariably goes forth himself very early in the morning of this day to buy a pair: he is as invariably taken in by the vender, and installed in the possession of the oldest inhabitants of any coop in Europe. Returning with these triumphs of toughness tied up in a clean blue-and-white cotton handkerchief essential to the arrangements, he in a casual manner, invites Mrs. Bagnet to declare at breakfast what she would like for dinner. Mrs. Bagnet, by a coincidence never known to fail, replying fowls, Mr. Bagnet instantly produces his bundle from a place of concealment, amidst general amazement

and rejoicing. He further requires that the old girl shall do nothing all day long, but sit in her very best gown, and be served by himself and the young people. As he is not illustrious for his cookery, this may be supposed to be a matter of state rather than enjoyment on the old girl's part ; but she keeps her state with all imaginable cheerfulness.

On this present birthday, Mr. Bagnet has accomplished the usual preliminaries. He has bought two specimens of poultry, which, if there be any truth in adages, were certainly not caught with chaff, to be prepared for the spit ; he has amazed and rejoiced the family by their unlooked-for production ; he is himself directing the roasting of the poultry : and Mrs. Bagnet, with her wholesome brown fingers itching to prevent what she sees going wrong, sits in her gown of ceremony an honored guest. Quebec and Malta lay the cloth for dinner, while Woolwich, serving as beseems him, under his father, keeps the fowls revolving. To these young scullions Mrs. Bagnet occasionally imparts a wink, or a shake of the head, or a crooked face, as they make mistakes. The dinner is a little endangered by the dry humor of the fowls in not yielding any gravy, and also by the made gravy acquiring no flavor, and turning out of a flaxen complexion. With a similar perverseness, the potatoes crumble off forks in the process of peeling, upheaving from their centres in every direction, as if they were subject to earthquakes. The legs of the fowls, too, are longer than could be desired, and extremely scaly. Overcoming these disadvantages to the best of his ability, Mr. Bagnet at last dishes, and they sit down at table, Mrs. Bagnet occupying the guest's place at his right hand. It is well for the old girl that she has but one birthday a year, for two such indulgences in poultry might be injurious. Every kind of finer tendon and ligament that it is in the nature of poultry to possess, is developed in those specimens in the singular form of guitar-strings. Their limbs appear to have struck roots into their breasts and bodies, as aged trees strike roots into the

earth. Their legs are so hard as to encourage the idea that they must have devoted the greater part of their long and arduous lives to pedestrian exercises, and the walking of matches. But Mr. Bagnet, unconscious of these little defects, sets his heart on Mrs. Bagnet's eating a most severe quantity of the delicacies before her : and as that good old girl would not cause him a moment's disappointment on any day, least of all on such a day, for any consideration, she imperils her digestion fearfully. How young Woolwich cleans the drumsticks without being of ostrich descent, his anxious mother is at a loss to understand.

The old girl has another trial to undergo after the conclusion of the repast, in sitting in state to see the room cleared, the hearth swept, and the dinner-service washed up and polished in the back yard. The great delight and energy with which the two young ladies apply themselves to these duties, turning up their skirts in imitation of their mother, and skating in and out on little scaffolds of pattens, inspire the highest hopes for the future, but some anxiety for the present. . . . At last the various cleansing processes are triumphantly completed ; . . . and the old girl enjoys the first peace of mind she ever knows on the day of this delightful entertainment.—*Bleak House*.

DIDEROT, DENIS, a French savant, born in 1713, died in 1784. He was educated for the Church, but abandoning theology he entered an attorney's office at Paris, devoting himself, however, to literature rather than to law. In consequence of the laxity of some of his earlier works, he was thrown into prison. After his release in 1749 he planned, in conjunction with D'Alembert, the great *Encyclopédie*, upon which his reputation mainly rests. The first two volumes of the *Encyclopédie* appeared in 1751; they were suppressed by the authorities in consequence of their alleged hostility to the Christian religion. The suspension was revoked

after a year or two; but in 1757, when five additional volumes had appeared, the suspension was again ordered. D'Alembert now abandoned the work: but Diderot carried it on; and to escape the censorship, the remaining ten volumes were nominally issued at Neuchâtel instead of Paris. Besides the *Encyclopédie*, and during its progress, and after its conclusion, Diderot wrote numerous other works—fictitious, dramatic, and historical. A collected edition of his works, in 15 volumes, appeared in 1798; a more complete one, in 22 volumes, in 1822, to which, in 1830, were added 4 volumes of *Mémoires et Œuvres inédites*.

The Preface prefixed to the first volume of the *Encyclopédie*, bears the joint signatures of Diderot and D'Alembert. This preface itself would form a considerable volume. We give a few extracts:

DESIGN OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

The Encyclopædia, to be now laid before the public is not the work of a single hand or two: but of a learned body, all the members whereof, except ourselves, either have or deserve an established character as authors. We presume not to anticipate a judgment which only belongs to the proper judges: but think it incumbent upon us to remove an objection that might otherwise prejudice this great undertaking: We therefore declare, that far from the rashness of charging ourselves with a load so disproportioned to our strength, our part, as editors, principally consists in arranging the articles, chiefly contributed by others, entire. . . . The Work has two principal views. That of an Encyclopædia and that of a Philosophical Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Trades. As an Encyclopædia, it should exhibit, as much as possible, the order, succession, and connection of all the parts of human knowledge. As a Philosophical Dictionary, it should contain the general principles, or fundamentals, of every science and

every art, whether liberal or mechanical ; along with the most essential descriptions that constitute the body or substance of each respectively. . . All human knowledge may be divided into *direct* and *reflex*. The "direct" is what we receive immediately by the senses, without any exertion of the will, and comes uncalled and unobstructed to the mind. The "reflex" is what the mind acquires by speculating upon the "direct," in the way of uniting, separating, arranging, or combining. As all our direct knowledge comes in by the senses, all our Ideas are consequently owing to our Sensations.—*Preface to the Encyclopædia.*

UPON HISTORY.

Man is not contented to live and reign among his contemporaries alone ; but, drawn by curiosity and self-love, eagerly and naturally endeavors at once to embrace the past, the present, and the future times. We desire at once to live with our successors and our predecessors. This shows us the origin and design of History, which unites us with the ages past, by representing their vices, virtues, knowledge, and errors ; and transmitting our own to posterity. It is only by History we learn to esteem men only for the good they do, and not for the seducing pomp that surrounds them. Sovereigns who are so unhappy as to be excluded from truth on all sides, may here pass judgment upon themselves beforehand ; for History is a tremendous, uncorrupt tribunal, which judges their resembling predecessors just as it will do them. Chronology and Geography are the two appendages, or supporters of History : the one fixing the inhabitants of the earth in point of time ; and the other assigning their place upon our globe. They both derive great advantages from the history of the earth and heavens, or from historical facts and celebrated observations ; and may therefore be regarded as descendants of Astronomy and History.

It is one of the principal advantages arising from the history of empires, and their revolutions, to see how mankind, separated as it were into

numerous large families, formed different Societies ; how these Societies gave rise to different forms of Government ; and how each people endeavored to distinguish themselves from the rest by Laws, and by particular signs as the means of more easily communicating their thoughts ; whence arose that great diversity of languages and laws which, to our misfortune, is become a principal object of study. Hence also we see the origin of Civil Policy, as a particular and higher kind of Morality, to which it is sometimes difficult, without straining, to accommodate the principles of common moral duty. For, Civil Policy, entering into the principal motives of Government, aims at discovering what may tend to preserve, weaken, or destroy a State. This is perhaps the most difficult kind of study. It requires a deep knowledge of mankind in general, and of the people to be governed, in particular : as also a great compass and variety of abilities : especially if the politician would not forget that the Law of Nature, being prior to all particular Associations, is the first Law of the People : and that his being a Statesman does not preclude his being a Man.—*Preface to the Encyclopædia.*

INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS.

The contempt thrown upon mechanic arts, seems in a degree, to reach their Inventors. The names of these benefactors to mankind are rarely heard of ; whilst the great destroyers of our species—called Conquerors—are universally known. Yet we find among artisans many extraordinary proofs of sagacity, genius, assiduity, and invention. Most arts, indeed, are discovered by degrees ; and ages have been employed in bringing them to perfection : as we remarkably find in watch-work. And the same may be said of the sciences. How many discoveries, which have immortalized their finishers, were begun and continued by the labor of preceding ages ! Some of them, already brought near to perfection, might require little more than a single addition. Should not the inventors of the spring, the chain, and re-

peating parts of a Watch be equally esteemed with those who have successively studied to perfect Algebra? But though the contempt cast upon the Arts may not have hindered their gradual improvement, yet there are certain machines so complicated, and their parts so depending upon one another, that it is hard to conceive they should have been invented by different persons. Such extraordinary inventors—instead of having their names buried in oblivion—might well deserve a place among the few discoverers who strike out new paths of science.--*Preface to the Encyclopædia.*

ORIGIN AND USES OF KNOWLEDGE.

It follows, from what has already been said, that the different ways in which our mind operates upon objects, and the different uses it derives from them, are the first means of distinguishing, in general, our different kinds of knowledge from each other : and that the whole of it relates to our wants, either of necessity, convenience, amusement, real use, or capricious abuse. The more remote our wants are, or the more difficult to supply, the more slow is the progress of our knowledge. What advances would the art of Physic have made, to the discredit of sciences merely speculative, were its principles as certain as those of Geometry !—*Preface to the Encyclopædia.*

THE LITERARY WORLD CLASSED.

The general division of knowledge, according to the three faculties of our minds, enables us to make a correspondent division of the literary world into Men of Erudition, Philosophers, and Wits. Memory is the predominant talent of the first, Sagacity of the second, Pleasing of the third : so that, taking Memory for the beginning of Reflection, and adding the combinatory and imitatorial parts thereto, it may be said in general, that the difference betwixt men consists in the nature and the number of the ideas of Reflection each man has respectively : and that, Reflection alone, taken in its most extensive sense, forms the character, or special differences, of men's minds.

These three republics into which we divide the literary world, have scarce anything in common besides a mutual contempt of each other. The philosopher and the poet regard each other as frantics, fed with chimeras. They both agree that the man of erudition is a miser, hoarding the wealth he never enjoys : and treasuring up the basest as anxiously as the most valuable coin. The man of erudition, regarding the finest productions of genius, without facts, but as mere groups of words, equally despises poets and philosophers for fancying themselves rich, only because their expenses outrun their income. And in this manner it is that men endeavor to make their own deficiencies good.

But the learned would better consult their interest if, instead of pretending to stand separate, they mutually supported each other. Society is certainly indebted to the polite arts for its principal pleasures, and to philosophy for its knowledge. But both of these are greatly beholden to Memory, which preserves the original matter of all our knowledge. The labors of the learned have furnished many a subject for philosophers and poets to work on. The ancients, says a modern, by styling the Muses Daughters of Memory, thereby showed how necessary they thought it to the other faculties of the soul. The Romans built temples to Memory as well as to Fortune.—*Preface to the Encyclopædia.*

EARLY SHARE OF D'ALEMBERT AND DIDEROT IN THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

M. D'Alembert has either drawn up or revised all the articles of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy that do not depend upon the parts already mentioned ; and has furnished some few articles in the other branches of science. In the articles of Transcendental Mathematics he has particularly endeavored to show the general nature of Methods ; to point out the best books, where the most important particulars in every subject may be found ; to clear up what seemed but imperfectly, or scarce at all attempted before ; and,

as far as possible, to give accurate and simple metaphysical principles in all cases.

But the province of M. Diderot is more laborious : he being the author of the most extensive and important part of this Dictionary—a part the most wanted by the public, and the most difficult to execute ; *viz.*, the History of Arts. This history M. Diderot drew up from memoirs communicated to him either by workmen or lovers of Art, or from verbal and ocular information of artificers employed at their work, or of handcraftsmen, which he took the trouble of examining, and sometimes causing models to be made of their engines and apparatus, that he might study them more at his leisure. To this complicated undertaking, which he executed with great exactness, he had added another no less considerable, by supplying in different parts of our Work an immense number of articles that were wanting. He applied himself to the task with a disinterestedness that does honor to his learning, and a zeal deserving the acknowledgment of all well-wishers to Science.—*Preface to the Encyclopædia.*

DIES IRÆ, a famous medieval Latin Hymn, usually cited by the two opening words, although the proper title is, *De Novissimo Judicio*, “On the Last Judgment.” There has been some question as to the authorship of this Hymn: but there can be little doubt that it was composed by Thomas of Celano, an Italian monk of the Franciscan Order, who died in 1255. The Hymn has been many times translated and paraphrased. In the following version, an attempt has been made not only to give the meaning but to reproduce the form of the original.

I.

Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvēt sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sibyllâ.

Day of wrath ! ah me that day !
 Earth to ashes melts away,
 David and the Sibyl say.

II.

*Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta strictè discussurus.*

Ah, what trembling and affright,
When the Judge shall come in sight,
All to search in strictest right.

III.

*Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum.
Coget omnes ante thronum.*

Sends the trump its wondrous tone
Through the graves of every zone,
Bidding all before the throne.

IV.

*Mors stupebit et natura,
Quum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.*

Nature, with death, astounded lies
When all created things arise,
Before the Judge to make replies.

V.

*Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
De quo mundus judicetur.*

Forth is brought the written scroll,
Whereby, if for bliss or dole,
Judgèd shall be every soul.

VI.

*Judex ergo, quum sedebit.
Quidquid latet, apparebit.
Nil inultam remanebit.*

See the Judge his seat assume :
Hidden things emerge from gloom ;
Nothing shall escape its doom.

VII.

*Quod sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus.
Quum vix justus est securus ?*

Wretched me, what shall I say,
Unto what protector pray,
When the just shall scarce find stay ?

VIII.

*Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salve me, fons pietatis!*

O King of awful majesty,
Who to the saved giv'st safety free,
Save me, fount of lenity.

IX.

*Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ:
Ne me perdas illâ die.*

Gentle Jesu, think, I pray,
I am cause of thy hard way:
Let me not perish in that day.

X.

*Quærens me sediste lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.*

Me seeking hast thou wearied lain
Redeemed me with thy mortal pain:
Let not such labor be in vain.

XI.

*Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis!*

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Unto me grant absolution
Ere the day of execution!

XII.

*Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus:
Supplici parce, Deus!*

Here culprit-like, I groaning bow,
The flush of guilt is on my brow;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant now.

XIII.

*Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronum exaudisti;
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.*

Thou didst from guilt set Mary free,
Didst hear the thief on Calvary;
Hope hast thou also given to me.

XIV.

*Præces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benignè,
Ne perenni cremer igne!*

Of nothing worth are prayers of mine,
But unto me be thou benign,
Nor to eternal fire consign!

XV.

*Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ!*

Among thy sheep O let me stand,
Sequestered from the goatish band,
Stationed secure at thy right hand.

XVI.

*Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me eum benedictis.*

When the cursèd are confounded,
And by fiercest flames surrounded,
Unto me be mercy sounded.

XVII.

*Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritam quasi cinis;
Gere curam mei finis.*

Heart crushed to ashes, I am bending,
Unto thee petition sending.
Give to me care at my ending.

XVIII.

*Lachrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favillâ,
Judicantis homo reus:
Huic ergo parce, Deus.*

Full of tears will be that day
When man to judgment springs from clay,
Guilty man for sentence there—
Spare him, O God, in mercy spare.

—*Transl. of* ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

DILKE, SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH, Baronet, an English statesman and author, born in 1843. His father, also Charles Wentworth Dilke (1810-1869) was the son of another

Charles Wentworth Dilke, (1789–1864) editor and proprietor of the *Athenæum* and of other periodicals. This second Charles Wentworth Dilke was educated at Westminster School and at Cambridge; was one of the most active promoters of the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851; one of the Royal Commissioners at the New York Crystal Palace Exhibition in 1853, and of the second London Exhibition in 1862, when he was created a Baronet. He sat in Parliament from 1865 to 1868.

The third Charles Wentworth Dilke was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated as "Senior Legalist" in 1866, and was called to the bar at Middle Temple. Directly afterwards, he set out upon an extensive tour, visiting Canada; the Eastern and North-western States of the Union, Utah, Colorado, and California; New Zealand, Australia, and India—nearly all the regions which are peopled or governed by the English-speaking race. This tour occupied nearly two years. The narrative of his observations was published in 1868, under the title *Greater Britain: a Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries*. Upon the death of his father he succeeded to the baronetcy and to the proprietorship of the *Athenæum* and of *Notes and Queries*. In 1874 he published anonymously a political satire entitled *The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco*. In 1875 he edited the works of his grandfather, under the title of *Papers of a Critic*; and in the same year he made a visit to China and Japan, of which he published accounts in Magazines.

Meanwhile in 1868 he was returned to Parliament for the new borough of Chelsea, and was returned to the successive Parliaments, notwithstanding that he publicly avowed that he preferred a republican to a monarchical form of government. In 1880 he became

Under-Secretary of State, in the administration of Mr. Gladstone; and at the close of 1882 he was made President of the Local Government Board, with a seat in the Cabinet. He was now universally recognized as one of the most rising public men of the time. But in 1885 he was made co-defendant in a suit brought for divorce, upon ground of adultery. The Court brought in a verdict against him. At his instance a re-hearing of the case was had, when the former decision was emphatically confirmed.

GREATER BRITAIN.

In 1866 and 1867 I followed England round the world : everywhere I was in English-speaking, or in English-governed lands. If I remarked that climate, soil, manners of life, that mixture with other peoples had modified the blood, I saw, too, that in essentials the race was always one. The idea which in all the length of my travels has been at once my fellow and my guide—a key wherewith to unlock the hidden things of strange new lands—is a conception, however imperfect, of the grandeur of our race, already girdling the earth, which it is destined, perhaps, eventually to overspread. In America, the peoples of the world are being fused together, but they are run into an English mould : Alfred's laws and Chaucer's tongue are theirs whether they would or no. There are men who say that Britain, in her age, will claim the glory of having planted greater Englands across the seas. They fail to perceive that she has done more than found plantations of her own—that she has imposed her institutions upon the offshoots of Germany, of Ireland, of Scandinavia, and of Spain. Through America, England is speaking to the world.—*Preface to Greater Britain.*

THE CELTIC IMMIGRATION.

While the Celtic men are pouring into New York, the New Englanders and New Yorkers, too,

are moving. They are not dying. Facts are opposed to this portentous theory. They are going West. The unrest of the Celt is mainly caused by discontent with his country's present; that of the Saxon by hope for his private future. The Irishman flies to New York because it lies away from Ireland; the Englishman takes it upon his road to California. Where one race is dominant, immigrants of another blood soon lose their nationality. In New York and Boston the Irish continue to be Celts, for these are Irish cities. In Pittsburgh, in Chicago, still more in the country districts, a few years make the veriest Paddy English. On the other hand, the Saxons are disappearing from the Atlantic cities, as the Spaniards have gone from Mexico. The Irish here are beating down the English, as the English have crushed out the Dutch. The Hollander's descendants in New York are English now. It bids fair that the Saxons should be Irish. . . . The Puritans of New England are sprung from those of the "associated counties;" but the victors of Marston Moor may have been cousins to those no less sturdy Protestants—the Hollanders who defended Leyden. It may be that they were our ancestors—those Dutchmen that we crowded out of New Amsterdam—the very place where we are sharing the fate we dealt. The fiery temper of the new people of the American coast towns, their impatience of free government, are better proofs of Celtic blood than are the color of their eyes and beard.—*Greater Britain*, Part I., Chap. 4.

THE FRENCH-CANADIANS.

Quebec Lower Town is very like St. Peter Port in Guernsey. Norman-French inhabitants, guarded by British troops, step-built streets, thronged fruit market, and citadel upon a rock, frowning down upon the quays, are alike in each. A slight knowledge of the Upper-Normandy *patois* is not without its use. There has been no dying-out of the race among the French-Canadians. They number twenty times the thousands that they did a hundred years ago. The American soil has left

their physical type, religion, language, laws, and habits absolutely untouched. They herd together in their rambling villages, dance to the fiddle after mass on Sundays, as gaily as once did their Norman sires, and keep up their *fleur-de-lys* and the memory of Montcalm. More French than the French are the Lower-Canadian habitants.—*Greater Britain*, Part I., Chap. 6.

THE CORNFIELDS OF THE NORTHWEST.

“Where men grow tall, there will maize grow tall,” is a good sound rule: Limestone makes both bone and straw. The Northwestern States, inhabited by the giant men, are the chosen home of the most useful and beautiful of plants, the maize—in America called “corn.” For hundreds of miles the railway track, protected not even by a fence or hedge, runs through the towering plants, which hide all prospects, save that of their own green pyramids. Maize feeds the people, it feeds the cattle and the hogs that they export to feed the cities of the East; from it is made yearly, as an Ohio farmer told me, “whiskey enough to float the ark.” Rice is not more the support of the Chinese than maize of the English in America.—*Greater Britain*, Part I., Chap. 7.

PHYSICAL CONFORMATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

It is strange how the Western country dwarfs the Eastern States. Buffalo is called a “Western City;” yet from New York to Buffalo is only 350 miles, and Buffalo is but 700 miles to the west of the most eastern point in all the United States. On the other hand, from Buffalo we can go 2,500 miles westward without quitting the United States. “The West” is eight times as wide as the Atlantic States, and will soon be eight times as strong.

The conformation of North America is widely different to that of any other continent on the globe. In Europe the glaciers of the Alps occupy the centre point, and shed the waters toward each of the surrounding seas; confluence is almost unknown. So is it in Asia: there the Indus,

flowing into the Arabian Gulf, the Oxus into the Sea of Aral, the Ganges into the Bay of Bengal, the Yangtse Kiang into the Pacific, and the Yenesei into the Arctic Ocean. all take their rise in the central table-land. But in South America the mountains form a wall upon the west, whence the rivers flow eastward in parallel lines. In North America alone are there mountains on each coast, and a trough between, into which the rivers flow together, giving in a single valley 23,000 miles of navigable stream to be ploughed by steamships. The map proclaims the essential unity of North America. Political Geography might be a more interesting study than it has yet been made.—*Greater Britain*, Part I., Chap. 9.

THE INDIANS OF THE PLAINS.

“These Red Indians are not red,” was our first cry when we saw the Utes in the streets of Denver. They had come into the town to be painted, as English ladies go to London to shop. When we met them with unpainted cheeks, we saw that their color was brown, copper, dirt—anything you please except red. . . . Low in stature, yellow-skinned, small-eyed, and Tartar-faced, the Indians of the plains are a distinct people from the tall, hooked-nose warriors of the Eastern States. It is impossible to set eyes upon their women without being reminded of the dwarf skeletons found in the mounds of Missouri and Iowa: but, men or women, the Utes bear no resemblance to the bright-eyed, graceful people with whom Penn traded and Standish fought. They are not less inferior in mind than in body. It was no Shoshoné, no Ute, no Cheyenne, who called the rainbow the “heaven of flowers,” the moon the “night queen,” or the stars “God’s eyes.” The tribes of the plains are as deficient, too, in heroes as in poetry; they have never even produced a general. Their mode of life, the natural features of the country in which they dwell, have nothing in them to suggest a reason for their debased condition.—*Greater Britain*, Part I., Chap. 11.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Brigham's personal position is [1866] a strange one. He calls himself prophet, and declares that he has revelations from God himself; but when you ask him quietly what all this means, you will find that for prophet you must read political philosopher. He sees that a canal from Utah Lake to Salt Lake Valley would be of vast utility to the Church and People—that a new settlement is urgently required. He thinks about these things till they dominate in his mind, and take in his brain the shape of physical creations. He dreams of the canal, the city; sees them before him in his waking moments. That which is so clearly for the good of God's people, becomes God's will. Next Sunday at the Tabernacle he steps to the front, and says: "God has spoken: He has said unto his prophet, 'Get thee up Brigham, and build me a city in the fertile valley to the south, where there is water, where there are fish, where the sun is strong enough to ripen the cotton-plants, and give raiment as well as food to My saints on earth.' 'Brethren willing to aid God's work should come to me before the Bishops' meeting.'" As the prophet takes his seat again and puts on his broad-brimmed hat, a hum of applause runs round, and teams and barrows are freely promised. Sometimes the canal, the bridge, the city, may prove a failure—but this is not concealed; the prophet's human tongue may blunder even when he is communicating holy things. "After all," Brigham said to me one day, "the highest inspiration is good sense—the knowing what to do, and how to do it." . . . Brigham's head is that of a man who nowhere could be second.—*Greater Britain*, Part I., Chap. 14.

SIMILARITY AMONG CHINAMEN.

It is said to be a peculiarity of the Chinese that they all look alike: no European, without he has dealings with them, can distinguish one Celestial from another. The same, however, may be said of the Sikhs, the Australian natives, of most colored races, in short. The points of difference

which distinguish the yellow men, the red men, the black men with straight hair, the negroes from any other race whatever, are so much more prominent than the minor distinctions between individuals, that individual characteristics are sunk and lost in the national distinctions. To the Chinese in turn all Europeans are alike; but beneath these obvious facts there lies a solid grain of truth. Men of similar habits of mind and body are alike among ourselves in Europe. . . . Irish laborers—men who for the most part work hard, feed little, and leave their minds entirely unploughed, are all alike. Chinamen, who all work hard, and work alike, who live alike, and who go further, and all think alike, are, by a mere law of nature, indistinguishable one from the other.—*Greater Britain*, Part I., Chap. 23.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

In all history nothing can be found more dignified than the action of America upon the Monroe Doctrine. Since the principle was first laid down in words, in 1823, the national behavior has been courteous, consistent, firm; and the language used now that America is all-powerful, is the same that her statesmen made use of during the rebellion, in the hour of her most instant peril. It will be hard for political philosophers of the future to assert that a democratic republic can have no foreign policy. . . . Where the conqueror marries into the conquered race, it ends by being absorbed; and the mixed breed gradually becomes pure again in the type of the more numerous race. It would seem that the North American Continent will soon be divided between the Saxon and the Aztec republics. . . . The French mission in Mexico was the making of that great country a further field for the Latin immigration; and when the Californians marched to Juarez's help, it was to save Mexico to North America.—*Greater Britain*, Part I., Chap. 25.

SQUATTER ARISTOCRACY IN AUSTRALIA.

The word "Squatter" has undergone a remark-

able change of meaning since the time when it denoted those who stole government land, and built their dwellings upon it. As late as 1837 Squatters were defined by the Chief Justice of New South Wales as people occupying lands without legal title, and who were subject to a fine on discovery. They were described as living by bartering rum with convicts for stolen goods; and as being themselves invariably convicts or "expirees." Escaping suddenly from these low associations, the word came to be applied to graziers who drove their flocks into the unsettled interior; and thence to those of them who received leases from the Crown of pastoral lands.

The squatter is the nabob of Melbourne and Sydney—the inexhaustible mine of wealth. He patronizes balls, promenade concerts, flower-shows; he is the mainstay of the great clubs, the joy of shopkeepers, the good angel of the hotels; without him the opera could not be kept up, and the jockey-clubs would die a natural death.

Neither squatters nor townsfolk will admit this view of the former's position is exactly correct. The squatters, the townsfolk sometimes say, may well set up to be a great landed aristocracy, for they have every fault of a dominant caste except its generous vices. They are accused of piling up vast hordes of wealth, while living a most penurious life, and contributing less than would so many mechanics to the revenue of the country, in order that they may return in later life to England, there to spend what they have wrung from the soil of Victoria or New South Wales. The occupation of the whole of the crown lands by squatters has prevented the making of railways to be paid for in land on the American system. But the chief of all the evils connected with squatting is the tendency to the accumulation in a few hands of all the land and all the pastoral wealth of the country—an extreme danger in the face of democratic institutions, such as those of Victoria and New South Wales.—*Greater Britain*, Part III., Chap. 4.

EXTENT OF THE GREATER BRITAIN.

The countries ruled by a race whose very scum and outcasts have founded empires in every portion of the globe even now consist of 9,500,000 square miles and contain a population of 300,000,000 of people. Their surface is five times as great as that of the empire of Darius, and four and a half times as large as the Roman empire at its greatest extent. It is no exaggeration to say that in power the English countries would be more than a match for the remaining nations of the world. . . . No possible series of events can prevent the English race itself, a century hence, from numbering 300,000,000 of human beings of one national character and one tongue. . . . The ultimate future of any one section of our race is of little moment by the side of its triumph as a whole ; but the power of English laws and English principles of government is not merely an English question. Its continuance is essential to the freedom of mankind.—*Greater Britain*, Part IV., Chap. 23.

DIMITRY, CHARLES, an American novelist and poet, born at Washington, D. C., in 1838. He graduated at Georgetown College, and became connected with the periodical press, both in the North and the South. He has written the following novels : *Guilty or Not Guilty* (1864); *Angela's Christmas* (1865); *The Alderly Tragedy* (1866); and *The House in Balfour Street* (1869.) Among his poems is the following :

VIVA ITALIA.

[*On the Departure of the Austrians from Venice*, 1860.]

Haste ! open the gate, Giulia,

And wheel me my chair where the sun

May fall on my face while I welcome

The sound of the life-giving gun !

The Austrian leaves with the morning,

And Venice hath freedom to day !

Viva ! Eviva Italia !

Viva il Re !

Would God that I were only younger
To stand with the rest on the street,
To fling up my cap on the Mola,
And the tricolor banner to greet !
The gondolas, girl—they are passing ;
And what do the gondoliers say ?
Viva ! Evirva Italia !
Viva il Re !

Oh, cursed be these years, and this weakness,
That shackle me here in my chair,
When the people's loud clamor is rending
The chains that once made them despair !
So young when the Corsican sold us !
So old when the Furies repay !—
Viva ! Evirva Italia !
Viva il Re !

Not these were the cries when our fathers
The gonfalon gave to the breeze,
When Doges sate solemn in council,
And Dandolo harried the seas !
But the years of the future are ours,
To humble the pride of the gray :—
Viva ! Evirva Italia !
Viva il Re !

Bring, girl, from your closet
The sword that your ancestor bore
When Genoa's prowess was humbled,
Her galleys beat back from our shore !
O great Contareno ! your ashes
To Freedom are given to-day !
Viva ! Evirva Italia !
Viva il Re !

What ! tears in your eyes, my Giulia ?
You weep when your country is free ?
You mourn for your Austrian lover,
Whose face never more you shall see ?—
Kneel, girl, beside me, and whisper,
While to Heaven for vengeance you pray,
Viva ! Evirva Italia !
Viva il Re !

Shame, shame on the weakness that held you,
 And shame on the heart that was won !
 No blood of the gonfalioniere
 Shall mingle with the blood of the Hun !
 Swear hate to the name of the spoiler ;
 Swear lealty to Venice, and say,
Viva ! Evirva Italia !
Viva il Re !

Hark ! heard you the gun from the Mola !
 And hear you the welcoming cheer !
 Our army is coming, Giulia ;
 The friends of our Venice are near !—
 Ring out from your old Campanile,
 Freed bells from San Marco, to-day,
Viva ! Evirva Italia !
Viva il Re !

DIMOND, WILLIAM, an English dramatist and poet, born in 1780, died about 1814. His father was patentee of the Theatre Royal at Bath. The son received a good education, and was entered a student of the Inner Temple, with a view to the legal profession. He wrote several dramatic pieces, the latest of which, *The Foundling of the Forest*, was brought out in 1809. He also put forth a little volume entitled *Petrarchal Sonnets*. One poem, *The Mariner's Dream*, preserves his memory.

THE MARINER'S DREAM,

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
 His hammock swung loose at the sport of the
 wind ;
 But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
 And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.
 He dreamed of his home—of his dear native
 bowers—
 And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn ;
 While memory each scene gayly covered with
 flowers,
 And restored every rose, but secreted each thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise :—
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes ;

The jessamine clammers, in flower, o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in
the wall ;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight ;
His cheek is bedewed with a mother's warm
tear ;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds
dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast ;
Joy quickens his pulses ; his hardships seem
o'er ;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his
rest :—
“O God ! thou hast blest me ; I ask for no
more !”

Ah ! whence is that flame that now glares on his
eye ?
Ah ! what is that sound which now bursts on
his ear ?
'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the
sky !
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the
sphere !

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the
deck ;
Amazement confronts him with images dire ;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel
a-wreck ;
The masts fly in splinters ; the shrouds are on
fire !

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell ;
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save ;

Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er
the wave.

O sailor-boy ! woe to thy dream of delight !
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss :
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched
bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed
kiss ?

O sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay ;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless
surge ;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding
sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge !

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be
laid ;
Around thy white bones the red coral shall
grow ;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll ;
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye :—
O sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! peace to thy soul !

DISRAELI, BENJAMIN (created EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, in 1877), an English statesman and author, born December 21, 1805, died April 19, 1881. He was the eldest son of Isaac Disraeli. After receiving a private education, he was placed in a solicitor's office, but he preferred literature to law, and in 1826-27 produced a novel, *Vivian Grey*, which was well received in England, and was

translated into several languages. *The Voyage of Captain Pompanilla*, a flimsy satire, followed in 1828. The young author then traveled for two years in Europe, Syria, and Egypt. On his return he published *The Young Duke* (1831), and *Contarini Fleming* (1832), the latter of which was highly praised by Heine, Goethe, and Beckford. An Oriental romance, *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, another *The Rise of Iskander*, and *Ixion in Heaven*, were published in 1833. *The Revolutionary Epic* (1834), in which the Genius of Feudalism and the Genius of Federalism plead their cause before the throne of Demogorgon, and several political pamphlets, among them a *Vindication of the English Constitution*, followed. A series of political letters in the *London Times*, under the signature of "Runnymede," and a novel, *Henrietta Temple*, appeared in 1836, and *Venetia*, an attempt to portray the characters of Byron and Shelley, in 1837.

Disraeli had made several efforts to enter Parliament. He was now successful as a representative of the borough of Maidstone. His first speech in the House of Commons was received with shouts of laughter. The clamor compelled him to sit down; but before he did so, he said: "I have begun several times many things, and have succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when *you will* hear me." A tragedy, *Alcaros* (1839), was his next literary effort. In this year he married the wealthy widow of Mr. Wyndham Lewis. *Coningsby* (1844), and *Sibyl, or the Two Nations* (1845), two semi-political novels, are intended to portray the public men of the time, and the English people during the Chartist agitation. *Tancred, or the New Crusade* (1847), takes its hero to the Holy Land, relates his adventures and records

his soliloquies and conversations. Disraeli was now recognized as a leader in the House of Commons. His reputation as a speaker was established by his attacks on the free-trade policy of Sir Robert Peel. He was immersed in politics. His only literary productions for many years were the *Life of Isaac Disraeli* (1849), and *Lord George Bentinck ; a political Biography* (1862). In this year he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, which office he again held in 1858 and in 1865. He was the chief supporter of the Reform Bill of 1867, extending suffrage to the rural population. In 1868 he became Prime Minister, and was offered a peerage. This he declined for himself, but accepted for his wife, who was made Viscountess of Beaconsfield. He now reappeared as a novelist, in *Lothair* (1870), which had an enormous circulation. In 1874 he again became Prime Minister, and in 1877 took his seat in the House of Lords, as Earl of Beaconsfield. Another novel, *Endymion*, published in 1880, was his last literary work.

ALROY'S VISION OF THE KINGS.

In this wise they proceeded for a few minutes, until they entered a beautiful and moonlit lake. In the distance was a mountainous country. . . . At length the boat reached the opposite shore of the lake, and the Prince of the Captivity disembarked. He disembarked at the head of an avenue of colossal lions of red granite, which extended far as the eye could reach, and which ascended the side of the mountain, which was cut into a flight of magnificent steps. The easy ascent was in consequence soon accomplished, and Alroy, proceeding along the avenue of lions, soon gained the summit of the mountain. To his infinite astonishment, he beheld Jerusalem. That strongly marked locality could not be mistaken : at his feet were Jehoshaphat, Kedron, Siloa : he stood upon Olivet ; before him was Sion. But in all other respects, how different was the landscape

to the one he had gazed upon a few days back, for the first time ! The surrounding hills sparkled with vineyards, and glowed with summer palaces, and voluptuous pavilions, and glorious gardens of pleasure. The city, extending all over Mount Sion, was encompassed with a wall of white marble, with battlements of gold, a gorgeous mass of gates and pillars, and gardened terraces, lofty piles of rarest materials, cedar, and ivory, and precious stones, and costly columns of the richest workmanship, and the most fanciful orders, capitals of the lotus and the palm, and flowing friezes of the olive and the vine. And in the front a mighty temple rose, with inspiration in its very form—a temple so vast, so sumptuous, there required no priest to tell us that no human hand planded that sublime magnificence !

“God of my fathers ” said Alroy, “I am a poor, weak thing, and my life has been a life of dreams and visions, and I have sometimes thought my brain lacked a sufficient master. Where am I? Do I sleep or live? Am I a slumberer or a ghost? This trial is too much.”

He sank down and hid his face in his hands : his over-exerted mind appeared to desert him ; he wept hysterically. Many minutes elapsed before Alroy became composed. His wild bursts of weeping sank into sobs, and the sobs died off into sighs. And at length, calm from exhaustion, he again looked up, and lo ! the glorious city was no more ! Before him was a moonlit plain, over which the avenue of lions still advanced, and appeared to terminate only in the mountainous distance. This limit, the Prince of the Captivity at length reached, and stood before a stupendous portal, cut out of the solid rock, four hundred feet in height, and supported by clusters of colossal caryatides. Upon the portals were engraven some Hebrew characters, which, upon examination, proved to be the same as those upon the talisman of Jabaster.

And so, taking from his bosom that all-precious and long-cherished deposit, David Alroy, in obedience to his instructions, pressed the signet against

the gigantic portal. The portal opened with a crash of thunder louder than an earthquake. Pale, panting, and staggering, the Prince of the Captivity entered an illimitable hall, illumined by pendulous and stupendous balls of glowing metal. On each side of the hall, sitting on golden thrones, was ranged a line of kings, and as the pilgrim entered, the monarchs rose, and took off their diadems, and waved them thrice, and thrice repeated, in solemn chorus, "All hail, Alroy! Hail to thee, brother king. Thy crown awaits thee!"

The Prince of the Captivity stood trembling, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and leaning breathless against a column. And when at length he had recovered himself and dared again to look up, he found the monarchs were reseated; and from their still and vacant visages, apparently unconscious of his presence. And this emboldened him, and so staring alternately at each side of the hall, but with a firm, perhaps desperate step, Alroy advanced. And he came to two thrones which were set apart from the others in the middle of the hall. On one was seated a noble figure, far above the common stature, with arms folded and downcast eyes. His feet rested upon a broken sword, and a shivered sceptre, which told he was a monarch, in spite of his discrowned head. And on the opposite throne was a venerable personage, with a long flowing beard, and dressed in white raiment. His countenance was beautiful, although ancient. Age had stole on without its imperfections, and time had only invested it with a sweet dignity and solemn grace. The countenance of the king was upraised with a seraphic gaze, and as he thus looked up on high, with eyes full of love and thanksgiving, and praise, his consecrated fingers seemed to touch the trembling wires of a golden harp.

And further on, and far above the rest, upon a throne that stretched across the hall, a most imperial presence straightway flashed upon the startled vision of Alroy. Fifty steps of ivory, and each step guarded by golden lions, led to a throne of jasper. A dazzling light blazed forth from the

glittering diadem and radiant countenance of him who sat upon the throne—one beautiful as a woman, but with the majesty of a god. And in one hand he held a seal, and in the other a sceptre. And when Alroy had reached the foot of the throne, he stopped, and his heart misgave him. And he prayed for some minutes in silent devotion, and without daring to look up, he mounted the first step of the throne, and the second, and the third, and so on, with slow and faltering feet, until he reached the forty-ninth step. The Prince of the Captivity raised his eyes. He stood before the monarch face to face. In vain Alroy attempted to attract his attention, or to fix his gaze. The large black eyes, full of supernatural lustre, appeared capable of piercing all things, and illuminating all things; but they flashed on without shedding a ray upon Alroy. Pale as a spectre, the pilgrim, whose pilgrimage seemed now on the point of completion, stood cold and trembling before the object of all his desires and all his labors. But he thought of his Country, his People, and his God, and while his noiseless lips breathed the name of Jehovah, solemnly he put forth his arm, and with a gentle firmness grasped the unresisting sceptre of his great ancestor. And as he seized it, the whole scene vanished from his sight.

Hours or years might have passed away as far as the sufferer was concerned, when Alroy again returned to self-consciousness. His eyes slowly opened, he cast round a vacant stare, he was lying in the cave of Gethsemena. The moon had set, but the morn had not broken. A single star glittered over the brow of the black mountains. He faintly moved his limbs, he would have raised his hand to his bewildered brain, but found that it grasped a sceptre. The memory of the past returned to him. He tried to rise, and found that he was reposing in the arms of a human being. He turned his head—he met the anxious gaze of Jabaster! —*Alroy.*

VENICE.

If I were to assign the particular quality which

conduces to that dreamy and voluptuous existence which men of high imagination experience in Venice, I should describe it as the feeling of abstraction, which is remarkable in that city, and peculiar to it. Venice is the only city which can yield the magical delights of solitude. All is still and silent. No rude sound disturbs your reveries; fancy, therefore, is not put to flight. No rude sound distracts your self-consciousness. This renders existence intense. We feel everything. And we feel this keenly in a city not only eminently beautiful, not only abounding in wonderful creations of art, but each step of which is hallowed ground, quick with associations, that in their more various nature, their nearer relation to ourselves, and perhaps their more picturesque character, exercise a greater influence over the imagination than the more antique story of Greece and Rome. We feel all this in a city too, which, although her lustre be indeed dimmed, can still count among her daughters maidens fairer than the orient pearls with which her warriors once loved to deck them. Poetry, Tradition, and Love—these are the Graces that have invested with an ever-charming cestus this Aphrodite of cities.—*Contarini Fleming.*

GREECE.

A country of promontories, and gulfs, and islands clustering in an azure sea, a country of wooded vales and purple mountains, wherein the cities are built on plains, covered with olive-woods, and at the base of an Acropolis, crowned with a temple or a tower. And there are quarries of white marble, and vines, and much wild honey. And wherever you move is some fair and elegant memorial of the poetic past, a lone pillar on the green and silent plain once echoing with the triumphal shouts of sacred games, the tomb of a hero, or the fane of a god. Clear is the sky, and fragrant is the air, and, at all seasons, the magical scenery of this land is colored with that mellow tint, and invested with that pensive character, which, in other countries, we conceive to be pecu-

liar to autumn, and which beautifully associate with the recollections of the past. Enchanting Greece ! . . .

I quitted the Morea without regret. It is covered with Venetian memorials ; no more to me a source of joy, and bringing back to my memory a country on which I no longer loved to dwell. I cast anchor in a small but secure harbor. I landed. I climbed a hill. From it I looked over a vast plain, covered with olive-woods, and skirted by mountains. Some isolated hills, of every picturesque form, rose in the plain at a distance from the terminating range. On one of these I beheld a magnificent temple bathed in the sunset. At the foot of the craggy steep on which it rested was a walled city of considerable dimensions, in front of which rose a Doric temple of exquisite proportion, and apparently uninjured. The violet sunset threw over this scene a coloring becoming its loveliness, and, if possible, increasing its refined character. Independent of all associations, it was the most beautiful spectacle that had ever passed before a vision always musing on sweet sights ; yet I could not forget that it was the bright capital of my youthful dreams, the fragrant city of the violet crown, the fair, the sparkling, the delicate Athens !—*Contarini Fleming.*

JERUSALEM.

The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendor, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills far more famous than those of Rome ; for all Europe has heard of Sion and of Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are as ignorant of the Capitoline and Aventine Mounts as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern Hills.

The broad steep of Sion crowned with the tower of David ; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas ! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one ; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool ; further on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary—called the Street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human, as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine son of the most favored of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honor. Passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedek built his mystic citadel ; and still remains the hill of Scopas, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital ; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob is now worshipped before every altar in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight ! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail ; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land !

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness

is broken by a breeze, that seems to have traveled over the plains of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea?

Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fall Omnipotence had shed human tears, from this mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city! There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch, whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher, whose doctrines have modelled civilized Europe—the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers—what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these!

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopus, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

And why is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre a beacon light? Why, when it is already past the noon of darkness, when every soul slumbers in Jerusalem, and not a sound disturbs the deep re-

pose except the howl of the wild dog crying to the wilder wind—why is the cupola of the sanctuary illumined, though the hour has long since been numbered, when pilgrims there kneel and monks pray?

An armed Turkish guard are bivouacked in the court of the church ; within the church itself, two brethren of the convent of Terra Santa keep holy watch and ward : while, at the tomb beneath, there kneels a solitary youth, who prostrated himself at sunset, and who will there pass unmoved the whole of the sacred night. Yet the pilgrim is not in communion with the Latin Church ; neither is he of the Church Armenian, or the Church Greek ; Maronite, Coptic, or Abyssinian—these also are Christian Churches which cannot call him child.

He comes from a distant and a northern isle to bow before the tomb of a descendant of the kings of Israel, because he, in common with all the people of that isle, recognizes in that sublime Hebrew incarnation the presence of a Divine Redeemer. Then why does he come alone? It is not that he has availed himself of the inventions of modern science, to repair first to a spot, which all his countrymen may equally desire to visit, and thus anticipate their hurrying arrival. Before the inventions of modern science, all his countrymen used to flock hither. Then why do they not now? Is the Holy Land no longer hallowed? Is it not the land of sacred and mysterious truths? The land of heavenly messages and earthly miracles? The land of prophets and apostles? Is it not the land upon whose mountains the Creator of the Universe parleyed with man, and the flesh of whose anointed race He mystically assumed, when He struck the last blow at the powers of evil? Is it to be believed that there are no peculiar and eternal qualities in a land thus visited, which distinguish it from all others—that Palestine is like Normandy or Yorkshire, or even Attica or Rome? .

There may be some who maintain this ; there have been some, and those, too, among the wisest

and the wittiest of the northern and western races, who, touched by a presumptuous jealousy of the long predominance of that oriental intellect to which they owed their civilization, would have persuaded themselves and the world that the traditions of Sinai and Calvary were fables. Half a century ago, Europe made a violent and apparently successful effort to disembarass itself of its Asian faith. The most powerful and the most civilized of its kingdoms, about to conquer the rest, shut up its churches, desecrated its altars, massacred and persecuted their sacred servants, and announced that the Hebrew creeds which Simon Peter brought from Palestine, and which his successors revealed to Clovis, were a mockery and a fiction. What has been the result? In every city, town, village, and hamlet of that great kingdom, the divine image of the most illustrious of Hebrews has been again raised amid the homage of kneeling millions: while, in the heart of its bright and witty capital, the nation has erected the most gorgeous of modern temples, and consecrated its marble and golden walls to the name, and memory, and celestial efficacy of a Hebrew woman.

The country of which the solitary pilgrim, kneeling at this moment at the Holy Sepulchre, was a native, had not actively shared in that insurrection against the first and second Testament which distinguished the end of the eighteenth century. But more than six hundred years before, it had sent its king, and the flower of its peers and people, to rescue Jerusalem from those whom they considered infidels! and now, instead of the third crusade, they expend their superfluous energies in the construction of railroads.

The failure of the European kingdom of Jerusalem, on which such vast treasure, such prodigies of valor, and such ardent belief had been wasted, has been one of those circumstances which have tended to disturb the faith of Europe, although it should have carried convictions of a very different character. The Crusaders looked upon the Saracens as infidels, whereas the children of the Desert

bore a much nearer affinity to the sacred corpse that had, for a brief space, consecrated the Holy Sepulchre, than any of the invading host of Europe. The same blood flowed in their veins, and they recognized the divine missions both of Moses and of his greater successor. In an age so deficient in physiological learning as the twelfth century, the mysteries of race were unknown. Jerusalem, it cannot be doubted, will ever remain the appanage either of Israel or of Ishmael ; and if, in the course of those great vicissitudes which are no doubt impending for the East, there be any attempt to place upon the throne of David a prince of the House of Coburg or Deuxponts, the same fate will doubtless await him, as, with all their brilliant qualities and all the sympathy of Europe, was the final doom of the Godfreys, the Baldwins, and the Lusignans.—*Tancred*.

MR. PHŒBUS'S VIEWS OF ART AND EDUCATION.

Mr. Phœbus was the most successful, not to say the most eminent, painter of the age. He was the descendant of a noble family of Gascony that had emigrated to England from France in the reign of Louis XIV. Unquestionably they had mixed their blood frequently during the interval and the vicissitudes of their various life ; but in Gaston Phœbus, Nature, as is sometimes her wont, had chosen to reproduce exactly the original type. He was the Gascon noble of the sixteenth century, with all his brilliancy, bravery, and boastfulness, equally vain, arrogant and eccentric, accomplished in all the daring or the graceful pursuits of man, yet nursed in the philosophy of our times.

"It is presumption in my talking about such things," said Lothair : "but might I venture to ask what you may consider the true principles of art?"

"Aryan principles," said Mr. Phœbus : "not merely the study of Nature, but of beautiful Nature ; the art of design in a country inhabited by a first-rate race, and where the laws, the manners, the customs, are calculated to maintain the health and beauty of a first-rate race. In a greater

or less degree, these conditions obtained from the age of Pericles to the age of Hadrian in pure Aryan communities ; but Semitism began then to prevail, and ultimately triumphed. Semitism has destroyed Art ; it taught man to despise his own body, and the essence of art is to honor the human frame."

"I am afraid I ought not to talk about such things," said Lothair. "but, if by Semitism you mean religion, surely the Italian painters, inspired by Semitism, did something."

"Great things," said Mr. Phœbus—"some of the greatest. Semitism gave them subjects, but the Renaissance gave them Aryan art, and it gave that art to a purely Aryan race. But Semitism rallied in the shape of the Reformation, and swept all away. When Leo the Tenth was pope, popery was pagan ; popery is now Christian, and Art is extinct."

"I cannot enter into such controversies," said Lothair. "Every day I feel more and more I am extremely ignorant."

"Do not regret it," said Mr. Phœbus. "What you call ignorance is your strength. By ignorance you mean a want of knowledge of books. Books are fatal ; they are the curse of the human race. Nine-tenths of existing books are nonsense, and the clever books are the refutation of that nonsense. The greatest misfortune that ever befell man was the invention of printing. Printing has destroyed education. Art is a great thing, and Science is a great thing ; but all that Art and Science can reveal can be taught by man and by his attributes—his voice, his hand, his eye. The essence of education is the education of the body. Beauty and health are the chief sources of happiness. Men should live in the air ; their exercises should be regular, varied, scientific. To render his body strong and supple is the first duty of man. He should develop and completely master the whole muscular system. What I admire in the order to which you belong is that they do live in the air ; that they excel in athletic sports ; that they can only speak one language ; and that they

never read. This is not a complete education, but it is the highest education since the Greek."

"What you say I feel encouraging," said Lothair, repressing a smile, "for I myself live very much in the air, and am fond of all sports; but I confess I am often ashamed of being so poor a linguist, and was seriously thinking that I ought to read."

"No doubt every man should combine an intellectual with a physical training," replied Mr. Phœbus; "but the popular conception of the means is radically wrong. Youth should attend lectures on art and science by the most illustrious professors, and should converse together afterward on what they have heard. They should learn to talk; it is a rare accomplishment, and extremely healthy. They should have music always at their meals. The theatre, entirely remodelled and reformed, and under a minister of state, should be an important element of education. I should not object to the recitation of lyric poetry. That is enough. I would not have a book in the house, or even see a newspaper."

"These are Aryan principles?" said Lothair.

"They are," said Mr. Phœbus; "and of such principles I believe a great revival is at hand. We shall both live to see another Renaissance."—*Lothair.*

DISRAELI, ISAAC, an English author, born in 1766, died in 1848. His father, a Venetian, whose Hebrew ancestors, refugees from Spanish persecution, had assumed the name of D'Israeli to distinguish their race, removed to England in 1748. Isaac was intended for commercial pursuits, and he was sent to a college at Amsterdam, from which he returned at the age of eighteen, prepared to publish a poem against commerce. His parents then sent him to travel in France, with the hope that mingling with the world might divert his mind from the pursuit of literature. He spent much of the time in libraries and with lit-

erary men, and on his return in 1788, published a satire, *On the Abuse of Satire*. Through the influence of Mr. Pye, afterwards poet-laureate, the elder Disraeli was persuaded to cease opposing the literary tastes of his son, who, in 1790, produced a *Defence of Poetry*, of which he afterwards destroyed all the copies he could obtain. In 1791-93 he published *The Curiosities of Literature*, in four volumes, to which he afterwards added (1817) another volume. *Miscellanies, or Literary Recreations* appeared in 1796. This work was followed by *Vaurien, or Sketches of the Times* (1797), *Romances*, a volume of prose tales (1799), *Narrative Poems* (1803), *Flim-Flams, or the Life and Errors of my Uncle and the Amours of my Aunt* (1805), *Despotism, or the Fall of the Jesuits*, a novel (1811), *The Calamities of Authors* (1814), *The Quarrels of Authors* (1814), and *The Literary Character, or the History of Men of Genius* (1816). *The Life and Reign of Charles I.* (1828-31), gained for him from Oxford the degree of D.C.L. He had long intended to write a history of English Literature, but a paralysis of the optic nerve prevented the accomplishment of this design. A selection from his manuscripts preparatory to this work was published in 1841 under the title of *The Amenities of Literature*.

PALINGENESIS.

Never was a philosophical imagination more beautiful than that exquisite *Palingenesis*, as it has been termed from the Greek, or a re-generation: or rather, the apparitions of animals, and plants. Schott, Kircher, Gaffarel, Borelli, Digby, and the whole of that admirable school, discovered in the ashes of plants their primitive forms, which were again raised up by the force of heat. Nothing, they say, perishes in nature; all is but a continuation, or a revival. The *semina* of resur-

rection are concealed in extinct bodies, as in the blood of man ; the ashes of roses will again revive into roses, though smaller and paler than if they had been planted ; unsubstantial and unodoriferous, they are not roses which grow on rose-trees, but their delicate apparitions ; and like apparitions, they are seen but for a moment ! The process of the *Palingensis*, this picture of immortality, is described. These philosophers having burnt a flower, by calcination disengaged the salts from its ashes, and deposited them in a glass phial ; a chemical mixture acted on it, till in the fermentation they assumed a bluish and a spectral hue. This dust, thus excited by heat, shoots upward into its primitive forms ; by sympathy the parts unite, and while each is returning to its destined place, we see distinctly the stalk, the leaves, and the flower arise ; it is the pale spectre of a flower coming slowly forth from its ashes. The heat passes away, the magical scene declines, till the whole matter again precipitates itself into the chaos at the bottom. This vegetable phoenix lies thus concealed in its cold ashes, till the presence of heat produces this resurrection—in its absence it returns to its death.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

THE NECESSITY OF SOLITUDE TO GENIUS.

It is, however, only in solitude that the genius of eminent men has been formed. There their first thoughts sprang, and there it will become them to find their last : for the solitude of old age—and old age must be often in solitude—may be found the happiest with the literary character. Solitude is the nurse of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the true parent of genius. In all ages solitude has been called for, has been flown to. No considerable work was ever composed, till its author, like an ancient magician, first retired to the grove, or to the closet, to invoke. When genius languishes in an irksome solitude among crowds—that is the moment to fly into seclusion and meditation. There is a society in the deepest solitude ; in all the men of genius of the past

“ First of your kind, Society divine ! ”

and in themselves; for there only can they indulge in the romances of their soul, and there only can they occupy themselves in their dreams and their vigils, and, with the morning, fly without interruption to the labor they had reluctantly quitted. If there be not periods when they shall allow their days to melt harmoniously into each other, if they do not pass whole weeks together in their study, without intervening absences, they will not be admitted into the last recess of the Muses. Whether their glory comes from researches, or from enthusiasm, Time, with not a feather ruffled on his wings, Time alone opens discoveries and kindles meditation. This desert of solitude, so vast and so dreary to the man of the world, to the man of genius is the magical garden of Armida, whose enchantments arose amidst solitude, while solitude was everywhere among those enchantments.

Whenever Michael Angelo, that "divine madman," as Richardson once wrote on the back of one of his drawings, was meditating on some great design, he closed himself up from the world. "Why do you lead so solitary a life?" asked a friend. "Art," replied the sublime artist, "Art is a jealous god; it requires the whole and entire man." During his mighty labor in the Sistine Chapel, he refused to have any communication with any person even at his own house. Such undisturbed and solitary attention is demanded even by undoubted genius as the price of performance. How then shall we deem of that feeble race who exult in occasional excellence, and who so often deceive themselves by mistaking the evanescent flashes of genius for that holier flame which burns on its altar, because the fuel is incessantly applied.

We observe men of genius, in public situations, sighing for this solitude. Amidst the impediments of the world, they are doomed to view their intellectual banquet often rising before them like some fairy delusion, never to taste it.

The great Verulam often complained of the disturbances of his public life, and rejoiced in the

occasional retirement he stole from public affairs. "And now, because I am in the country, I will send you some of my country fruits, which with me are good meditations ; when I am in the city, they are choked with business."

Lord Clarendon, whose life so happily combined the contemplative with the active powers of man, dwells on three periods of retirement which he enjoyed ; he always took pleasure in relating the great tranquillity of spirit experienced during his solitude at Jersey, where, for more than two years, employed on his History, he daily wrote "one sheet of large paper with his own hand." At the close of his life, his literary labors in his other retirements are detailed with a proud satisfaction. Each of his solitudes occasioned a new acquisition ; to one he owed the Spanish, to another the French, and to a third the Italian literature. The public are not yet acquainted with the fertility of Lord Clarendon's literary labors.

It was not vanity that induced Scipio to declare of solitude, that it had no loneliness for him, since he voluntarily retired amidst a glorious life to his Linternum. Cicero was uneasy amid applauding Rome, and has distinguished his numerous works by the titles of his various villas. Aulus Gellius marked his solitude by his *Attic Nights*. The *Golden Grove* of Jeremy Taylor is the produce of his retreat at the Earl of Carberry's seat in Wales ; and the *Diversions of Purley* preserved a man of genius for posterity.

Voltaire had talents, well adapted for society ; but at one period of his life he passed five years in the most secret seclusion, and indeed usually lived in retirement. Montesquieu quitted the brilliant circles of Paris for his books and his meditations, and was ridiculed by the gay triflers he deserted ; "but my great work," he observes in triumph, "*avance à pas de géant*." Harrington, to compose his *Oceana*, severed himself from the society of his friends. Descartes, inflamed by genius, hires an obscure house in an unfrequented quarter at Paris, and there he passes two years unknown to his acquaintance. Adam Smith,

after the publication of his first work, withdrew into a retirement that lasted ten years: even Hume rallies him for separating himself from the world; but by this means the great political inquirer satisfied the world by his great work. And thus it was with men of genius, long ere Petrarch withdrew to his Valchiusa.—*The Literary Character.*

DIX, JOHN ADAMS, an American statesman and author, born at Boscawen, N. H., July 24, 1798, died at New York, April 21, 1879. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1812, but near the close of the following year he resigned the appointment in order to become an ensign in the army, and served on the northern frontier during the remainder of the war with Great Britain. He left the army in 1828, having risen to the rank of captain of artillery. He then traveled in Europe for a year; and in 1830 entered upon the practice of law at Cooperstown, N. Y. From 1833 to 1839 he was Secretary of State in New York. In 1845 he succeeded Silas Wright in the United States Senate, and was succeeded in 1849 by Mr. Seward. In 1861, near the close of the administration of Mr. Buchanan, he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury. As such he issued the order to the commanding officer at New Orleans, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." Among the early acts of President Lincoln was the appointment of Mr. Dix as a major-general in the army. He was not engaged in active operations in the field; but he held in succession the command of the military departments of Maryland, of Virginia and North Carolina, and of New York. He was in command of this last department at the time of the draft-riots in July, 1863. In 1866-69 he was Minister to France; and in 1872 was

elected Governor of New York. He held, from time to time, many other important civil positions. He wrote a treatise on *The Resources of the City of New York* (1827); *Decisions of the Superintendent of Common Schools of New York* (1837); *A Winter in Madeira* (1851); and *A Summer in Spain and Florence* (1857). Two volumes of his *Speeches and Addresses*, selected by himself, were published in 1875.—Just after the occurrence of the draft riots in New York, and when there was imminent danger of their renewal, Gen. Dix issued, August 17, 1863, a proclamation giving warning against any such renewed outbreak:

THE DRAFT-RIOT PROCLAMATION.

The law under which this draft is to be made is for enrolling and calling out the national forces. It is founded on the principle that every citizen, who enjoys the protection of the Government and looks to it for the security of his property and his life, may be called on in seasons of great public danger to take up arms for the common defense. No political society can be held together unless this principle is acknowledged as one to which the Government may have recourse when its existence is in peril. There is no civilized country in which it is not recognized. . . The draft about to be made is for one-fifth part of all persons between twenty and thirty-five years of age, and of the unmarried between thirty-five and forty-five. The entire class between eighteen and thirty-five was long since drafted in the seceded States, and the draft has recently been extended to embrace nearly the whole arms-bearing population. Compared with the burden they are sustaining, ours is as nothing.

The contest on our part is to defend our nationality, to uphold the institutions under the protection of which we have lived and prospered, and to preserve untarnished the proud memories of our history, brief it is true, but full of high achievements in science, in art, and in arms. Shall we,

in such a cause, shrink from labors and sacrifices which our misguided brethren in the seceded States are sustaining in the cause of treason and social disorganization? For the honor of the State of New York, let us take care that the history of this rebellion, more vast than any which has ever convulsed a nation, shall contain nothing to make our children blush for the patriotism of their fathers.

Whatever objection there may be to the law authorizing the draft, whatever defects it may have, it is the law of the land, and resistance to it is revolt against the constituted authorities of the country. If one law can be set at defiance, any other may be, and the foundation of all government be broken up. Those who, in the history of political societies, have been the first to set themselves up against the law, have been the surest victims of the disorder which they have created. The poor have a far deeper interest in maintaining the inviolability of the law than the rich. Property, through the means it can command, is power. But the only security for those who have little more than life and the labor of their own hands to protect, lies in the supremacy of the law. On them, and on those who are dependent on them, social disorder falls with fatal effect. . . .

Under these circumstances, no good citizen will array himself, either by word or deed, against the draft. Submission to the law in seasons of tranquillity is always the highest of political duties. But when the existence of the Government is in peril, he who resists its authority commits a crime of the deepest turpitude. He is the voluntary instrument of those who are seeking to overthrow it, and becomes himself a public enemy. Moreover, resistance to the Government by those who are living under its protection, and are indebted to it for the daily tenure of their property and their lives, has not even the palliation under which those who lead the insurrection at the South seek to shelter themselves:—that they are acting under color of authority derived from legislatures

or conventions of the people in their respective States. . . .

Should these suggestions be disregarded by any among you and renewed attempts be made to disturb the public peace, to break down the barriers which have been set up for the security of property and life, and to defeat the execution of a law which it is my duty to enforce, I warn all such persons that ample preparation has been made to vindicate the authority of the Government, and that the first exhibitions of disorder or violence will be met by the most prompt and vigorous measures for their repression.

RURAL LIFE AND EMBELLISHMENT.

Farm-houses should be surrounded with the beautiful and graceful in nature : the vine, the flowering shrub, and such other plants as will bear the rigor of our winters. These are the true ornaments for rural dwellings. They are far more appropriate and tasteful than the most elaborate carvings in wood and stone ; and nature offers them freely to all who will take pains once a year to bestow on them a few hours of attention. It is in these appendages to rural dwellings that the great charm of the country in England consists. English farm-houses and cottages are not often—I may say very rarely—faultless structures, when tested by a strict application of architectural rules. Nay, they are often ungraceful in design and rude in execution ; but with the ivy spreading itself over the gable, or covering up the porch, and the woodbine climbing up the casement and enveloping it in foliage, they acquire a beauty and a grace which no work of man's hand can equal. Such as these I should wish our rural habitations to be. They should be embellished not so much by the hands of the architect as by the taste and care of the occupants. The mistress presiding over the household and the family dwelling, should see to it that this dwelling should be externally a type of the neatness and order which reign within. Ornament it with the vines, plants, and flower-bearing shrubs which are suited to our climate.

These require little attention, and many of them carry their foliage and verdure far beyond the season when most others decay. Flowers which require to be housed in winter demand too much care, and, as a general rule, they are in the open air ephemeral in their bloom. The hardier plants—those which come out early and bear their foliage late—are preferable for the decoration of the family dwelling. It is not easy to conceive with how little expenditure of time the most gratifying results may be obtained. A graveled walk from the entrance-gate to the porch, running through a lawn of well-cropped grass, with here and there a lilac an althea, or a seringa, a vine trained upon a frame—no matter how rough, for the foliage will cover it—will change the coldest prospect into one of warmth and beauty and grace.

Nor is it to the taste alone that these rural embellishments address themselves; they tend to elevate and refine the moral feelings and to make us better men. It seems difficult to connect with the homestead the sacred feelings which belong to it, when all around is bare and cold. But when clothed in rural beauty by kindred hands, the sentiment of home is exalted, and those who have thus embellished it are presented to our minds and hearts under new and more endearing aspects. The leading impulses by which men are governed are constantly drawing them out into the world. Ambition, the desire of accumulation, the necessary business of life, are perpetually calling them away from home. Let home, then, be made so attractive in its external as well as its internal aspect, that it shall always be left with regret and regained with eagerness, as the most grateful refuge from the active duties of life. Under these circumstances the minutest work of your hands will have its value. The vine you have trained, the shrub you have planted, will possess an interest in the sight of those who are dear to you which the most elaborate ornament wrought by the hands of the carver can never attain.—*Agricultural Address* : 1851.

DIX, MORGAN, an American clergyman and author, son of John A. Dix; born in New York in 1827. He is a graduate of Columbia College, and took Holy Orders in 1853. Two years later he became assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York, and in 1862 was made rector of the same church. Among his published works are a *Commentary on Romans* (1864), a *Commentary on Galatians* (1866), *Lectures on Pantheism* (1868), *Lectures on the Two Estates* (1872), *Sermons Doctrinal and Practical* (1878), *Lectures on the Prayer-book of Edward VI.* (1881), *Memoir of John A. Dix* (1883), *The Gospel and Philosophy* (1885), and *Christ at the Door of the Heart* (1886).

THE CONDITIONS OF PERFECT DEVELOPMENT.

It has been well said, that "in Human Nature, it is the balance, harmony, and co-equal development of Sense, Intellect, and Spirit which constitutes perfection." "Body, Soul, and Spirit," saith the Apostle, summing up what we are. And in man, we find, over and above the physical senses three more: the intellectual sense, the moral sense, and the æsthetic sense. Man has an intelligent sense of the true, a moral sense of the good, an æsthetic sense of the beautiful. His are the reason, the affections, and the imagination; he sympathizes, he thinks, he loves. Each element in him desires its own, and abhors what is alien; thought and reason cannot endure the irrational, the impossible, the absurd; the heart, if pure, abhors the evil and the corrupt; the cultured taste revolts at the squalid, the sordid, and the ugly. And true progress depends on the just and even development of the entire nature; cultivate one part, neglecting the rest, and the product is a monster. Stunt the intellectual powers, and you have a fool; dwarf the moral powers, and you have a devil; starve the affections, and the life is hard, cynical, and cold; kill the imagination, and all things become stiff, dry, and gloomy. De-

velop, evenly and faithfully, the full manhood, and you find your reward in the sweetness and strength of a thoughtful, pure, and beautiful life.

But how shall this complex nature be developed? Progress must be towards some anticipated end; advance is made by the help of lights and marks along the way and far in front. You come at once to the questions, not to be evaded, Whither are we going, and for what do we exist? Is this world all? or is there another? Is the life of man complete in threescore years and ten, or is there more of it to come? Is this natural order the only one with which we have to do, or is there also a supernatural order? Your answer to these questions is decisive of your fate. For if this world be all, and we have no other life, then the goal of human development and its limits must be sought somewhere this side of the barrier of death. But if not: if there be also a supernatural order, with which our relations are direct; if man has an immortal soul; if God "hath given him length of days forever and ever," then the outlook for us is away beyond the black furrow of the grave. Development stops not here; it goes on, through things temporal into things eternal; and the final objects of life, the ideals, the motive powers, must be in that radiant front. The intellect seeks an absolute truth, where alone it should be sought, in God. The moral nature cries out for a perfect righteousness. The æsthetic nature discerns the outlines of an ideal loveliness feebly realized in nature. Development, in any creature capable of it, is the working toward the highest point which, by the constitution of the creature, it is able to reach. If man be not body only, but body, soul, and spirit, made "in the Image of God," the limits of development for him can only be attained in perfect union with that God "who is a spirit," and in that state where they "never die." For us, the "Reason Why" is in the life beyond the tomb; the beacons are on the coast of the eternal land. And now, that there may be growth, heathful and steady—intellectual, moral,

and æsthetic advance—three things must be made known to us : an absolute truth, a faultless righteousness, and a perfect beauty. The intellect demands the knowledge of a Truth, in which to rest, and by which to measure all lower and minor truths ; the affections demand union with a Love which may fill the heart and hallow all lesser loves ; the imagination seeks the sight of a supreme ideal beauty, which shall throw its bright beams on this inferior state.

“ Leaving that beautiful which still was so.
And making that which is not, till the place
Becomes religion.”

and killing the taste for what is vulgar, foul, and impure. Nor can it ever be well with men, unless they know the truth, and love righteousness, and see that nothing is beautiful which is not also holy and pure.—*The Gospel and Philosophy.*

DIXON, WILLIAM HEPWORTH, an English journalist, biographer, and traveler, born in 1821, died in 1879. He was in early life a clerk in a mercantile house in Manchester, and contributed to several periodicals. In 1846 he went to London and entered himself as a student of law in the Inner Temple. In 1853 he became editor of the *Athenæum*, and continued such until 1869, when he was appointed a magistrate for Middlesex, and in the following year was elected a member of the London School Board. During these years he traveled extensively in various parts of the world. He visited the East in 1864, the United States in 1866, and Russia in 1870. His principal works are: *Life of John Howard* (1849); *Biography of William Penn* (1851; subsequent editions contain a chapter vindicating Penn against the charges of Macaulay); *Life of Robert Blake* (1852); *Personal History of Lord Bacon* (1861); *Lives of the Archbishops of York* (1853); *The Holy Land* (1865); *New America* (1867); *Spiritual Wives, among the Mormons* (1868); *Free Russia*.

1870); *Her Majesty's Tower* (1869-71); *The Switzers* (1872); *Catharine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn* (1874); *The White Conquest* (1876); *Diana, Lady Lisle* (1877); and *Ruby Grey* (1878).

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE.

With the letter of thanks from Cromwell, a new set of instructions arrived, which allowed him to return with part of his fleet, leaving his squadron of some fifteen or twenty frigates to ride before the Bay of Cadiz and intercept its traders: with their usual deference to his judgment and experience, the Protector and Board of Admiralty left the appointment of the command entirely with him. Hoisting his pennon on his old flag-ship, the *St. George*, Blake saw for the last time the spires and cupolas, the masts and towers, before which he had kept his long and victorious vigils. While he put in for fresh water at Cascaes Road, he was very weak. "I beseech God to strengthen him," was the fervent prayer of the English Resident at Lisbon, as he departed on the homeward voyage. While the ships rolled through the tempestuous waters of the Bay of Biscay he grew every day worse and worse. Some gleams of the old spirit broke forth as they approached the latitude of England. He inquired often and anxiously if the white cliffs were yet in sight. He longed to behold the swelling downs, the free cities, the goodly churches of his native land. But he was now dying beyond all doubt. Many of his favorite officers silently and mournfully crowded round his bed, anxious to catch the last tones of a voice which had so often called them to glory and victory. Others stood at the poop and forecastle, eagerly examining every speck and line on the horizon, in hope of being first to catch the welcome glimpse of land. Though they were coming home crowned with laurels, gloom and pain were in every face. At last the Lizard was announced. Shortly afterwards, the bold cliffs and bare hills of Cornwall loomed out grandly in the distance. But it was now too late for the dying hero. He

had sent for the captains and other great officers of his fleet to bid them farewell ; and while they were yet in his cabin, the undulating hills of Devonshire, glowing with the tints of early autumn, came full in view. As the ships rounded Rame Head, the spires and masts of Plymouth, the woody heights of Mount Edgecombe, the low island of St. Nicholas, the rocky steeps of the Hoe, Mount Batten, the citadel, the many picturesque and familiar features of that magnificent harbor rose one by one to sight. But the eyes which had so yearned to behold this scene once more were at that very instant closing in death. Foremost of the victorious squadron, the *St. George* rode with its precious burden into the Sound ; and just as it came into full view of the eager thousands crowding the beach, the pier-heads, the walls of the citadel, or darting in countless boats over the smooth waters between St. Nicholas and the docks, ready to catch the first glimpse of the hero of Santa Cruz, and salute him with a true English welcome, he, in his silent cabin, in the midst of his lion-hearted comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielded up his soul to God.—*Life of Blake.*

THE BLACK, RED, AND YELLOW MAN.

The Black Man, a true child of the tropics, to whom warmth is like the breath of life, flees from the bleak fields of the North, in which the white man repairs his fibre and renews his blood ; preferring the swamps and savannas of the South, where, among palms, cotton-plants, and sugar-canes, he finds the rich colors in which his eye delights, the sunny heats in which his blood expands. Freedom would not tempt him to go northward into frost and fog. Since the South has been made free to Sam to live in, he has turned his back on the cold and friendly North, in search of a brighter home. Sitting in the rice-field, by the cane-brake, under the mulberry-trees of his darling Alabama, with his kerchief round his head, his banjo on his knee, he is joyous as a bird, singing his endless and foolish roundelay, •

and feeling the sunshine burn upon his face. The negro is but a local fact in the country ; having his proper home in a corner—the most sunny corner—of the United States.

The Red Man, once a hunter of the Alleghanies, not less than of the prairies and the Rocky Mountains, has been driven by the pale-face—he and his squaw, his elk, his buffalo, and his antelope—into the far Western country ; into the waste and desolate lands lying westward of the Mississippi and Missouri. The exceptions hardly break the rule. The red-skin will not dig, and to beg he is not ashamed. Hence, he has been pushed away from his place, driven out by the spade, and kept at bay by the smoke of chimney fires. A wild man of the plain and forest, he makes his home with the wolf, the rattlesnake, the buffalo, and the elk. When the wild beast flees, the wild man follows. The Alleghany slopes, on which, only seventy years ago, he chased the elk and scalped the white woman, will hear his war-whoop, see his war-dance, feel his scalping-knife, no more. The red men find it hard to lay down a tomahawk, to take up a hoe ; some thousands of them only yet have done so ; some hundreds only have learned from the whites to drink gin and bitters, to lodge in frame-houses, to tear up the soil, to forget the chase, the war-dance, and the Great Spirit.

The Yellow Man, generally a Chinese, often a Malay, sometimes a Dyak, has been drawn into the Pacific States from Asia, and from the Eastern Archipelago, by the hot demand for labor ; any kind of which comes to him as a boon. From digging in the mine to cooking an omelet and ironing a shirt, he is equal to everything by which dollars can be gained. Of these yellow people there are now sixty thousand in California, Utah, and Montana ; they come and go ; but many more of them come than go. As yet these harmless crowds are weak and useful. Hop Chang keeps a laundry ; Chi Hi goes out as cook ; Cum Thing is a maid-of-all-work. They are in no man's way, and they labor for a crust of bread. To-day, those

yellow men are sixty thousand strong. They will ask for votes. They will hold the balance of parties. In some districts they will make a majority; selecting the judges, forming the juries, interpreting the laws. Next year is not more sure to come in its own season, than a great society of Asiatics to dwell on the Pacific slopes. A Buddhist church, fronting the Buddhist churches in China and Ceylon, will rise in California, Oregon, and Nevada. More than all, a war of labor will commence between the races which feed on beef and the races which thrive on rice; one of those wars in which the victory is not necessarily with the strong.—*New America*.

A CENTURY OF WHITE PROGRESS.

The European races are spreading over every continent, and mastering the islets of every sea. During these hundred years some Powers have shot ahead, and some have slipped into the second rank. Austria, a hundred years ago the leading power in Europe, has been rent asunder and has forfeited her throne in Germany. Spain, a hundred years ago the first colonial empire in the world, has lost her colonies and conquests, and sunk into a third-rate power. France, which little more than a hundred years ago possessed Canada, Louisiana, the Mississippi Valley, the island of Mauritius, and a strong hold in Hindustan, has lost all these possessions, and exchanged her vineyards and corn-fields on the Rhine for the snows of Savoy and the sands of Algiers. Piedmont and Prussia, on the other hand, have sprung into the foremost rank of nations. Piedmont has become Italy, with a capital in Milan and Venice, Florence and Naples, as well as in Rome. Still more striking and more glorious has been the growth of Prussia. A hundred years ago Prussia was just emerging into notice as a small but well-governed and hard-fighting country, with a territory no larger than Michigan, and a population considerably less than Ohio. In a hundred years this small but well-governed and hard-fighting Prussia has become the first military power on earth. Russia,

during these hundred years, has carried her arms into Finland, Crim Tartary, the Caucasus, and the Mohammedan Khanates, extending the White empire on the Caspian and Euxine, and along the Oxus and Jaxartes into Central Asia. Vaster still have been the marches and the conquests of Great Britain—her command of the ocean giving her facilities which are not possessed by any other power. Within a hundred years or thereabouts, she has grown from a kingdom of ten millions of people into an empire of two hundred and twenty millions, with a territory covering nearly one-third of the earth. Hardly less striking than the progress of Russia and England has been that of the United States. Starting with a population no larger than that of Greece, the Republic has advanced so rapidly that in a hundred years she has become the third power as to size of territory, the fourth as to wealth of population in the world. Soil and population are the two prime elements of power. Climate and fertility count for much ; nationality and compactness count for more ; but still the natural basis of growth is land, the natural basis of strength is population. Taking these two elements together, the Chinese were, a hundred years ago, the foremost family of mankind. They held a territory covering three millions of square miles, and a population counting more than four hundred millions of souls. But what a change has taken place ! China has been standing still, while England, Russia, and America have been conquering, planting, and annexing lands.—*The White Conquest.*

DOANE, GEORGE WASHINGTON, an American clergyman and poet, born at Trenton, N. J., in 1799, died at Burlington, N. J., in 1859. He graduated at Union College in 1818, and was admitted to Holy Orders in 1821. He officiated for three years in Trinity Church, New York ; in 1824 was appointed Professor at Washington College (now Trinity College), Hartford, Conn. In 1828 he became Assistant Minister, and subsequently Rector, of

Trinity Church, Boston. In 1832 he was elected Bishop of the Episcopal diocese of New Jersey, and soon afterwards established St. Mary's Hall, a boarding-school for girls, at Burlington, N. J., and later founded Burlington College. In 1824 he published a volume of poems entitled *Songs by the Way*. From time to time he put forth *Sermons* and *Charges*. In 1860 was published a collection of his *Poetical Works, Sermons, and Miscellaneous Writings*, with a *Memoir* by his son, W. C. Doane.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

"What is that, Mother?"—

"The Lark, my child:—

The morn has but just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the Lark's, to thy Maker's praise."

"What is that, Mother?"—

"The Dove, my son:

And that low, sweet voice, like the widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured out from some crystal urn,
For the distant dear one's quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the Dove:—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love."

"What is that, Mother?"—

"The Eagle, boy,

Proudly careering in his course of joy;
Firm, in his own mountain vigor relying;
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward—right on.

Boy, may the Eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward—true to the line."

“What is that, Mother?”—

“The Swan, my love :—

He is floating down from his native grove :

No loved one now, no nestling nigh ;

He is floating down by himself to die.

Death darkens his eye, it unplumes his wings ;

Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.—

Live so, my love, that when death shall come,

Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.”

DOBELL, SYDNEY THOMPSON, an English poet, born in 1824, died in 1874. At the age of twelve he entered the office of his father, a wine-merchant of Cheltenham. In 1848 he published, his first poem *The Roman*, under the *nom de plume* of “Sydney Yendys” (the last name being his baptismal name reversed). This was followed in 1850 by *Balder*. These poems found numerous admirers, and the author was looked upon by many as the coming poet of his day ; they were, however, sharply criticised and travestied by Aytoun in his *Fermilian*. Mr. Dobell’s subsequent productions were *Sonnets on the War*, in conjunction with Alexander Smith (1855) ; *England in Time of War* (1856) ; and *England’s Day* (1871).

THE RUINS OF ANCIENT ROME.

Upstood

The hoar unconscious walls, bisson and bare,
Like an old man deaf, blind, and gray, in whom
The years of old stand in the sun, and murmur
Of childhood and the dead. From parapets
Where the sky rests, from broken niches—each
More than Olympus—for gods dwelt in them—
Below from senatorial haunts and seats
Imperial, where the ever-passing fates [forth
Wore out the stone, strange hermit birds croaked
Sorrowful sounds, like watchers on the height
Crying the hours of ruin. When the clouds
Dressed every myrtle on the walls in mourning,
With calm prerogative the eternal pile

Impassive shone with the unearthly light
 Of immortality. When conquering suns
 Triumphed in jubilant earth, it stood out dark
 With thoughts of ages : like some mighty captive
 Upon his death-bed in a Christian land,
 And lying, through the chant of psalm and creed,
 Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
 And on his lips strange gods.

Rank weeds and grasses,
 Careless and nodding, grew, and asked no leave,
 Where Romans trembled. Where the wreck was
 saddest,

Sweet pensive herbs, that had been gay elsewhere,
 With conscious mien of place rose tall and still,
 And bent with duty. Like some village children
 Who found a dead king on a battle-field,
 And with decorous care and reverent pity
 Composed the lordly ruin, and sat down
 Grave without tears. At length the giant lay,
 And everywhere he was begirt with years.
 And everywhere the torn and mouldering Past
 Hung with the ivy. For Time, smit with honor
 Of what he slew, cast his own mantle on him,
 That none should mock the dead.

—*The Roman.*

TO AMERICA.

No force nor fraud shall sunder us ! O ye,
 Who North or South, on East or Western land,
 Native to noble sounds, say Truth for truth,

Freedom for freedom, Love for love, and God
 For God ; O ye who in eternal youth

Speak, with a living and creative flood,
 This universal English, and do stand
 Its breathing book ! live worthy of that grand

Heroic utterance—parted, yet a whole,
 Far, yet unsevered—children brave and free.
 Of the great mother-tongue ; and ye shall be

Lords of an empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,
 Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
 And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's
 dream.

HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
 How's my boy—my boy!"—
 "What's your boy's name, good wife,
 And in what ship sailed he?"—

"My boy John—
 He that went to sea:
 What care I for the ship, sailor?
 My boy's my boy to me.
 You come back from the sea,
 And know not my son John?
 I might as well have asked some landsman
 Yonder down in the town.
 There's not an ass in all the parish
 But he knows my John.
 How's my boy—my boy?
 And unless you let me know,
 I'll swear you are no sailor—
 Blue jacket or no, sailor—
 Anchor and crown or no!
 Sure his ship was the Jolly Briton."—

"Speak low, woman, speak low!"—
 "And why should I speak low, sailor,
 About my own boy John?
 If I was as loud as I am proud,
 I'd sing him over the town!
 Why should I speak low, sailor?"—
 "That good ship went down!"—

"How's my boy—my boy?
 What care I for the ship, sailor?
 I was never aboard her!
 Be she afloat or be she aground.
 Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
 Her owners can afford her!
 I say, how's my John?"—

"Every man on board went down,
 Every man aboard her!"—
 "How's my boy—my boy?
 What care I for the men, sailor?
 I'm not their mother.
 How's my boy—my boy?"

Tell me of him, and no other !
How 's my boy—my boy ? ”

DOBSON, HENRY AUSTIN, born in 1840. He was educated partly in England, partly in France and Germany, with the purpose of becoming a civil engineer ; but at the age of sixteen he was appointed to a clerkship in the Board of Trade. He has been a frequent contributor in prose and verse to English periodicals. In 1873 he collected his scattered lyrics into a volume entitled *Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société*, which was followed in 1877 by *Proverbs in Porcelain*. His principal prose work is the *Life of Fielding*, forming one of the volumes of “The English Men of Letters,” a series of biographies edited by John Morley. He has also written many biographical and critical sketches; among which are those of *Hogarth* in the “Biographies of Great Artists;” of *Prior*, *Praed*, *Gay*, and *Hood* in Ward’s “English Poets;” and *Eighteenth Century Essays* in “The Parchment Library.”

MORE POETS YET.

“More Poets yet ? ” I hear him say,
Arming his heavy hand to slay :—
“Despite my skill and ‘swashing blow,’
They seem to sprout where’er I go :
I killed a host hut yesterday ! ”

Slash on, O Hercules ! You may :
Your task ’s at best a Hydra-fray ;
And, though you cut, not less will grow
More poets yet !

Too arrogant ! For who shall stay
The first blind motions of the May ?
Who shall outblot the morning glow ;
Or stem the full heart’s overflow ?
Who ? . There will rise, till Time decay,
More Poets yet !

ANGEL VISITANTS.

Once at the Angelus (ere I was dead),
Angels all glorious came to my bed :
Angels in blue and white, crowned on the head.

One was the friend I left stark in the snow ;
One was the wife that died long, long ago ;
One was the love I lost—how could she know ?

One had my mother's eyes, wistful and mild ;
One had my father's face ; one was a child :
All of them bent to me ; bent down and smiled.

GIVE US BUT YESTERDAY.

Princes ! and you most valorous,
Nobles and Barons of all degrees !
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us,
Prodigals driven by the Destinies !
Nothing we ask or of gold or fees ;
Harry us not with the hounds, we pray ;
Lo—for the surcoat's hem we seize ;
“ Give us—ah ! give us—but Yesterday ! ”

Dames most delicate, amorous !
Damosels blithe as the belted bees !
Beggars are we that pray you thus ;
Beggars outworn of miseries !
Nothing we ask of the things that please ;
Weary are we, and old, and gray ;
Lo—for we clutch, and we clasp your knees ;
“ Give us—ah ! give us but Yesterday ! ”

Damosels, Dames, be piteous !
(But the Dames rode fast by the roadway trees.)
Hear us, O Knights magnanimous !
(But the Knights pricked on in their panoplies.)
Nothing they gat of hope or ease,
But only to beat on the breast and say :
“ Life we drank to the dregs and lees ;
Give us—ah ! give us—but Yesterday ! ”

Youth, take heed to the prayer of these !
Many there be by the dusty way,
Many that cry to the rocks and seas,
“ Give us—ah ! give us but Yesterday ! ”

A SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

When Spring comes laughing, by vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking, and daffodil,
Sing stars of morning, sing morning skies.
Sing of blue speedwell, and my Love's eyes.

When comes the Summer, full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip, the orchard long,
Sing hid, sweet honey, that no bee sips ;
Sing red, red roses, and my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters the leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury the broad-wheeled wain,
Sing flutes of harvest, where men rejoice :
Sing rounds of reapers, and my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter, with hail and storm,
And red fire roaring, and ingle warm,
Sing first sad going of friends that part :
Then sing glad meeting, and my Love's heart.

DODDRIDGE, PHILIP, an English clergyman, born at London in 1702, died at Lisbon, Portugal, in 1751. He was left an orphan at the age of thirteen. He early manifested talents of such high order that the Duchess of Bedford offered to defray his expenses at either of the great Universities; but he declined the proposal on account of the implied condition that he should take Orders in the Established Church. In 1719 he entered the Dissenting Academy at Kibworth; from 1722 to 1729 he exercised pastoral functions in several places, still diligently prosecuting his studies. In 1729 he was placed in charge of the academy, which he removed from Kibworth to Northampton, where he had been invited to become pastor. He filled these positions with great success for twenty years, when, his health failing, he sailed for Lisbon, hoping to derive benefit from a milder climate, but he died only five days after his arrival.

The Works of Doddridge are very numerous. They consist of *Sermons*, *Treatises* and *Lectures* on theological and religious topics, *Miscellanies*, *Hymns*, *The Family Expositor*, *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul* (the most popular of all his books), and several volumes of *Correspondence*, collected by his great-grandson, and published eighty years after his death. A complete edition of his *Works* (not including the *Correspondence*) was published in 1802. in ten large volumes.

VINDICATION OF HIS RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

Had the letter which I received from you so many months ago been merely an address of common friendship, I hope no hurry of business would have led me to delay so long the answer which civility and gratitude would in that case have required ; or had it been to request any service in my power to you, Sir, or to any of your family or friends, I would not willingly have neglected it so many days or hours ; but when it contained nothing material, except an unkind insinuation that you esteemed me a dishonest man, who, out of a design to please a party, had written what he did not believe, or, as you thought fit to express yourself, had “ trimmed it a little with the gospel of Christ.” I thought all that was necessary—after having fully satisfied my own conscience on that head, which, I bless God, I very easily did—was to forgive and pray for the mistaken brother who had done me the injury, and to endeavor to forget it, by turning my thoughts to some more pleasant, important, and useful subject. . . . But I have been certainly informed that you, interpreting my silence as an acknowledgment of the justice of your charge, have sent copies of your letter to several of your friends, who have been industrious to propagate them far and near. . . .

Though it was unkind readily to entertain the suspicions you express, I do not so much complain

of your acquainting me with them ; but on what imaginable humane or Christian principle could you communicate such a letter, and grant copies of it? With what purpose could it be done, but with a design of aspersing my character? and to what purpose could you desire my character to be reproached? Are you sure, Sir, that I am not intending the honor of God, and the good of souls, by my various labors of one kind and another—so sure of it, that you will venture to maintain at the bar of Christ, before the throne of God, that I was a person whom it was your duty to endeavor to discredit? for, considering me as a Christian, a minister, and a tutor, it could not be merely an indifferent action : nay, considering me as a man, if it was not a duty, it was a crime !

I will do you the justice, Sir, to suppose you have really an ill opinion of me, and believe I mean otherwise than I write ; but let me ask, what reason have you for that opinion? Is it because you cannot think me a downright fool, and conclude that every one who is not, must be of your opinion, and is a knave if he does not declare that he is so? or is it from anything particular which you apprehend you know of my sentiments contrary to what my writings declare? He that searches my heart, is witness that what I wrote on the very passage you except against, I wrote as what appeared to me most agreeable to truth, and most subservient to the purposes of His glory and the edification of my readers ; and I see no reason to alter it in a second edition, if I should reprint my Exposition, though I had infinitely rather the book should perish than advance anything contrary to the tenor of the gospel, and subversive to the souls of men. I guard against apprehending Christ to be a mere creature, or another God, inferior to the Father, or co-ordinate with him. And you will maintain that I believe him to be so : from whence, Sir, does your evidence of that arise? If from my writings, I apprehend it must be in consequence of some inference you draw from them, of laying any just

foundation for which I am not at present aware : nor did I ever intend, I am sure, to say or intimate anything of the kind. If from report, I must caution you against rashly believing such reports. I have heard some stories of me, echoed back from your neighborhood, which God knows to be as false as if I had been reported to have asserted the divine authority of the Alcoran ! or to have written Hobbes's *Leviathan* ; and I can account for them in no other way than by supposing, either that coming through several hands, every one mistook a little, or else that some people have such vivid dreams, that they cannot distinguish them from realities, and so report them as facts : though how to account for their propagating such reports so zealously, on any principles of Christianity or common humanity, especially considering how far I am from having offered them any personal injury, would amaze me, if I did not know how far *party* zeal debases the understandings of those who in other matters are wise and good. All I shall add with regard to such persons is, that I pray God this evil may not be laid to their charge. I have seriously reflected with myself whence it should come that such suspicions should arise of my being in what is generally called the Arian scheme, and the chief causes I can discover are these two : my not seeing the arguments which some of my brethren have seen against it in some disputed texts, and my tenderness and regard to those who, I have reason to believe, do espouse it, and whom I dare not in conscience raise a popular cry against ! Nor am I at all fond of urging the controversy, lest it should divide churches, and drive some who are wavering, as indeed I myself once was, to an extremity to which I should be sorry to see such worthy persons, as some of them are, reduced.—*Letter to the Rev. Mr. Bourne ; 1742.*

Among the Hymns of Doddridge are several which are sung in Protestant churches of every denomination.

HARK, THE GLAD SOUND.

Hark, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song ! . . .

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyelids of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor. . . .

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

AWAKE, YE SAINTS.

Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year !

Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes !

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course !
Ye mortal powers, decay :
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day !

YE GOLDEN LAMPS.

Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light ;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed !
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light,
Shall there his beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes ;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

DODGE, MARY ABIGAIL, "Gail Hamilton," *pseud.*), an American author, born at Hamilton, Mass., in 1838. She began literary work by contributing to periodicals. She is the author of several volumes of essays ; among them *Country Living and Country Thinking* (1862), *Gala Days* (1863), *Stumbling Blocks* (1864), *Red-Letter Days in Applethorpe*, and *Summer Rest* (1866), *Wool Gathering* (1867), *Woman's Wrongs* (1868), *Battle of the Books* (1870), *Woman's Worth and Worthlessness* (1872), *Twelve Miles from a Lemon* (1874), *Ser-*

mons to the Clergy (1875), *What Think ye of Christ* (1877), and *Our Common School System* (1880).

INTIMACY.

There is no such thing as knowing a man intimately. Every soul is, for the greater part of its mortal life, isolated from every other. Whether it dwell in the Garden of Eden or the Desert of Sahara, it dwells alone. Not only do we jostle against the street-crowd unknowing and unknown, but we go out and come in, we lie down and rise up, with strangers. Jupiter and Neptune sweep the heavens not more unfamiliar to us than the worlds that circle our own hearth-stone. Day after day, and year after year, a person moves by your side ; he sits at the same table ; he reads the same books ; he kneels in the same church. You know every hair of his head, every trick of his lips, every tone of his voice ; you can tell him far off by his gait. Without seeing him, you recognize his step, his knock, his laugh. "Know him?" "Yes, I have known him these twenty years." No, you don't know him. You know his gait, and hair, and voice. You know what preacher he hears, what ticket he voted, and what were his last year's expenses ; but you don't know *him*. He sits quietly in his chair, but he is in the temple. You speak to him ; his soul comes out into the vestibule to answer you, and returns—and the gates are shut ; therein you cannot enter. You were discussing the state of the country ; but when you ceased, he opened a postern-gate, went down a bank, and launched on a sea over whose waters you have no boat to sail, no star to guide. You have loved and revered him. He has been your concrete of truth and nobleness. Unwittingly you touch a secret spring, and a Blue-Beard chamber stands revealed. You give no sign ; you meet and part as usual ; but a Dead Sea rolls between you two forevermore.

It must be so. Not even to the nearest and dearest can one unveil the secret place where his soul abideth, so that there shall be no more any

winding ways or hidden chambers ; but to your indifferent neighbor, what blind alleys, and deep caverns, and inaccessible mountains ! To him who " touchesthe electric chain wherewith you 're darkly bound," your soul sends back an answering thrill. One little window is opened, and there is short parley. Your ships speak to each other now and then in welcome, though imperfect communication ; but immediately you strike out again into the great shoreless sea, over which you must sail forever alone. You may shrink from the far-reaching solitudes of your heart, but no other foot than yours can tread them save those

"That eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
For our advantage, to the bitter cross."

Be thankful that it is so—that only His eye sees whose hand formed. If we could look in, we should be appalled at the vision. The worlds that glide around us are mysteries too high for us. We cannot attain to them. The naked soul is a sight too awful for man to look at and live.—*Country Living and Country Thinking*.

FISHING.

Some people have conscientious scruples about fishing. I respect them. I had them once myself. Wantonly to destroy, for mere sport, the innocent life in lake and river, seemed to me a cruelty and a shame. But people must fish. Now, then, how shall your theory and practice be harmonized ? Practice can't yield. Plainly, theory must. A year ago, I went out on a rock in the Atlantic Ocean, held a line—just to see how it seemed—and caught eight fishes ; and every time a fish came up, a scruple went down. . . . Which facts will partially account for the eagerness with which I, one morning, seconded a proposal to go a-fishing in a river about fourteen miles away.

One wanted the scenery, another the drive, a third the chowder, and so on ; but I—I may as well confess—wanted the excitement, the fishes, the opportunity of displaying my piscatory prowess. I enjoyed in anticipation the masculine admiration and feminine chagrin that would ac-

company the beautiful, fat, shining, speckled, prismatic trout into my basket, while other rods waited in vain for a "nibble." I resolved to be magnanimous. Modesty should lend to genius a heightened charm. I would win hearts by my humility, as well as laurels by my dexterity. I would disclaim superior skill, attribute success to fortune, and offer to distribute my spoil among the discomfited. Glory, not pelf, was my object.

You may imagine my disgust on finding, at the end of our journey, that there was only one rod for the whole party. Plenty of lines, but no rod. What was to be done? It was proposed to improvise rods from the trees. "No," said the female element. "We don't care. We shouldn't catch any fish. We'd just as soon stroll about." I bubbled up, if I didn't boil over. *We* shouldn't, should *we*? Pray, speak for yourselves! Didn't I catch eight cod-fishes in the Atlantic Ocean, last summer? Answer me that!" I was indignant that they should so easily be turned away, by the trivial circumstance of there being no rods, from the noble art of fishing. My spirits rose to the height of the emergency. The story of my exploits makes an impression. There is a marked respect in the tone of their reply. "Let there be no division among us. Go you to the stream, O Nimrod of the waters, since you alone have the prestige of success. We will wander quietly in the woods, build a fire, fry the potatoes, and await your return with the fish."

They go to the woods. I hang my prospective trout on my retrospective cod, and march riverward. Halicarnassus, according to the old saw, "leaves this world and climbs a tree," and, with jackknife, cord, and perseverance, manufactures a fishing-rod, which he courteously offers to me, which I succinctly decline, informing him in no ambiguous phrase that I consider nothing beneath the best as good enough for me. Halicarnassus is convinced by my logic, overpowered by my rhetoric, and meekly yields up the best rod, though the natural man rebels. The bank of the

river is rocky, steep, shrubby, and difficult of ascent or decent. Halicarnassus bids me tarry on the bridge, while he descends to reconnoitre. I am acquiescent, and lean over the railing awaiting the result of investigation. Halicarnassus picks his way over the rocks, sidewise and zigzaggy along the bank, and down the river, in search of fish. I grow tired of playing Casabianca, and steal behind the bridge, and pick my way over the rocks sidewise and zigzaggy along the bank, and up the river, in search of "fun;" practice irregular and indescribable gymnastics with variable success for half an hour or so. Shout from the bridge. I look up. Too far off to hear the words, but see Halicarnassus gesticulating furiously; and evidently laboring under great excitement. Retrograde as rapidly as circumstances will permit. Halicarnassus makes a speaking trumpet of his hands, and roars, "I've found—a Fish! Left—him for—You—to Catch! come Quick!"—and plunging headlong down the bank, disappears. I am touched to the heart by this sublime instance of self-denial and devotion, and scramble up to the bridge, and plunge down after him. Heel of boot gets entangled in dress every third step—fishing-line in tree-top every second; progress consequently not so rapid as could be desired. Reach the water at last. Step cautiously from rock to rock to the middle of the stream—balance on a pebble just large enough to plant both feet on, and just firm enough to make it worth while to run the risk—drop my line into the spot designated—a quiet, black little pool in the rushing river—see no fish, but have faith in Halicarnassus.

"Bite?" asks Halicarnassus, eagerly.

"Not yet," I answer, sweetly. Breathless expectation. Lips compressed. Eyes fixed. Five minutes gone.

"Bite?" calls Halicarnassus, from down the river.

"Not yet," hopefully.

"Lower your line a little. I'll come in a minute." Line is lowered. Arms begin to ache.

Rod suddenly bobs down. Snatch it up. Only an old stick. Splash it off contemptuously.

"Bite?" calls Halicarnassus from afar.

"No," faintly responds Marius, amid the ruins of Carthage.

"Perhaps he will by and by," suggests Halicarnassus encouragingly. Five minutes more. Arms breaking. Knees trembling. Pebble shaky. Brain dizzy. Everything seems to be sailing down the stream. Tempted to give up, but look at the empty basket, think of the expectant party and the eight cod-fish, and possess my soul in patience.

"Bite?" comes the distant voice of Halicarnassus, disappearing by a bend in the river.

"No!" I moan, trying to stand on one foot to rest the other, and ending by standing on neither; for the pebble quivers, convulses, and finally rolls over and expires; and only a vigorous leap and a sudden conversion of the fishing-rod into a balancing-pole save me from an ignominious bath. Weary of the world, and lost to shame, I gather all my remaining strength, wind the line about the rod, poise it on high, hurl it out into the deepest and most unobstructed part of the stream, climb up *pugnis et calcibus* on the back of an old boulder; coax, threaten, cajole, and intimidate my wet boots to come off; dip my handkerchief in the water, and fold it on my head, to keep from being sunstruck; lie down on the rock, pull my hat over my face, and dream, to the purling of the river, the singing of the birds, and the music of the wind in the trees, of another river, far, far away—broad, and deep, and seaward rushing—now in shadow, now in shine—now lashed by storm, now calm as a baby's sleep—bearing on its vast bosom a million crafts, whereof I see only one—a little pinnace, frail yet buoyant—tossed hither and thither, yet always keeping her prow to the waves—washed, but not whelmed. . . . O brave little bark! Is it Love that watches at the masthead? Is it Wisdom that stands at the helm? Is it Strength that curves the swift keel?

"Hullo! how many?"

"I start up wildly, and knock my hat off into

the water. Jump after it, at the imminent risk of going in myself, catch it by one of the strings, and stare at Halicarnassus.

"Asleep, I fancy?" says Halicarnassus, interrogatively.

"Fancy!" I echo, dreamily.

"How many fishes?" persists Halicarnassus.

"Fishes!" says the echo.

"Yes, fishes," repeats Halicarnassus, in a louder tone.

"Yes, it must have been the fishes," murmurs the echo.

"Goodness gracious me!" ejaculates Halicarnassus, with the voice of a giant; "how many fishes have you caught?"

"Oh! yes," waking up and hastening to appease his wrath; "eight—chiefly cod."

Indignation chokes his speech. Meanwhile I wake up still further, and, instead of standing before him like a culprit, beard him like an avenging Fury, and upbraid him with his deception and desertion. He attempts to defend himself, but is overpowered. Conscious guilt dyes his face, and remorse gnaws at the roots of his tongue. . . We walk silently towards the woods. We meet a small boy with a tin pan and thirty-six fishes in it. We accost him.

"Are these fishes for sale?" asks Halicarnassus.

"Bet they be!" says small boy with energy.

Halicarnassus looks meaningly at me. I look meaningly at Halicarnassus, and both look meaningly at our empty basket. "Won't you tell?" says Halicarnassus. "No; won't you?" Halicarnassus whistles, the fishes are transferred from pan to basket, and we walk away "chirp as a cricket," reach the sylvan party, and are speedily surrounded.

"O what beauties! Who caught them? How many are there?"

"Thirty-six," says Halicarnassus, in a lordly, thorough-bred way. "I caught 'em."

"In a tin pan," I exclaim, disgusted with his self-conceit.

A cry of rage from Halicarnassus, a shout of derision from the party.

"And how many did you catch, pray?" demands he.

"Eight—all cods," I answer placidly.—*Gala-Days*.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

This I reckon to be success in life—fitness—perfect adaptation. I hold him successful, and him only, who has found or conquered a position in which he can bring himself into full play. Success is perfect or partial, according as it comes up to, or falls below, this standard. But entire success is rare in this world. Success in business, success in ambition, is not success in life, though it may be comprehended in it. Very few are the symmetrical lives. Very few of us are working at the top of our bent. One may give scope to his mechanical invention; but his poetry is cramped. One has his intellect at high pressure; but the fires are out under his heart. One is the bond-servant of love; and Pegasus becomes a dray-horse, Apollo must keep the pot boiling, and Minerva is hurried with the fall sewing. So we go, and above us the sun shines, and the stars throb; and beneath us the snows, and the flowers, and the blind, instinctive earth, and over all, and in all, God blessed forever. Now, then, success being the best thing, we do well to strive for it; but success being difficult to attain, if not unattainable, it remains for us to wring from our failures all the sap and sustenance and succor that are in them, if so be we may grow thereby to a finer and fuller richness, and hear one day the rapturous voice bid us come up higher.

And be it remembered, what a man *is*—not what a man *does*—is the measure of success. The deed is but the outflow of the soul. By their fruits ye shall know *them*. The outward act has its inward significance, though we may not always interpret it aright, and its moral aspect depends upon the agent. "In vain," says Sir Thomas Browne, "we admire the lustre of anything

seen ; that which is truly glorious is invisible." Character, not condition, is the trust of life. A man's own self is God's most valuable deposit with him. This is not egotism, but the broadest benevolence. A man can do no good to the world beyond himself. A stream can rise no higher than its fountain. . . .

When I see, as I sometimes do see, those whom the world calls unsuccessful, furnished with every virtue and adorned with every grace, made considerate through suffering, sympathetic by isolation, spiritedly patient, meek, yet defiant, calm and contemptuous, tender even of the sorrows and tolerant of the joys which they despise, enduring the sympathy and accepting the companionship of weakness because it is kindly offered, though it be a burden to be dropped just inside the door, and not a treasure to be taken into the heart's chamber—I am ready to say, "Blessed are the unsuccessful." Blessed *are* the unsuccessful, the men who have nobly striven and nobly failed. He alone is in an evil case who has set his heart on false or selfish or trivial ends. Whether he secure them or not, he is alike unsuccessful. But he who "loves high" is king in his own right, though he "live low." His plans may be abortive, but himself is sure. . . . From the grapes of sorrow he shall press the wine of life.—*Gala-Days*.

DODGE, MARY ELIZABETH (MAPES), an American author, born in New York, in 1838. She has published *The Irvington Stories*, *Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates* (1863), *A Few Friends* (1869), *Rhymes and Jingles* (1874), *Theophilus and Others* (1876), *Along the Way*, a volume of poems (1879), and *Donald and Dorothy* (1883). *Hans Brinker*, a tale of child-life in Holland, received a prize from the French Academy, and has been translated into several languages. Mrs. Dodge has been Editor-in-chief of the *St. Nicholas Magazine* for young people, from its first publication.

THE DAY OF THE SKATING RACE.

The 20th of December came at last, bringing with it the perfection of winter weather. All over the level landscape lay the warm sunlight. It tried its power on lake, canal, and river; but the ice flashed defiance and showed no sign of melting. The very weather-cocks stood still to enjoy the sight. This gave the windmills a holiday. Nearly all the past week they had been whirling briskly; now, being rather out of breath, they rocked lazily in the clear, still air. Catch a windmill working when the weather-cocks have nothing to do! There was an end to grinding, crushing, and sawing for that day.

It was a good thing for the millers near Brock. Long before noon they concluded to take in their sails, and go to the race. Everybody would be there—already the north side of the frozen *Y* was bordered with eager spectators; the news of the great skating-match had traveled far and wide. Men, women, and children in holiday attire were flocking toward the spot. Some wore furs, and wintry cloaks or shawls: but many, consulting their feelings rather than the almanac, were dressed as for an October day.

The site selected for the race was a faultless plain of ice near Amsterdam, on that great arm of the *Zuider Zee* which Dutchmen of course must call the *Eye*. The townspeople turned out in large numbers. Strangers in the city deemed it a fine chance to see what was to be seen. Many a peasant from the northward had wisely chosen the 20th as the day for the next city-trading. It seemed that every body, young and old, who had wheels, skates, or feet at command, had hastened to the scene.

There were the gentry in their coaches, dressed like Parisians, fresh from the Boulevards; Amsterdam children in charity uniforms; girls from the Roman Catholic Orphan House, in sable gowns and white head-bands; boys from the Burgher Asylum, with their black tights and short-skirted harlequin coats. There were old-fashioned gentlemen in cocked hats and velvet knee-breeches;

old-fashioned ladies, too, in stiff, quilted skirts and bodies of dazzling brocade. These were accompanied by servants bearing foot-stoves and cloaks. There were the peasant folk arrayed in every possible Dutch costume : Shy young rustics in brazen buckles ; simple village maidens concealing their flaxen hair under fillets of gold ; women whose long, narrow aprons were stiff with embroidery ; women with short, corkscrew curls hanging over their foreheads ; women with shaved heads and close-fitting caps, and women in striped skirts and windmill bonnets. Men in leather, in homespun, in velvet and broadcloth ; burghers in model European attire, and burghers in short jackets, wide trousers and steeple-crowned hats. There were beautiful Friesland girls in wooden shoes and coarse petticoats, with solid gold crescents encircling their heads, finished at each temple with a golden rosette, and hung with lace a century old. Some wore necklaces, pendants, and ear-rings of the purest gold. Many were content with gilt or even with brass, but it was not an uncommon thing for a Friesland woman to have all the family treasures in her head-gear. More than one rustic lass displayed the value of two thousand guilders upon her head that day. Scattered through the crowd were peasants from the Island of Marken, with sabots, black stockings, and the widest of breeches ; also women from Marken with short blue petticoats, and black jackets gaily figured in front. They wore red sleeves, white aprons, and a cap like a bishop's mitre over their golden hair. The children often were as quaint and odd-looking as their elders. In short, one-third of the crowd seemed to have stepped bodily from a collection of Dutch paintings.

Everywhere could be seen tall women, and stumpy men, lively faced girls, and youths whose expression never changed from sunrise to sunset. There seemed to be at least one specimen from every known town in Holland. There were Utrecht water-bearers, Gouda cheese-makers, Delft pottery-men, Schiedam distillers, Amsterdam diamond-cutters, Rotterdam merchants, dried

up herring-packers, and two sleepy-eyed shepherds from Texel. Every man of them had his pipe and tobacco-pouch. Some carried what might be called the smoker's complete outfit—a pipe, tobacco, a pricker with which to clean the tube, a silver net for protecting the bowl, and a box of the strongest of brimstone matches. A true Dutchman, you must remember, is rarely without his pipe on any possible occasion. He may for a moment neglect to breathe, but when the pipe is forgotten, he must be dying indeed. There were no such sad cases here. Wreaths of smoke were rising from every possible quarter. The more fantastic the smoke wreath, the more placid and solemn the smoker.

Look at those boys and girls on stilts ! That is a good idea. They can see over the heads of the tallest. It is strange to see those little bodies high in the air, carried about on mysterious legs. They have such a resolute look on their round faces, what wonder that nervous old gentlemen, with tender feet, wince and tremble while the long-legged little monsters stride past them. . . Where are the racers ? All assembled together near the white columns. It is a beautiful sight. Forty boys and girls in picturesque attire darting with electric swiftness in and out among each other, or sailing in pairs and triplets, beckoning, chatting, whispering in the fullness of youthful glee. A few careful ones are soberly tightening their straps ; others halting on one leg, with flushed, eager faces, suddenly cross the suspected skate over their knee, give it an examining shake, and dart off again. One and all are possessed with the spirit of motion. They cannot stand still. Their skates are a part of them, and every runner seems bewitched. Holland is the place for skaters after all. . . . Such jumping, such poising, such spinning, such india-rubber exploits generally ! That boy with a red cap is the lion now ; his back is a watch-spring, his body is cork—no, it is iron, or it would snap at that ! He is a bird, a top, a rabbit, a corkscrew, a sprite, a flesh-ball all in an instant. When you think he 's erect he is down ; and when

you think he is down he is up. He drops his glove on the ice, and turns a somersault as he picks it up. Without stopping, he snatches the cap from Jacob Poot's astonished head and claps it back again 'hind side before.' Lookers-on hurrah and laugh. Foolish boy! It is Arctic weather under your feet, but more than temperate overhead. Big drops already are rolling down your forehead. Superb skater, as you are, you may lose the race.—*Hans Brinker*.

IN THE CAÑON.

Intent the conscious mountains stood,
The friendly blossoms nodded,
As through the cañon's lonely wood
We two in silence plodded.
A something owned our presence good ;
The very breeze that stirred our hair
Whispered a gentle greeting ;
A grand, free courtesy was there,
A welcome from the summit bare
Down to the brook's entreating.

Stray warblers in the branches dark
Shot through the leafy passes,
While the long note of meadow-lark
Rose from the neighboring grasses ;
The yellow lupines, spark on spark,
From the more open woodland way,
Flashed through the sunlight faintly ;
A wind-blown little flower, once gay,
Looked up between its petals gray
And smiled a message saintly.

The giant ledges, red and seamed,
The clear, blue sky, tree-fretted ;
The mottled light that round us streamed,
The brooklet vexed and petted ;
The bees that buzzed, the gnats that dreamed,
The flitting, gauzy things of June ;
The plain, far off, like misty ocean,
Or, cloud-land bound, a fair lagoon,—
They sang within us like a tune,
They swayed us like a dream of motion.

The hours went loitering to the West,
The shadows lengthened slowly ;
The radiant snow on mountain-crest
Made all the distance holy.
Near by, the earth lay full of rest,
The sleepy foot-hills, one by one,
Dimpled their way to twilight ;
And ere the perfect day was done
There came long gleams of tinted sun,
Through heaven's crimson skylight.

Slowly crept on the listening night,
The sinking moon shone pale and slender ;
We hailed the cotton-woods, in sight,
The home-roof gleaming near and tender,
Guiding our quickened steps aright.
Soon darkened all the mighty hills,
The gods were sitting there in shadow ;
Lulled were the noisy woodland rills,
Silent the silvery woodland trills,—
Twas starlight over Colorado.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

We know not what it is, dear,
This sleep so deep and still ;
The folded hands, the awful calm,
The cheek so pale and chill ;
The lids that will not lift again,
Though we may call and call ;
The strange white solitude of peace
That settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear,
This desolate heart-pain ;
This dread to take our daily way,
And walk in it again :
We know not to what other sphere
The loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still,
Nor why we do not know.

But this we know : our loved and dead,
If they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, " What is life ? "

Not one of us could say.
 Life is a mystery as deep
 As ever death can be ;
 Yet oh ! how dear it is to us—
 This life we live and see !

Then might they say—these vanished ones—
 And blessèd is the thought !—
 “ So death is sweet to us, beloved,
 Though we may show you naught ;
 We may not to the quick reveal
 The mystery of death—
 Ye cannot tell us, if ye would,
 The mystery of breath.”

The child who enters life comes not
 With knowledge or intent,
 So those who enter death must go
 As little children sent,
 Nothing is known. But I believe
 That God is overhead ;
 And as life is to the living,
 So death is to the dead.

DODGSON, CHARLES LUTRIDGE, an English clergyman, has written under the pseudonym of “Lewis Carroll,” two very popular tales for children, entitled *Alice in Wonderland* (1869) and *Through the Looking-Glass* (1875). He has also published *The Hunting of the Snark* (1876), *Rhyme ? and Reason ?* (1883), and *A Tangled Tale* (1886).

THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY.

“Once,” said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, “I was a real Turtle.” These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of “Hjckrrh !” from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, “Thank you, sir, for your interesting story,” but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing. “When we were little,” the Mock

Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise—"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one!" Alice asked?

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily; "really you are very dull." The Mock Turtle went on. "We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day—"

"I've been to a day-school too," said Alice; you needn't be so proud as all that."

"With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice, "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice indignantly.

"Ah! Then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. "Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, 'French, music, and washing extra.'"

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice; "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied: "and the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision. There was Mystery—Mystery ancient and modern, with Seaography: then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils."

"What was *that* like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it you, myself," the Mock Turtle said: "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it."

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice.

“Ten hours the first day,” said the Mock Turtle, “nine the next, and so on.”

“What a curious plan !” exclaimed Alice.

That’s the reason they’re called lessons,” the Gryphon remarked; “because they lessen from day to day.”—*Alice in Wonderland*.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might :
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky ;
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand ;
“ If this were only cleared away ”
They said, “ it would be grand ! ”
“ O Oysters, come and walk with us ! ”
The Walrus did beseech.
“ A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach :
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said :
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his hoary head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat ;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—

And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four ;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low :
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

“A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,
“Is what we chiefly need :
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you 're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.”

“But not on us !” the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
“After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do !”
“The night is fine,” the Walrus said.
“Do you admire the view ?

It was so kind of you to come !
And you are very nice !”
The Carpenter said nothing but
“Cut us another slice :
I wish you were no quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice.”

“O Oysters,” said the Carpenter,
“You 've had a pleasant run !
Shall we be trotting home again ?”
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They 'd eaten every one.

—*Through the Looking-Glass.*

DODSLEY, ROBERT, an English bookseller and author, born in 1703, died in 1764. He was originally a servant; but in 1732 he put forth a little volume of poems entitled *The Muse in Livery*, and soon after wrote *The Toy Shop*, a dramatic piece which was acted at the Covent Garden theatre in 1735. Aided by Pope and others, he opened a bookseller's shop in London, an enterprise which was very successful, and he became the leading publisher of his day, and was on intimate terms with the principal British authors. He established several periodicals; and in 1758 started *The Annual Register*, of which Edmund Burke was the first editor, and which has been published ever since. One of his principal literary enterprises was the *Select Collection of Old English Plays* (12 vols., 12mo, 1744), which has been several times republished, with considerable additions; the latest edition, (1876) being edited by W. C. Hazlitt, and consisting of fifteen volumes. Dodsley retired from business in 1763, with a large fortune. He wrote several dramas and other works, which were collected in 1745 under the title of *Miscellanies, or Trifles in Prose and Verse*. His *Poems* are included in Chalmers's "Collection of British Poets."

THE PARTING KISS.

One kind wish before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu :
Though we sever, my fond heart,
Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, weep not so, my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear ;
Though my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul and all my heart,
And every wish shall pant for you ;
One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

DOMETT, ALFRED, an English poet, born in 1811. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1829, but left without taking a degree. He traveled in America for a couple of years, returning to England in 1836, and subsequently resided for two years in Italy and Switzerland. In 1841 he was called to the bar at Middle Temple. In 1842 he went to New Zealand, where he had purchased a large tract of land, being one of the earliest emigrants to those islands, where he resided until 1871; holding during those years several important civil positions. He put forth several volumes of poems; the earliest appearing in 1832; then appeared *Venice* (1839). After his return from New Zealand he published *Ranolf and Amohia*, a poem descriptive of the scenery of New Zealand and its aboriginal inhabitants (1872). In 1877 he made a collection of his poems under the title of *Flotsam and Jetsam, Rhymes Old and New*. His *Christmas Hymn*, the most admired of all his poems, appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1837.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

I.

It was the calm and silent night !

Seven hundred years and fifty-three
 Had Rome been growing up to might
 And now was queen of land and sea.
 No sound was heard of clashing wars,
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago.

II.

'Twas in the calm and silent night,
 The senator of haughty Rome,
 Impatient urged his chariot's flight
 From lordly revel rolling home ;

Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago ?

III.

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor :
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed, for naught
Told what was going on within ;
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air, how calm, and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

IV.

O strange indifference ! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares ;
The earth was still, but knew not why :
The world was listening unawares.—
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever !
To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

V.

It is the calm and silent night !
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now !
The night that erst no name had worn—
To it a happy name is given ;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

DONALDSON, JOHN WILLIAM, an English scholar, born at London in 1811, died there in 1861. He was educated at the University of London and at Trinity College, Cambridge,

where he took his degree in 1834, becoming a Fellow in 1835. He subsequently took Orders, and became Head Master of the Grammar School of Bury St. Edmunds. He resigned this position in 1855, and removed to Cambridge, where he occupied himself as a private tutor, and in writing. In 1856 he was appointed one of the Classical Examiners of the University of London. His earliest work *The Theatre of the Greeks* (1837) is still used as a college text-book. In 1839 he put forth *The New Cratylus*, being an effort to develop the principles of comparative philology as laid down by Bopp, Grimm, Pott, and other German scholars. In his *Varronianus* (1844) he attempted to do for Latin philology what he had done for Greek in the *New Cratylus*. In 1851 he put forth *Jashar*, an endeavor to restore the lost Hebrew book of that name. He also put forth editions of several of the Greek classics; and prepared Grammars of the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages. *The New Cratylus* is his most important work.

ETYMOLOGICAL STUDIES.

Many people entertain strong prejudices against everything in the shape of etymology—prejudices which would be not only just but inevitable if etymology, or the doctrine of words, were such a thing as they suppose it to be. They consider it as amounting to nothing more than the derivation of words from one another; and as the process is generally confined to a perception of some *prima facie* resemblance of two words, it seldom rises beyond the dignity of an ingenious pun; and, though amusing enough at times, is certainly neither an instructive nor an elevated employment for a rational being.

The only real etymology is that which attempts a resolution of the words of a language into their ultimate elements by a comparison of the greatest possible number of languages of the same fam-

ily. Derivation is, strictly speaking, inapplicable farther than as pointing out the manner in which certain constant syllables, belonging to the pronominal or formative element of inflected languages, may be prefixed or subjoined to a given form for the expression of some secondary or dependent relation. In order to arrive at the primary origin of a word or a form, we must get beyond the narrow limits of a single idiom. Indeed, in many cases the source can only be traced by a conjectural reproduction based on the most extended comparison of all the cognate languages : for when we take some given variety of human speech, we find it in systems and series of words running almost parallel to one another, but presenting such resemblances in form and signification as convince us that, though apparently asymptotes, they must have converged in the form which we know would potentially contain them all. This reproduction of the common mother of our family of languages, by a comparison of the features of all her children, is the most general object to which the efforts of the philologist should be directed : and this—and not a mere derivation of words from one another—constitutes the etymology that is alone worthy of the name. —*Preface to the New Cratylus.*

THE UTILITY OF PHILOLOGICAL STUDIES.

Education is of two kinds : It is either general or professional : it is either designed for the cultivation of the intellect and the development of the reasoning faculties—which all men have in common, though not perhaps to the same degree—or it is calculated to adapt him for some particular calling, which the laws of society—on the principle of the division of labor—have assigned to him as an individual member of the body politic. Now the education of the individual for this particular purpose is not an education of man as such ; he might do his particular work as well or better if you deprived him of all his speculative faculties, and converted him into an automaton. In short, the better a man is educated profession-

ally, the less he is a man ; for, to use the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson, " The planter, who is Man sent out into the world to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form ; the attorney, a statute-book ; the mechanic, a machine ; the sailor, a rope of a ship."

It was for this reason that the clear-headed Greeks denied the name of education (*Paideia*) to that which is learned for the sake of some extrinsic gain, or for the sake of doing some work, and distinguished formally between those studies which they called " liberal," or worthy of a free man, and those which were merely mechanical and professional. In the same way Cicero speaks of education, properly so called, which he names " humanity " (*Humanitas*), because its object is to give a full development to those reasoning faculties which are the proper and distinctive attributes of man as such. Now we do not pretend that philology is of any mechanical or professional use ; for we do not call Theology a profession ; it is merely a branch or application of philology. We do not say that philology will help a man to plough or to reap ; but we do assert that it is of the highest use as a part of humanity, or of education, properly so called.

The test of a good education is the degree of mental culture which it imparts ; for education, so far as its object is scientific, is the discipline of the mind. The reader must not overlook what is meant by the word mind when used in reference to education. That some dumb animals are possessed of a sort of understanding is admitted ; but it has never been asserted that they enjoy the use of reason. Man, however, has the faculty called reason in addition to his understanding ; he has a power of classifying or arranging, abstracting and generalizing, and so arriving at principles. In

other words, his mind is capable of method. . . . Accordingly, what we mean by saying that the object of education is the cultivation of our minds, or that the goodness of an education varies with the degree of mental culture, amounts simply to this, that we better perform our functions as rational creatures in proportion as we carry farther the distinction between ourselves and the brute creation ; that is, in proportion as we are better fitted for the discourse of reason.—*The New Cratylus*, Book I., Chap. 1.

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

We think we may fairly assume as the basis of our view with regard to the origin of language the account given in the Book of Genesis, so far as that account is confirmed by the researches of modern authors. The results of our philosophy are as follows :—

We find in the internal mechanism of language the exact counterpart of the mental phenomena which writers on psychology have so carefully collected and classified. We find that the structure of human speech is the perfect reflexion or image of what we know of the organization of the mind : the same description, the same arrangement of particulars, the same nomenclature, would apply to both ; and we might turn a treatise on the philosophy of mind into one on the philosophy of language by merely supposing that everything said in the former of the thoughts as subjective is said in the latter of the words as objective. And from this we should infer that if the mind of man is essentially and ultimately the same—in other words, if man, wherever he lives, under whatever climate and with whatever degree of civilization is still the same animal, the only reasoning and discoursing animal—then language is essentially the same, and only accidentally different ; and there must have been some common point from which all the different languages diverged—some handle to the fan which is spread out over all the world—some first and primeval speech ; and that this speech was not gradually invented, but neces-

sarily sprung, all armed like Minerva, from the head of the first thinking man, as a necessary result of his intellectual conformation. Now this agrees with the account in Scripture (Genesis ii., 19, 20.)—*The New Cratylus*, Book I., Chap. 3.

DONELLY, IGNATIUS, an American author, born in Philadelphia, in 1831. He was educated at the High School of that city, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1853. Four years afterward he went to Minnesota, was elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1859 and re-elected in 1861. He has since been a member of Congress during several terms. In 1882 he published *Atlantis: the Antediluvian World*, in which he advances the theory that Plato's account of Atlantis was not a fable: that there was an island in the Atlantic opposite the mouth of the Mediterranean Sea, the true cradle of the Aryan race and civilization, from which emigration flowed both eastward and westward, and which was at length swallowed up in some great convulsion of nature. He has since published *Ragnarok: the Age of Fire and Gravel* (1882).

THE IRISH RACE, DESCENDANTS OF THE ATLANTEANS.

According to the ancient books of Ireland the race known as "Partholan's people," the Neureadians, the Fir-Bolgs, the Tua-tha-de Danauns, and the Milesians, were all descended from two brothers, sons of Magog, son of Japheth, son of Noah, who escaped from the catastrophe which destroyed his country. Thus all these races were Atlantean. They were connected with the African colonies of Atlantis, the Berbers, and with the Egyptians. The Milesians lived in Egypt: they were expelled thence; they stopped awhile in Crete, then in Scythia, then they settled in Africa at a place called Gaethulighe or Getulia, and lived there during eight generations, say two hundred and fifty years: "then they entered Spain, where they built Brigantia, or Briganza,

named after their King Breogan : they dwelt in Spain a considerable time. Milesius, a descendant of Breogan, went on an expedition to Egypt, took part in a war against the Ethiopians, married the King's daughter, Scota : he died in Spain, but his people soon afterward conquered Ireland. On landing on the coast they offered sacrifices to Neptune or Poseidon"—the god of Atlantis.

The Book of Genesis gives us the descendants of Noah's three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. We are told that the sons of Japheth were Gomer, and Magog, and Madai, and Javan, and Tubal, and Meshech, and Tiras. We are then given the names of the descendants of Gomer and Javan, but not of Magog. Josephus says the sons of Magog were Scythians. The Irish annals take up the genealogy of Magog's family where the Bible leaves it. The "*Book of Invasions*," the *Cin of Drom-Snechta*, claims that these Scythians were the Phœnicians ; and we are told that a branch of this family were driven out of Egypt in the time of Moses. . . . From all these facts it appears that the population of Ireland came from the West, and not from Asia—that it was one of the many waves of population flowing out from the Island of Atlantis—and herein we find the explanation of that problem which has puzzled the Aryan scholars. As Ireland is farther from the Punjab than Persia, Greece, Rome, or Scandinavia, it would follow that the Celtic wave of migration must have been the earliest sent out from the Sanskrit centre ; but it is now asserted by Professor Schleicher and others that the Celtic tongue shows that it separated from the Sanskrit original tongue later than the others, and that it is more closely allied to the Latin than any other Aryan tongue. This is entirely inexplicable upon any theory of an Eastern origin of the Indo-European races, but very easily understood if we recognize the Aryan and Celtic migrations as going out about the same time from the Atlantean fountain-head. . . .

There are many evidences that the Old World recognized Ireland as possessing a very ancient

civilization. In the Sanskrit books it is referred to as Hiranya, the "Island of the Sun," to wit, of sun-worship; in other words, as pre-eminently the centre of that religion which was shared by all the ancient races of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. It is believed that Ireland was the "Garden of Phœbus" of the Western mythologists. The Greeks called Ireland the "Sacred Isle," and "Ogygia." "Nor can any one," says Camden, "conceive why they should call it Ogygia, unless, perhaps, from its antiquity; for the Greeks called nothing Ogygia unless what was extremely ancient." We have seen that Ogyges was connected by the Greek legends with a first deluge, and that Ogyges was "a quite mythical personage, lost in the night of ages." It appears, as another confirmation of the theory of the Atlantis origin of these colonies, that their original religion was sun-worship; this, as was the case in other countries, became subsequently overlaid with idol-worship. In the reign of King Tighernmas the worship of idols was introduced. The priests constituted the Order of Druids. Naturally many analogies have been found to exist between the beliefs and customs of the Druids and the other religions which were drawn from Atlantis. We have seen in the chapter on sun-worship how extensive this form of religion was in the Atlantean days, both in Europe and America.—*Atlantis*.

DONNE, JOHN, an English clergyman and poet, born in London in 1573, died there in 1631. He studied at Oxford and Cambridge, being designed for the legal profession, but in his nineteenth year he abandoned law for theology. He held several official positions until his forty-second year, when he took Holy Orders. He distinguished himself as a preacher, and was made chaplain-in-ordinary to the King, and Dean of St. Paul's. Donne wrote sermons, devotional and controversial treatises, poetical satires, elegies, and epigrams. His life was written by Izaak Walton. A complete edition of his works, in six

volumes, was issued in 1839, under the editorial care of Dean Alford.

THE SOUL'S FLIGHT TO HEAVEN.

Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie ;
 But think that Death hath now enfranchised thee !
 And think this slow-paced Soul, which late did
 cleave
 To a body, and went but by that body's leave,
 Twenty, perchance, or thirty miles a day,
 Dispatches in a minute all the way
 'Twixt heaven and earth ! She stays not in the air,
 To look what meteors there themselves prepare ;
 She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
 Whether the air's middle region is intense ;
 For the element of fire, she doth not know
 Whether she passed by such a place or no ;
 She baits not at the moon, nor cares to try
 Whether in that new world men live and die ;
 Venus retards her not to inquire how she
 Can—being one star—Hesper and Vesper be.
 He that charmed Argus's eyes, sweet Mercury,
 Works not on her who now is grown all eye ;
 Who, if she meet the body of the Sun,
 Goes through, not staying till her course be run ;
 Who finds in Mars's camp no corps of guard ;
 Nor is by Jove, nor by his Father barred ;
 But, ere she can consider how she went,
 At once is at, and through, the firmament :
 And, as these stars were but so many beads
 Strung on one string, speed undistinguished leads
 Her through those spheres, as through those beads
 a string,
 Whose quick succession makes it still one thing :
 As doth the pith which, lest our bodies slack,
 Strings fast the little bones of neck and back,
 So by the Soul doth Death string Heaven and
 Earth.

SONNET TO DEATH.

Death, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
 Mighty and dreadful : for thou art not so :
 For those whom thou think'st thou dost over-
 throw

Die not—poor Death ; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be.

Much pleasure ; then from thee much more
must flow.

And soonest our best men with thee do go
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery !

Thou'rt slave to Fate, Chance, Kings, and
desperate Men

And dost with Poison, War, and Sickness dwell ;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well.

Or better, than thy stroke : Why swell'st thou
then ?

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more : Death, thou shalt
die !

ELEGY ON MISTRESS ELIZABETH DRURY.

She who had here so much essential joy,
As no chance could distract, much less destroy :
Who with God's presence was acquainted so
(Hearing and speaking to him) as to know
His face in any natural stone or tree
Better than when in images they be ;
Who kept, by diligent devotion,
God's image in such reparation
Within her heart, that what decay was grown
Was her first Parents' fault, and not her own ;
Who being solicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading his pre-contract ;
Who by a faithful confidence was here
Betrothed to God, and now is married there ;
Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-
day ;
Who dreamed devoutlier than most use to pray ;
Who, being here filled with grace, yet strove to be.
Both where more grace and more capacity
At once is given. She to heaven is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion
A heaven, and here became unto us all
Joy (as our joys admit) essential.

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go ;

Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now—and some say, No ;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move ;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love. . . .

But we're by love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is
Inter-assurèd of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore—which are one—
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two :
Thy soul, the fixèd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if the other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like the other foot, obliquely run ;
Thy firmness makes my circles just,
And makes me end where I begun.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies :—I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see ;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee ;
My tongue to Fame ; to Ambassadors mine ears ;
To Women, or the Sea, my tears ;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too
much before.

My constancy I to the Planets give ;
 My truth to them who at Court do live ;
 Mine ingenuity and openness
 To Jesuits ; to Buffoons my pensiveness ;
 My silence to any who abroad have been ;
 My money to a Capuchin ;
 Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
 To love there, where no love received can be,
 Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics ;
 All my good works unto the Schismatics
 Of Amsterdam ; my best civility
 And courtship to an University ;
 My modesty I give to Soldiers bare ;
 My patience let Gamesters share ;
 Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
 Love her that holds my love disparity,
 Only to give to those that count my gifts
 indignity.

I give my reputation to those
 Which were my Friends ; mine industry to Foes ;
 To Schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness ;
 My sickness to Physicians, or Excess ;
 To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ ;
 And to my Company my wit.
 Thou, Love, by making me adore
 Her who begot this love in me before,
 Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when
 I do but restore.

To him for whom the Passing-bell next tolls
 I give my physic-books : my written rolls
 Of moral councils I to Bedlam give ;
 My brazen medals unto them which live
 In Want of Bread ; to them which pass among
 All Foreigners, my English tongue.
 Thou, Love, by making me love one
 Who thinks her friendship a fit portion [tion.
 For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion-

Therefore I'll give no more ; but I'll undo
 The world by dying, because love dies too.
 Then all your beauties will be no more worth

Than gold in mines where none doth draw it forth ;
And all your graces no more use shall have

Than a sun-dial in a grave.

Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To practice this one way to annihilate all three.

DORAN, JOHN, a British litterateur, born in Ireland in 1807, died in 1878. He resided for many years in France and Germany, receiving the degree of Ph. D. from the University of Marburg. Going to London, he engaged in literary work, and was editorially connected with the *Athenæum*, *Notes and Queries*, and other periodicals. His principal works are, *Table Traits*, etc. (1854), *Habits and Men*, and *Lives of the Queens of the House of Hanover* (1855), *Knights and their Days* (1856), *Monarchs retired from Business* (1857), *Court Fools* (1858), *New Pictures and Old Panels* (1859), *Lives of the Princesses of Wales* (1860), *The Bentley Ballads* (1861), *Their Majesty's Servants*, that is Play-actors (1863), *Saints and Sinners* (1868), *A Lady of the Last Century* (1873).

THE STYLE ROYAL.

With respect to the style and title of kings, it may be here stated that the royal "We" represents, or was supposed originally to represent, the source of the national power, glory, and intellect in the august person of a sovereign. *Le Roi le veut*—"the King will have it so"—sounded as arrogantly as it was meant to sound in the royal Norman mouth. It is a mere form, now that royalty in England has been relieved of responsibility. In haughtiness of expression it was matched by the old French formula at the end of a decree: "For such is our good pleasure." The royal subscription in Spain, *Yo, el Re*—"I, the King"—has a thundering sort of echo about it too. The only gallant expression to be found in royal addresses was made by the kings of France—that

is, by the *married* kings. Thus, when the French monarch summoned a council to meet upon affairs of importance, and desired to have around him the princes of the blood and the wiser nobility of the realm, his Majesty invariably commenced his address with the words, "Having previously consulted on this matter with the queen," etc. It is very probable, almost certain, that the king had done nothing of the sort; but the assurance that he *had*, seemed to give a certain sort of dignity to the consort in the eyes of the grandees and the people at large. Old Michel de Marolles was proud of this display of gallantry on the part of the kings of France. "According to my thinking," says the garrulous old abbé of Villeloin, "this is a matter highly worthy of notice, although few persons have condescended to make remarks thereon down to this present time." It may here be added, with respect to English kings, that the first "king's speech" ever delivered was by Henry I., in 1107. Exactly a century later, King John first assumed the royal "We:" it had never before been employed in England. The same monarch has the credit of having been the first English king who claimed for England the sovereignty of the seas. "Grace," and "My Liege," were the ordinary titles by which our Henry IV. was addressed. "Excellent Grace" was given to Henry VI., who was not the one, nor yet had the other, Edward IV. was "Most High and Mighty Prince;" Henry VII. was the first English "Highness;" Henry VIII. was the first complimented by the title of "Majesty;" and James I. prefixed to the last title "Sacred and Most Excellent."—*Monarchs retired from Business.*

VISIT OF GEORGE III. AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE TO THE CITY OF LONDON.

The Queen was introduced to the citizens of London on Lord-Mayor's Day; on which occasion they may be said emphatically to have "made a day of it." They left St. James's Palace at noon, and in great state, accompanied by all the royal

family, escorted by guards, and cheered by the people, whose particular holiday was thus shared in common. There was the usual ceremony at Temple Bar of opening the gates to royalty, and giving it welcome; and there was the once usual address made at the east end of St. Paul's Churchyard, by the senior scholar of Christ's Hospital school. Having survived the cumbrous formalities of the first, and smiled at the flowery figures of the second, the royal party proceeded on their way, not to Guildhall, but to the house of Mr. Barclay, the patent-medicine vendor, an honest Quaker whom the king respected, and ancestor to the head of the firm whose name is not unmusical to Volscian ears—Barclay, Perkins & Co. Robert Barclay, the only surviving son of the author of the same name, who wrote the celebrated *Apology for the Quakers*, and who was now the king's entertainer, was an octogenarian, who had entertained in the same house two Georges before he had given welcome to the third George and his Queen Charlotte. The hearty old man, without abandoning Quaker simplicity, went a little beyond it, in order to do honor to the young queen; and he hung his balcony and rooms with a brilliant crimson damask, that must have scattered blushes on all who stood near—particularly on the cheeks of the crowds of "Friends" who had assembled within the house to do honor to their sovereigns.

Queen Charlotte and George III. were the last of our sovereigns who thus honored a Lord-Mayor's show. And as it *was* the last occasion, and that the young Queen Charlotte was *the* heroine of the day, the opportunity may be profited by to show how that royal lady looked and bore herself in the estimation of one of the Miss Barclays, whose letter, descriptive of the scene, appeared forty-seven years subsequently, in 1808. The following extracts are very much to our purpose: "About one o'clock papa and mamma, with sister Western to attend them, took their stand at the street-door, where my two brothers had long been to receive the nobility, more than a hundred of

whom were then waiting in the warehouse. As the royal family came, they were conducted into one of the counting-houses, which was transformed into a very pretty parlor. At half-past two their majesties came, which was two hours later than they intended. On the second pair of stairs was placed our own company, about forty in number, the chief of whom were of the Puritan order, and all in their orthodox habits. Next to the drawing-room doors were placed our own selves, I mean papa's children, none else, to the great mortification of visitors, being allowed to enter: for as kissing the king's hand without kneeling was an unexampled honor, the king confined that privilege to our own family, as a return for the trouble we had been at. After the royal pair had shewn themselves at the balcony, we were all introduced, and you may believe, at that juncture, we felt no small palpitations. The king met us at the door--a condescension I did not expect--at which place he saluted us with great politeness. Advancing to the upper end of the room, we kissed the queen's hand, at the sight of whom we were all in raptures, not only for the brilliancy of her appearance, which was pleasing beyond description, but being throughout her whole person possessed of that inexpressible something that is beyond a set of features, and equally claims our attention. To be sure, she has not a fine face, but a most agreeable countenance, and is vastly genteel, with an air, notwithstanding her being a little woman, truly majestic. . . . The king never sat down, nor did he taste anything during the whole time. Her majesty drank tea, which was brought her on a silver waiter by brother John, who delivered it to the lady-in-waiting, and she presented it kneeling. The leave they took of us was such as we might expect from our equals; full of apologies for our trouble for their entertainment--which they were so anxious to have explained, that the queen came up to us, as we stood on one side of the door, and had every word interpreted. My brothers had the honor of assisting the queen into her coach. Some of us sat up to

see them return, and the king and queen took especial notice of us as they passed. The king ordered twenty-four of his guard to be placed opposite our door all night, lest any of the canopy should be pulled down by the mob, in which [the canopy, it is to be presumed] there were one hundred yards of silk damask."—*Queens of the House of Hanover*.

TIME OF THE WORLD'S CREATION.

The first congress of ecclesiastical *savants* that ever met to deal with this question, was composed of prelates who met at Jerusalem, at the beginning of the third century, by order of Pope Victor. Their first object was to settle the exact day on which the earth sprang from chaos, in order, they said, that something salutary might be ordained respecting the observation of Easter. The process by which they arrived at the desired conclusion, is told at considerable length by Bede, and the conclusion was this:—The world was made on Sunday, in the Springtime, at the equinox, on the eighth of the Kalends of April, when the moon was at the full! The course of the argument which sustained this very definite conclusion was this:—God rested on the seventh day, which was the Sabbath, or Saturday, after making the world in six days. He must therefore have begun on the first, which was Sunday; then, as the earth brought forth grass and herb yielding seed, and trees yielding fruit, the not very logical conclusion was, that the world started on its career in fair Springtime. As God divided the light and the darkness, the day and night which he had created, into equal parts, there scarcely required further proof to show that this must have been the equinox—in other words, and for greater accuracy, the eighth of the Kalends of April; and, finally, the moon must have been full at the time, seeing that God made the two great luminaries that "they might give light upon the earth, the greater luminary in the beginning of the day, the lesser one in the beginning of the night. It could not have been thus," said the bishops, "un-

less the moon were at the full." By this sort of reasoning, the prelates established an error that was long accepted for truth: and probably no vulgar fallacy was ever conceived, fashioned, forged, and beat into shape with such circumstance and ceremony as this which dated the Creation on a Spring Sunday in March, when the moon was at the full.—*Saints and Sinners.*

DORNER, ISAAC AUGUST, a German theologian, born in 1809. He studied at Tübingen, became a curate in his native village in Württemberg; subsequently visited Holland and England in order to become acquainted with the condition of the Protestant denominations in those countries. In 1838 he was appointed to the chair of Divinity at Tübingen; subsequently to a corresponding position at Kiel, Königsberg, Bonn, and lastly, in 1862, at Berlin. He has contributed largely to current theological literature. His principal works are *The History of the Development of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ* (1839), and *The History of Protestant Theology* (1867), both of which have passed through several editions, and have been translated into English.

LUDWIG LAVATER (1527-1586.)

Lavater was, like Klopstock, a poetic genius and full of feeling, but his imagination was less rich, and he had more tenderness than power. Together with a breadth and versatility for the reception of outward impressions, he exhibits a vigorous concentration upon the central part of his mental life, and it is the loyalty of a grateful heart which binds him to the Person of Christ. His chief concern is not exactness of doctrine, but that higher life which emanates from Christ. He, too, favors the view which regards Christianity as the religion of humanity, but he seeks the true man, and finds only wretched ruins of the true human image where this has not been rein-

stated by the Saviour. His lyric poetry, like his other literary productions, aims at something more than to describe and to please, it does not satisfy him to collect all that is great and beautiful in history, nor to idealize reality through the power of imagination; he is concerned for a *real* idealization, a moral transfiguration of the disfigured and obscured image of man. His desire is that his words and poetry may exert an influence, and his is not merely a lyric but an ethic pathos, which however but too often delights in rhetorical flights. But though he too contributed to the formation of that mental atmosphere and temperament in which the age became susceptible of freer and deeper views of life and of religion, he also was deficient in the possession of solid objective truths, of truths which are not only established, but have also been assimilated by the reason, in that philosophic mind and in that feeling for historical criticism which alone can secure lasting influence. Renouncing the quiet but safe path of scientific thought, ever seeking after fresh excitement of feeling, and straining his ideal emotions to their highest pitch, Lavater was betrayed both in his doctrine of prayer and in his theory of physiognomy, into extravagances which had the effect of limiting his influence.—*History of Protestant Theology*.

JOHAN GEORGE HAMANN (1730-1788.)

Hamann is a kindred spirit to Klopstock, on account both of the profundity and inwardness of his Christian feeling and of his enthusiasm for Christianity, which he proclaims not in verse, but like one exercising the gift of prophecy in the primitive church, in language unconnected, indeed, but often sublime, and still oftener enigmatical by reason of its fulness of matter and abundance of allusion. . . . The freedom and largeness of his views raised him above the anxieties entertained by the pious of his age, because deeply rooted as he was in evangelical Christianity, he was firmly persuaded of its intellectual superiority to the whole kin of neologists, and could

look with triumphant certainty of amusement at their efforts to overthrow it. Himself well versed in classical antiquity, he recognized the affinity of Christianity to all that was eternal in the classic world. While to the mass of his contemporaries, Christianity and humanity, historical and eternal truth, the human and the Divine, are terms expressing irreconcilable opposites, he is able to perceive their unity. His favorite thought is, *omnia divina et humana omnia*. The whole world is to him full of signs, full of meaning, full of the Divine. Man is a tree whose trunk is nourished by two roots, one of which turns to the invisible origin of all things, the other to the earthly and the visible. In history—and not merely in the history of revelation in the Old and New Testaments—he sees the historicalization (*Geschichtlichwerden*) the incorporation of the eternal; and faith is, in his view, the faculty of perceiving God's acts in history and His works in nature, the power of beholding the unity of the metaphysical, the eternal and the historical, and of intuitively discerning the divine in the temporal.

His mysticism is not merely the subjective mysticism of the feelings, but is open to objective concrete matter from nature, and especially from history; in fact it is theosophy. Thus faith being the focus which comprehends in its entirety, and therefore grasps at its centre of gravity that which unbelief separates in either a non-denial or material manner, he finds in such faith the truth of things (*Hypostasis*), and therefore the source of true knowledge. Herein it is that he radically differs from the rationalism of the age, which acknowledges none but eternal truths and accepts none but the mathematical mode of proof. He sees in such notions only superstition, delusion, and philosophic juggling. He is however no less opposed to the mere experience of the senses, for he perceives that this tends to materialism and atheism. Flesh and blood know no other God than the universe, no other spirit than the letter. He also discovers the inward relation be-

tween the intellectualism of orthodoxy and the rationalism of the age, which alike resolved the higher spiritual life into a work of the understanding. The main thing is that that religious susceptibility which forms the very basis of our existence should attain assurance, and be united with God by realities which are their own evidence, and which bring with them conviction to the soul. Thus are we transferred from mere reasoning, or from the impulses and perceptions of the senses, to the atmosphere of true life.

And here it is specially by means of the documents of the history of revelation that—according to Hamann—we become conscious of the presence of God in history. God, at whose bidding are the storm, the fire, and the earthquake, chooses for the token of His presence a still small voice which we tremble to hear in His word and in our own hearts. Grace and truth are not to be discovered or acquired, they must be historically revealed. Revelation takes the form of a servant both in Christ and in the Scriptures; the eternal history bears a human form, a body which is dust and ashes and perishable, the visible letter; but also a soul which is the breath of God. And it is by such self-humiliation of the Spirit of God to the pen of man, such self-abnegation of the Son of God, that the Spirit and the Son dwell among us.

Creation itself is a work of God's word. The wish, "speak that I may see Thee" is fulfilled by creation. All God's works are tokens of His attributes, all corporeal nature is a parable of the spiritual world. At first, all God's works were a word of God to man, emblems and pledges of a new, an unutterable union. But sin interposed. Separated from God, the world became an enigma to us. The knowledge of God, without which love to God is impossible, acquaintance and sympathy being necessary elements of love, is no longer possible through the contemplation of His works, which less know, and less reveal Him than we ourselves. But the books of the covenant as well as the book of nature contain secret articles, and these God has been pleased to reveal to men

through their fellow men. Hence revelation and experience, which are intrinsically harmonious, are the most indispensable crutch, if our reason is not to remain hopelessly lame. God's word is heard in nature and in history ; and the noon of history, that is God's day, is in Christ. Judaism had the word and signs, heathenism reason and its wisdom, but Christianity is that to which neither the men of the letter nor the men of speculation could attain ; it is the glorification of manhood in the Godhead, and of the Godhead in manhood, through the Fatherhood of God. He regards religious spiritualism, which was then appearing in a deistical form, religious materialism, and literal traditionalism as inwardly allied. . . . He holds poetry, religion, philosophy, history, scripture, and spirit to be intrinsically united, but this union he only perceives intellectually and indirectly, without the power of making an orderly and connected statement of the reasons which induce this view.—*History of Protestant Theology*.

DORR, JULIA CAROLINE (RIPLEY), an American author, born in Charleston, S. C., in 1825. Her father subsequently removed to Rutland, Vt., where she married, and has since resided. She has written several novels, *Farmingdale* (1854), *Lanmere* (1856), *Sibyl Huntington* (1869), and *Expiation* (1873). She published a volume of *Poems* in 1872, *Friar Anslem and Other Poems* in 1879, and *Afternoon Songs* in 1886.

TWO BROTHERS.

The most noticeable feature of the life at Greyholt had been Mr. Armstrong's extreme devotion to Clyde. They had been the most inseparable of companions—indeed, the father had seemed utterly swallowed up in the son, and to have merged his existence in his. . . . Now Kenneth's devotion to his brother became equally noticeable. He seemed to have stepped at once into his father's place. Quietly, unobtrusively, he filled

Clyde's life from out his own fulness. To leave no void, no emptiness there, to crowd his days with pleasant doings, to fill his brain with happy thoughts, seemed to be the end and aim of his existence. Nothing daunted him, nothing repelled him. Clyde's freaks of temper, his occasional waywardnesses, his self-will, that would at times override all obstacles and overrule all laws, his passionate impulses, his unreasonable caprices—all these seemed only to fill Kenneth with a tenderer, a more long-enduring patience. . . . Their evenings were spent chiefly at home in their own cozy library, save when, upon clear, moonlit nights, they were tempted out for a rapid drive over the sparkling snow, or down to the creek, where the glare ice waited for the music of the skater's steel. If, sometimes, I grew tired of listening to the ticking of my clock, or of thinking my own thoughts, and throwing a shawl about me, ran over the way to see what my neighbors were about, I knew just the picture that would greet my eyes as I stepped upon the piazza and glanced in at the low window. I knew that the small, inlaid centre-table with the curiously carved legs would be drawn into the middle of the room, in front of the open fireplace, where a bright wood fire would be leaping and sparkling. Upon one side of it I should see the lamplight falling upon Kenneth's dark-brown hair, tossed carelessly back from a low, broad forehead, kindling his cool gray eyes into subtle fire, and lending his cheek a warmer glow; on the other, Clyde's curls of reddish gold would be catching a deeper tint from the glowing flames, and his large, black eyes would be flashing with merriment, or earnest with thought. The table between them would be loaded with books, magazines, reviews, and newspapers. They would be reading together; or, with books dropped upon their knees, they would have floated off upon some sparkling tide of talk. Or the red and white chessmen would be waging mimic war, and kings and queens, knights and bishops, would be trembling in dire dismay. And I knew that as my step crossed the threshold, the books would be

thrown down, or the chessmen be made to beat an ignominious retreat, and two young voices that I had learned to love would vie with each other in welcoming me. Then mayhap, Patsy would come in with a basket of rosy-cheeked apples, or a dish of hickory-nuts ; and sometimes, though very rarely, she would join the little circle. . . .

I watched Kenneth closely that winter. He was a curious study to me. Since that one conversation during the course of which he had said to me, "It is not that ; God help me, but it is not *that* !" he had never alluded to the matter. Whatever the burden might be that had fallen upon his young shoulders—or that he had voluntarily lifted to them—he bore it silently, uncomplainingly. He had changed. He seemed suddenly to have sprung out of youth into mature manhood. The vague unrest, the eager longing of the spring, had settled into something akin to the fulness, the rich repose of summer. Was he happy ? I doubted it sometimes, when I saw the far-away look in his eyes, or caught a gleam like the bursting forth of smouldering flame. But he was cheerful ; he was at rest. As Patsy had said, he was firm as a rock ; and having once chosen his lot, he accepted it—he had no regrets, no misgivings.—*Expiation*.

HEIRSHIP.

Little store of wealth have I,
 Not a rood of land I own ;
 Nor a mansion fair and high,
 Built of towers of fretted stone.
 Stocks nor bonds, nor title-deeds,
 Flocks nor herds have I to show ;
 When I ride, no Arab steeds
 Toss for me their manes of snow.

I have neither pearls nor gold,
 Massive plate, nor jewels rare ;
 Broidered silks of wealth untold,
 Nor rich robes a queen might wear.
 In my garden's narrow bound
 Flaunt no costly tropic blooms,

Ladening all the air around
With a weight of rare perfumes.

Yet to an immense estate
Am I heir by grace of God—
Richer, grander than doth wait
Any earthly monarch's nod.
Heir of all the Ages, I—
Heir of all that they have wrought,
All their store of emprise high,
And their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way ;
All their labors, all their prayers.
Sanctify this present day !
Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears—
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary toiling years !

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven ;
Heir of every hope that Time
To Earth's fainting sons hath given !
Aspirations pure and high—
Strength to dare and to endure—
Heir of all the Ages, I—
Lo ! I am no longer poor !

SOMEWHERE.

How can I cease to pray for thee ? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day.
Can he not reach thee with his tender care ?
Can he not hear me when for thee I pray ?

What matters it to him who holds within
The hollow of his hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin ?
Somewhere within his ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of him ;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb ;
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime..

Then all the more because thou canst not hear,
Poor human words of blessing will I pray.
O true, brave heart ! God bless thee, wheresoe'er
In his great universe thou art to-day.

THE GUEST.

O thou Guest so long delayed,
Surely, when the house was made,
In its chambers wide and free,
There was set a place for thee.
Surely in some room was spread
For thy sake a snowy bed,
Decked with linen white and fine,
Meet, O Guest, for use of thine.

Yet thou hast not kept the tryst.
Other guests our lips have kissed :
Other guests have tarried long,
Wooed by sunshine and by song ;
For the year was bright with May,
All the birds kept holiday,
All the skies were clear and blue,
When this house of ours was new.

Youth came in with us to dwell,
Crowned with rose and asphodel,
Lingered long, and even yet
Cannot quite his haunts forget.
Love hath sat beside our board,
Brought us treasures from his hoard,
Brimmed our cups with fragrant wine,
Vintage of the hills divine.

Down our garden path has strayed
Young Romance, in light arrayed ;
Joy hath flung her garlands wide ;
Faith sung low at eventide ;
Care hath flitted in and out ;
Sorrow strewn her weeds about ;
Hope held up her torch on high
When clouds darkened all the sky.

Pain, with pallid lips and thin,
Oft hath slept our house within ;
Life hath called us, loud and long,

With a voice as trumpet strong.
Sometimes we have thought, O Guest,
Thou wert coming with the rest,
Watched to see thy shadow fall
On the inner chamber wall.

For we know that, soon or late,
Thou wilt enter at the gate,
Cross the threshold, pass the door,
Glide at will from floor to floor.
When thou comest, by this sign
We shall know thee, Guest divine ;
Though alone they coming be,
Some one must go forth with thee !

DORSET, (CHARLES SACKVILLE), EARL OF, an English courtier and verse-writer, born in 1637, died in 1706. He was a favorite at the Courts of Charles II. and of William III. He was a friend and patron of the poets of his day, and had a high reputation as an accomplished man of letters; but his writings consist only of a few lively songs. The best of these is a song popularly said to have been composed on board ship the night before a famous naval battle with a Dutch fleet in 1665. Sackville (then Lord Buckhurst) was on board the English flag-ship as a volunteer at this engagement; but the poem was actually written several months previously.

TO ALL YE LADIES NOW AT LAND.

To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite ;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write ;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain ;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,

To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind ;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind :
Our tears we 'll send a speedier way—
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

The king with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold ;
Because the tide will higher rise
Than e'er they used of old :
But let him know it is our tears
Brings floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree ;
For what resistance can they find
From men who 've left their hearts behind ?
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind ;
Let Dutchman vapor, let Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find :
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who 's our friend or who 's our foe.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main ;
Or else at serious ombre play ;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away :
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play :
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sighed with each man's care
For being so remote ;
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were played.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

In justice, you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honor lose
Our certain happiness ;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears ;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

DOUGLAS, GAWIN, a Scottish ecclesiastic and poet, born about 1474, died in 1521. He was a younger son of Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, known as "Bell-the-Cat." He was educated for the Church, and at the age of twenty-two was made Rector of Hawick. He bore a not unimportant part in the civil and religious contests of his time. In 1515 he was made Bishop of Dunkeld ; a fierce contest, lasting several years, sprung up for the possession of the see ; but in the end those who favored Bishop Gawin were routed in a scrim-

mage at Edinburgh, and he fled to London, where he died. Gawin Douglas was a man of ability and learning. In 1501 he wrote an allegorical poem, *The Palace of Honor*, which bears so marked resemblance to the *Pilgrim's Progress*, that it has been fancied that it must have been read by Bunyan. He also wrote another allegorical poem, *King Hart*. His most notable work is a translation of the *Aeneid* into Scottish verse—being, it is said, the “first translation of a Latin classic into any British tongue.” This translation, made about 1512, was first printed at London in 1553, with the following title: “The xiii bukes of Eneados of the famose poet Virgill, translatet out of Latyne verses into Scottish metir, bi the Reuerend Father in God, Mays-ter Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkel, & vnkil to the Erle of Angus: euery buke hauing his perticular prologe.” One of the best of these Prologues is the following—the original orthography being carefully retained:

A MAY MORNING.

As fresh Aurore, to mighty Tithon spouse,
 Ished of her saffron bed and ivor house,
 In cram'sy clad and grained violate,
 With sanguine cape, and selvage purpurate,
 Unshet the windows of her large hall,
 Spread all with roses, and full of balm royal,
 And eke the heavenly portis chrystalline
 Upwarps braid, the world till illumine ;
 The twinkling streamers of the orient
 Shed purpour spraings, with gold and azure
 ment. . . .

Under the bowis bene in lovely vales,
 Within fermance and parkis close of pales,
 The busteous buckis rakis furth on raw,
 Herdis of hertis through the thick wood-shaw.
 The young fawns followand the dun daes,
 Kids, skipband through, runnis after raes.
 In lyssurs and on lewis, little lambs
 Full tait and trig socht blotand to their dams.

On salt streams walk Dorida and Thetis,
 By rinnand strandis, Nymphis, and Naiadis,
 Sic as we clepe wenches and damysels,
 In gersey groves wanderand by spring wells ;
 Of bloomed branches and flowers white and red,
 Plettand their lusty chaplets for their head.
 Some sang ring-sanges, dances, leids, and rounds,
 With voices shrill, while all the dale resounds.
 Whereso they walk into their caroling,
 For amorous lays does all the rockis ring.
 Ane sang : " The ship sails oure the salt faem,
 Will bring the merchants and my leman hame."
 Some other sings : " I will be blithe and licht,
 My heart is lent upon so goodly wicht."
 And thoughtful lovers rounis to and fro,
 To leis their pain, and plein their jolly woe.
 After their guise, now singand, low in sorrow,
 With heartis pensive the lang summer's morrow.
 Some ballads list indite of his lady ;
 Some livis in hope : and some all utterly
 Despairit is, and sae quite out of grace,
 His purgatory he finds in every place. . . .
 Dame Nature's menstrals, on that other part,
 Their blissful bay intoning every art,
 And all small fowlis singis on the spray,
 Welcome the lord of licht, and lampe of day,
 Welcome fosterer of tender herbis green,
 Welcome quickener of flouriest flouirs sheen.
 Welcome support of every root and vein,
 Welcome comfort of all kind fruit and grain.
 Welcome the birdis bield upon the brier,
 Welcome master and ruler of the year,
 Welcome weelfare of husbands at the plows,
 Welcome repairer of woods, trees, and bows,
 Welcome depainter of the bloomit meads,
 Welcome the life of every thing that spreads,
 Welcome storer of all kind bestial,
 Welcome be thy bricht beamis, gladdnan all !

DOUGLASS, FREDERICK, an American publicist and journalist, born a slave in Maryland about 1817. His mother was of unmixed negro blood ; his father was an unknown white man. While he was a mere in-

fant his mother was separated from him. "I never," he says, "saw my mother, to know her as such, more than four or five times in my life; and each of these times was very short in duration and at night. She died when I was seven years old." While a boy he came into the possession of several masters, from most of whom he received cruel treatment. At the age of seven or eight he went, with his then master, to live in Baltimore. He remained in this family about seven years, during which time he learned to read and write. How he did this he tells in his *Autobiography*.

LEARNING TO READ.

In accomplishing this, I was compelled to resort to various stratagems. I had no regular teacher. My mistress, who had kindly commenced to instruct me had, in compliance with the direction of her husband not only ceased to do so, but had set her face against my being instructed by any one else; but in teaching me the alphabet she had given me the *inch*, and no precaution could prevent me from taking the *ell*.

The plan which I adopted, and the one by which I was most successful, was that of making friends of all the little white boys whom I met in the street. As many of these as I could, I converted into teachers. With their kindly aid, obtained at different times and in different places, I finally succeeded in learning to read. When I was sent of errands, I always took my book with me, and by going one part of my errand quickly, I found time to get a lesson before my return. I used also to carry bread with me—enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome—for I was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in our neighborhood. This bread I used to bestow upon the hungry little urchins, who in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge. . .

I was now about twelve years old, and the

thought of being a slave for life began to bear heavily upon my heart. Just about this time I got hold of a book entitled *The Columbian Orator*. Among much other interesting matter, I found in it a "Dialogúe between a Master and his Slave." The slave was represented as having run away from his master three times : the dialogue represented the conversation between them when the slave was retaken the third time. In this dialogue, the whole argument in behalf of slavery was brought forward by the master, all of which was disposed of by the slave. . . . In the same book I met with one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic Emancipation. These were choice documents to me. I read them over and over again with unabated interest. They gave tongue to interesting thoughts of my own soul, which had frequently flashed through my mind, and died away for want of utterance.—*Autobiography*.

LEARNING TO WRITE.

The idea as to how I might learn to write was suggested to me by being in Durgin and Bailey's shipyard, and frequently seeing the ship-carpenters, after hewing and getting a piece of timber ready for use, write on the timber the name of that part of the ship for which it was intended. When a piece was intended for the larboard side, it would be marked *L* ; when a piece was for the starboard side it would be marked *S*. A piece for the larboard side forward would be marked *LF*. When a piece was for the starboard side forward, it would be marked *SF*. For larboard aft it would be marked *LA* ; for starboard aft it would be marked *SA*. I soon learned the names of these letters, and for what they were intended when placed upon a piece of timber in the shipyard. I immediately commenced copying them, and in a short time was able to make the four letters named. After that, when I met with any boy whom I knew could write, I would tell him I could write as well as he. The next word would be, " I don't believe you ; let me see you try it." I

would then make the letters which I had been so fortunate as to learn, and ask him to beat that. In this way I got a good many lessons in writing, which it is quite possible I should never have gotten in any other way. During all this time my copy-book was the board fence, brick wall, and pavement; my pen-and-ink was a lump of chalk. With these I learned mainly how to write. I then commenced and continued copying the Italics in Webster's Spelling-Book, until I could make them all without looking in the book. By this time my little master Thomas had gone to school, learned how to write, and had written over a number of copy-books. These had been brought home, shown to some of our neighbors, and then laid aside. My mistress used to go to class-meeting every Monday afternoon, and leave me to take care of the house. When left thus, I used to spend the time in writing in the spaces left in Master Thomas's copy-book, copying what he had written. I continued to do this until I could write a hand very similar to that of Master Thomas. Thus, after a long tedious effort of years, I finally succeeded in learning how to write.—*Autobiography*.

Death after death broke up the family of Fred's master, and he passed into the charge of one person and another, usually from a bad one to a worse. In 1835 he made a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to run away. His master resolved to send him to the far South, but changed his mind and sent him back to Baltimore, hiring him out to a ship-builder, with whom he was to learn the art and mystery of calking vessels.

IN THE BALTIMORE SHIPYARD.

In entering the shipyard, my orders were to do whatever the carpenters commanded me to do. This was placing me at the beck and call of about seventy-five men. I was to regard all these as my masters; their word was to be my law. My situation was a most trying one. At times I need-

ed a dozen pairs of hands. I was called a dozen ways in the space of a single minute. Three or four voices would strike my ear at the same moment. It was:—"Fred, come help me cant this timber here?"—"Fred, come carry this timber yonder!"—"Fred, bring that roller here!"—"Fred, go get a fresh can of water!"—"Fred, come help saw off the end of this timber!"—"Fred, go quick, and get the crow-bar!"—"Fred, hold on the end of this fall!"—"Fred, go to the blacksmith's shop, and get a new punch!"—"Hurrah, Fred, run and bring me a cold-chisel!"—"I say, Fred, bear a hand, and get up a fire as quick as lightning, under that steam-box!"—"Halloo, nigger! come, turn this grind-stone!"—"Come, come, move, move, and bowse this timber forward!"—"I say, darkey, blast your eyes, why don't you heat up some pitch?"—"Halloo! halloo! halloo!" (three voices at the same time) "Come here! Go there! Hold on where you are! Damn you, if you move, I'll knock your brains out!"

This was my school for eight months; and I might have remained longer but for a most horrid fight I had with four of the white apprentices, in which my left eye was nearly knocked out, and I was horribly mangled in other respects. . . My fellow-apprentices began to feel it degrading to them to work with me. They began to put on airs, and talk about the "niggers" taking the country, saying we all ought to be killed; and, being encouraged by the journeymen, they commenced by making my condition as hard as they could, by hectoring me around, and sometimes striking me. I struck back again, regardless of consequences; and while I kept them from combining, I succeeded very well; for I could whip the whole of them, taking them separately.

They, however, at length combined, and came upon me, armed with sticks, stones, and heavy handspikes. One came in front with a half brick; there was one on each side of me, and one behind me. While I was attending to those in front and on either side, the one behind me ran up with a

handspike, and struck me a heavy blow upon the head. It stunned me. I fell, and with this they all ran upon me, and fell to beating me with their fists. I let them lay on for awhile, gathering strength. In an instant I gave a sudden surge, and rose to my hands and knees. Just as I did that, one of their number gave me, with his heavy boot, a powerful kick in the left eye. My eyeball seemed to have burst. When they saw my eye closed, and badly swollen, they left me. With this I seized the handspike, and for a time pursued them. But here the carpenters interfered, and I thought I might as well give it up. It was impossible to stand against so many. All this took place in the sight of not less than fifty white ship-carpenters, and not one interposed a friendly word, but some cried, "kill the damned nigger! kill him! kill him! He struck a white person!" I found that my only chance for life was in flight. I succeeded in getting away without an additional blow; and barely so; for to strike a white man is death by Lynch law—and that was the law in Mr. Gardner's shipyard. . . .

I went directly home and told my story to Master Hugh. He was very much enraged; and as soon as I got a little the better of my bruises, he took me to Esquire Watson's, to see what could be done about the matter. Mr. Watson inquired who saw the assault committed. Master Hugh told him it was done in Mr. Gardner's shipyard, at mid-day, where there were a large company of men at work: "As to that," he said, "the deed was done, and there is no question as to who did it." The Esquire answered that he could do nothing in the case unless some white man would come forward and testify. He could issue no warrant on my word. If I had been killed in the presence of a thousand colored people, their testimony combined would have been insufficient to have arrested one of the murderers. Of course it was impossible to get any white man to volunteer his testimony in my behalf, and against the white young men.—*Autobiography*.

WORK WITHOUT WAGES.

Master Hugh, finding he could get no redress, refused to let me go back to Mr. Gardner. He took me into the shipyard of which he was foreman, where I was immediately set to calking, and very soon learned the art of using my mallet and irons. In the course of one year I was able to command the highest wages given to the most experienced calkers. I was now of some importance to my master. I was bringing him from six to seven dollars a week ; I sometimes brought him nine dollars a week : my wages were a dollar and a half a day. After learning how to calk, I sought my own employment, made my own contracts, and collected the money which I earned. My condition was now much more comfortable. When I could get no calking to do, I did nothing. I was now getting one dollar and fifty cents per day. I contracted for it ; I earned it ; it was paid to me ; it was rightfully my own. Yet upon each returning Saturday night, I was compelled to deliver every cent of that money to Master Hugh. . . . When I carried to him my weekly wages, he would, after counting the money, look me in the face, with a robber-like fierceness, and ask, "Is this all?" He was satisfied with nothing less than the last cent. He would, however, when I made him six dollars, sometimes give me six cents to encourage me.—*Autobiography*.

Things went on in this way until the beginning of 1838. Douglass was now a man grown, and he had come to the determination to find or make a way of leaving his master. For this purpose he asked to be allowed to hire his time from his master. This was at first peremptorily refused. But after a while, he was allowed to do so upon terms fixed by his master.

HIRES HIS TIME.

I was to be allowed all my time, make contracts with those for whom I worked, and find my own

employment, and in return for this liberty, I was to pay him three dollars at the end of each week ; find myself in calking tools, and in board and clothing. My board was two and a half dollars a week ; this, with the wear and tear of clothing and tools, made my regular expenses about six dollars a week. This amount I was to make up, or relinquish the privilege of hiring my time. Rain or shine, work or no work, at the end of every week the money must be forthcoming, or I must give up my privilege. I found it a hard bargain ; but, hard as it was, better than the old method of getting along. It was a step towards freedom to be allowed to bear the responsibilities of a free man, and I was determined to hold on upon it. I bent myself to the work of making money. I was ready to work night as well as day, and by the most untiring perseverance and industry I made enough to pay my expenses, and lay up a little money every week. I went on thus from May till August. Master Hugh then refused to allow me to hire my time longer.—*Autobiography.*

Master Hugh ordered Douglass to bring his clothing and tools home. He did so ; but instead of looking out for employment, did not a stroke of work for a week. When Saturday night came, Master Hugh demanded his wages, as usual. Douglass replied that there was no money, as he had earned nothing that week, Master Hugh swore and threatened Douglass with a thrashing, but wisely kept his hands off. The next two weeks Douglass went to work, with a will, and on each Saturday night brought his master his full wages. Master Hugh was so much pleased with his dutifulness that on the last payment he gave his slave a quarter of a dollar, telling him to make a good use of it. "I told him that I would," says Douglass. The fact was that all this extra zeal on the part of Douglass was merely to blind Master Hugh, and to lead him

to suppose that he had no intention of running away—a step upon which he had fully determined. Douglass's account of his escape is very brief, for his *Autobiography* was written in 1845, and it would then have been unwise to have revealed the means of which he made use.

THE RUNAWAY SLAVE IN NEW YORK.

The wretchedness of slavery and the blessedness of freedom were perpetually before me. It was life and death with me. But I remained firm, and, according to my resolution, on the 3d day of September, I left my chains, and succeeded in reaching New York. . . . Anna, my intended wife, a free woman, came on, for I wrote to her immediately after my arrival, informing her of my successful flight, and wishing her to come on forthwith."—*Autobiography*.

Certainly little time had been lost, for Douglass left Baltimore on Sept. 3, and just twelve days afterwards he and Anna were married in New York. The marriage certificate reads: "This may certify that I joined together in holy matrimony Frederick Johnson and Anna Murray." How and when Frederick acquired the name of "Douglass," he himself tells:

HOW FREDERICK GOT THE NAME OF DOUGLASS.

The name given me by my mother was "Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey." I, however, had dispensed with the two middle names, long before I left Maryland, so that I was generally known by the name of "Frederick Bailey." I started from Baltimore bearing the name of "Stanley." When I got to New York I again changed my name to "Frederick Johnson," and thought that would be the last change. But when I got to New Bedford, I found it again necessary to change my name. The reason of this necessity was that there were so many Johnsons in

New Bedford, it was already difficult to distinguish between them. I gave a friend the privilege of choosing me a name, but that he must not take from me the name of "Frederick." I must hold on to that to preserve a sense of my identity. He had just been reading *The Lady of the Lake*, and at once suggested that my name be "Douglass." From that time until now I have been called "Frederick Douglass," and as I am more widely known by that name than by either of the others, I shall continue to use it as my own.—*Autobiography*.

New Bedford was thought a safer place than New York for a fugitive slave. Douglass and his wife went thither, and supported himself by working at anything he could find to do. He soon began to attend anti-slavery meetings, speaking now and then with increasing confidence. A speech made in 1841 brought him to the notice of the leaders in the anti-slavery movement and he was engaged to deliver lectures throughout the New England States. In 1845 he published his *Autobiography* in a small volume, which was subsequently continued (1855 and 1881). In 1845 he went to England as a public lecturer. Here he remained two years. He was still a slave, in the eye of the law, and would be liable to be arrested as a fugitive and returned to his legal master. But his friends in England raised £150, with which he bought his freedom. He returned to the United States and in 1847 started at Rochester, N. Y., a newspaper entitled *The North Star*, afterwards changed to *Fred. Douglass's Paper*. He came to be looked upon as the representative man of the colored race. Early in the civil war he urged upon President Lincoln the employment of colored troops, and when this was resolved upon, he was very active in promoting the enlistment of colored volun-

teers. After the abolition of slavery he discontinued his paper, and for several years was occupied as a public lecturer. In 1870 he became editor of *The New National Era*, at Washington. In 1871 he was appointed Secretary to the Commission to St. Domingo, and upon his return received from President Grant the appointment of member of the Territorial Council of the District of Columbia. In 1872 he was chosen as one of the Presidential Electors for the State of New York, and was selected to carry to Washington the electoral vote. In 1877 he received the lucrative appointment of U. S. Marshal for the District of Columbia, a position which, with a short interval, he held until the accession of President Cleveland in 1885, when he presented his resignation.







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